FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE SEA

ROBERT E. COONTZ

"FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE SEA"

An Autobiography

by

ROBERT E. COONTZ
Rear Admiral, U.S.N., Ret.

The Publishers believe this life story of a famous Naval officer to be one of the finest works accepted for publication in many years. Briefly, it is the account of a Navy man's life. Actually, it is a stirring and heroic narrative by a famous officer who rose to high command as Chief of Naval Operations and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet.

Admiral Coontz was born near the home of Mark Twain, a family friend, at Hannibal, Missouri, on the Mississippi River, and his story carries the reader from his boyhood there to days in the Naval Academy and the six remarkable years that young Coontz spent in Alaska. You accompany the Fleet on its world voyage in 1908; then to Annapolis, where the Author becomes Commandant of Midshipmen; and on to Guam, where he served as Governor. The Spanish-American War, Philippine Insurrection, Vera Cruz incident, the World War and the great cruise of the Fleet to New Zealand and Australia are covered in turn, capably and readably. Stirring events are handled in the Admiral's narrative—his fight for life when caught under Alaskan ice; his bringing a demented fireman, all alone, from Mare Island, California, to St. Elizabeth's, Washington, in 1889; his capture of more than a hundred Indians, with a small Marine force, in 1890; his visits to the Hawaiian Islands and South Seas; the story of the capture of Guam, in '98; the fall of Manila and the Philippine Insurrection; the description of a real Atlantic hurricane; the "oil" matter; the Limitation of Arms Conference, 1921-22; the fight to preserve the personnel of the Navy. It is a far cry from the small boy who would not take the hand of General Sherman, soon after the Civil War, to the day in 1919 when Robert E. Coontz was confirmed by the Senate of the United States as "Four Star Admiral" and Chief of Naval Operations.

"From the Mississippi to the Sea" is charged with humor, human interest, excitement, anecdote, personalities and places, contemporary American history. The Author, one of three persons to be awarded the American Legion D. S. M., has written a tremendous book, and a good story of a useful life. The Publishers have no hesitation in recommending it to every American—whether in the Service or civilian life, or simply one who likes a rare good book.

Cdr. L. F. Morris, Cdr. USN (Ret.)

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To Eastham Guild
in remembrance of the
kindness and courtesy of
himself and his good
wife on the occasion of
the visit of the Flagship
"Seattle" to Papeete in
September 1925.

1930. R. E. Coontz

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ROBERT E. COONTZ

U. S. N.

Admiral Coontz

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BY

ROBERT E. COONTZ
Rear Admiral United States Navy, Retired

ILLUSTRATED

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This book is dedicated to the officers and men of the United States Navy.

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FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE SEA

I

EARLY DAYS IN MISSOURI

Ancestry—The Mark Twain Home—Boyhood at Hannibal, Mo.—Conditions in Missouri After Civil War—Mississippi Steamboat—Youthful Pranks—School—An Escape From Drowning—Interest in Politics.

Men and women often ask me how one born in the heart of the Middle West could have taken up sea-faring as a vocation.

At the time I decided to enter the Naval Academy and to become a Midshipman if possible, I did not know of my sea-going forebears. Ancestry is either quickly forgotten, or little talked of in the West by the second and third generations. Of course, immediately after the Civil War, men in my part of Missouri, who had been Confederates, had to remain silent for a long time, and they talked little of their family lineage. After I came East, however, I found many records in the archives of Maryland and Virginia of my sea-going progenitors.

One of my mother's family, a direct ancestor, I believe, visited the shores of America in 1602, and on his return to England wrote and published a volume entitled *Brereton's Brief and True Relation of the Discovery of the Northern Part of Virginia, 1602.* Recently, I was permitted to enter a private room of the New York Public Library and read the book, while an attendant closely watched me. There are only two copies of the volume extant—the one in the New York Library, and another in London.

I also found the land grant of an ancestor who was a sea captain in the time of Cromwell. This grant of three hundred acres called "Brereton's Chance" was located on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, near the present town of Salisbury. The names of the passengers he brought to Maryland are indicated in the grant, and some of them

later became well known in that part of the country.

I maintain that I am a Simon-pure American, as the latest date that any member of my father's family settled in this country was in 1730, while my mother's family, exclusive of the ancestor who came here in 1602, began migrating to America about 1662, and established themselves on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and in southern Delaware.

I have always deemed it a great privilege to have known all four of my grandparents. They lived and died in the same city in which I resided as a boy.

My maternal grandfather rode on horseback from Baltimore to St. Louis in 1835. He was so impressed with the appearance of the country that he returned to Maryland in the same manner and in January, 1836, took as his bride Miss Elizabeth Bacon, of Laurel, Delaware. She rode behind him on his horse all the way to Shelby County, Missouri. There the Brewingtons, the Bacons, the Parkers, the Lewises, and other close kin took up land and erected buildings, one of these being a chapel, known to this day as Bacon's Chapel.

My mother was born in Shelby County in 1838. On one occasion, when she was a baby, my grandfather went to the grist mill near the present town of Spalding Springs, and during his absence wolves surrounded the house and greatly frightened my grandmother who was alone with my mother. The slaves afforded her no protection as they were quartered in smaller buildings some distance away. Upon her husband's return my grandmother insisted that they move nearer to civilization. He agreed, and they located first at Bowling Green, in Pike County, then in the town of Louisiana, on the river, and finally settled in Hannibal in 1850, where they built a home in which, fifty years later, the head of the house died.

My father's family had arrived there in 1844. By a singular coincidence, my grandfather Coontz was the first to live on the land which was later purchased by my

other grandfather, and finally, in 1870, after the descendants of the two families had intermarried, my father bought it from his father-in-law.

Both of my grandfathers were slave holders, and I have often heard my mother tell of her experiences while on a visit to the east in 1853, accompanied by her negro nurse, Jane. They went by boat from St. Louis down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ohio and thence up that stream to Parkersburg. After leaving St. Louis, Jane was kept in seclusion when the boat docked at Illinois, Indiana and Ohio ports. Even at that time, the "underground railway" for slaves had been established. My recollection of the narrative is that the family took a stage at Parkersburg and rode east to Cumberland, Md., where they boarded a train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

My grandmother Coontz did not believe in slavery, and my grandfather Brewington did not believe in secession. When the Civil War broke out, however, and my grandmother's first son died in St. Louis, her convictions underwent a change and she became a violent rebel. My grandfather declared against secession, said its right name was revolution, and declared that he would not be a seceder. In fact, he was the only member of our families who did not finally espouse the Confederate cause. His daughters, his sons and his sons-in-law all sympathized with the Confederacy, and the boys entered the Southern army. He alone remained steadfastly loyal. Later on, after the close of the war, his powerful help and influence as a Union man was often needed. The killing of some of his own kin failed to shake him in his stand, and the end of the war, in 1865, was a great relief.

My grandfather Brewington died December 31, 1900, in his ninety-third year, at which time I was thirty-six years old. He had kept a diary since January 1, 1825, and in later years I have known courts of justice to consult it for the purpose of verifying dates and conditions. A notable instance of such reference occurred in a murder

trial, when the character of the weather, and particularly as to whether there was snow on the ground at the time the crime was committed, was in question. My grandfather began his diary each morning with a statement of the condition of the weather and of the direction of the wind—the way a real sailor man starts his log. At the age of sixty-two this grandfather retired from business, probably believing that he had not many years to live and wishing to spend them in ease. When he died, thirty-one years later, his fortune had shrunk to twelve thousand dollars. We have always thought that had he lived to be one hundred years old he would have left no estate.

Grandfather knew personally all of the early presidents except George Washington. He remembered the War of 1812, and the Battle of Waterloo. His own grandfather, a soldier of the Revolution, lived until 1823.

On my father's side, most of my ancestors first settled in Philadelphia. Some of them came from England with William Penn. They migrated slowly across western Maryland into the valley of Virginia, establishing themselves in what is now Jefferson County, West Virginia. Many of my relatives still own parts of the ten thousand acres originally purchased from Lord Fairfax in 1732. The cornerstone of this grant was renewed by our cousin, Senator Daniel Bedinger Lucas, of West Virginia, in 1906.

The Coontzes reached Missouri, about 1787, via Tennessee and Kentucky, and first settled near St. Charles. Coontz's Fort, west of St. Charles, was built by John Coontz before 1800, and a marker has been placed there by the Missouri Daughters of the American Revolution. Between the towns of St. Charles and Hannibal, seven generations of the Coontz family lie buried.

My great-grandmother Coontz, a widow, at the age of sixty-six, moved from the valley of Virginia to Florida, Missouri. She was a real pioneer. It is related that soon after her arrival there a boundary dispute arose between Iowa and Missouri, where the Des Moines River cuts

off a small part of the territory claimed by Missouri. Grandmother's first cousin, General Robert Lucas, was Governor of Iowa, and her own son R. E. Coontz had to face him when the troops of the opposing camps were stationed in southeastern Iowa and northeastern Missouri, respectively. Whether it was because of the advice which the old lady gave them, or for some other reason, I know not, but the troops were finally withdrawn and the matter was settled by Congress. A part of the present Lee County, Iowa, was in controversy.

My grandfather Coontz was a great hunter, and in those days game was still plentiful around Hannibal. He was an especially good deer hunter. In this connection, Mr. Charley Buchanan, an old timer, used to regale me with the story of the election of 1868. Grandfather wished to vote for Horatio Seymour, of New York, for president, but registration requirements were strict. Missouri was under control of the republicans and their registrars, and he had not been able to register. On election day he went hunting, but decided, after killing two deer, that he was going to vote. Accordingly, he repaired to the polling place, carrying one of the deer himself, while a boy behind him brought the other one. He laid his rifle and a loaded double-barreled shot gun on the table between himself and the election judges and stated his desire to vote. There was little delay in getting him a ballot, which he prepared and placed in the ballot box. Whether or not the vote was counted, I do not know. Buchanan had not been allowed to vote.

My father was born in Florida, Monroe County, Missouri, when the family lived next door to Mark Twain. The Clemens family and the Coontz family, with others from Monroe County, moved to Hannibal about the same time, and most of them lived in the same street. In fact, our home until 1904 was three squares higher up on the bluff from the river front than the Mark Twain home, which is now preserved and maintained by a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mr. George A. Mahan. Both my

father and my mother attended school in Hannibal with Mark Twain.

I was born in Hannibal, June 11, 1864, in a brick house still standing at the northwest corner of Sixth and Bird Streets, in the second story front room from which my mother could look out upon the Mississippi and see the passing steamboats. The town has built up since then and this view of the river is no longer to be had. While I was quite young we moved one square north on the hill. There we had a wonderful view of the river and for many miles to the east across the lowlands of Illinois. Here most of my early youth was spent. Our garden was large enough to grow fruit trees and vegetables. I was fortunate in being the oldest child in my family, as were also my father and mother in their respective families.

The earliest incident in my recollection is my father's return home from a trip to Mississippi and Louisiana, wearing a beard. Business was unsettled and bad in Hannibal, and he left matters there to be handled by his father-in-law, while he took mules down the river by steamboat, and sold them, on time, to southern planters who were trying to recover financially after the Civil War. He had headquarters in Natchez, Mississippi, and in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and he often told me stories of his travels. One of the most amusing was of an incident that happened late one night when he boarded a steamer at Vicksburg, north-bound for Natchez, and asked for a state room. The purser told him the steamer was crowded, and that he would be obliged to assign him to a room with another gentleman. My father assented and upon entering the room found the lower berth occupied by a person wearing a night gown and a cap. He hastily withdrew and reported to the purser who laughed and said, "Why, that's Jefferson Davis; he always sleeps in a night cap."

Most of my information about the Civil War came to me from two aunts, one a sister of my father and the other a sister of my mother. The men talked little about

the war, except among themselves. I remember one day opening a closet and seeing some startling white clothes. In response to my inquiries, my aunts told me they had made them for the Ku Klux Klan. The only Ku Klux incident that I personally recall occurred, I think, in 1874, when the democrats made a determined and successful effort to carry Hannibal.

In the presence of negroes there was much talk to the effect that colored people made remarkably good oil, when properly boiled. It was said that large vats were being built, so that if colored men attempted to vote at the election they would be thrown into them and boiled for their oil. As a boy, the talk made a marked impression upon me, and it must have made a still greater one upon the negroes, for the democrats carried the election by a large majority, and continued to do so for the next forty or fifty years. The population of Hannibal was about one-third colored at that time, as the negroes had already begun migrating to the cities from the country, in search of work on the river front.

In December, 1870, a vacancy occurred in the office of county collector for Marion County. Although my father was a democrat, and only one of the three county judges who were empowered to name the collector was of that party, he was selected for the position. They also expected him to be made deputy sheriff of the county, which needed cleaning up. The deciding vote was cast by Judge Francis A. Hanley, who resided in Palmyra, the county seat.

At that time the notorious "Miller gang" had been operating in northeastern Missouri. There were three or four Miller brothers, as I recall. With the assistance of friends they had broken jail and were at large. My father organized a posse, found the outlaws in the southeastern part of the county, and personally put a load of buckshot in the head of one of them. The entire gang was recaptured and sent to the penitentiary for long terms. Threats were made that they would seek revenge

upon my father when they should get out of jail, and they had such an effect upon me that as soon as I saw my father carried a revolver in his right hip pocket, I also began to carry one, without his knowledge. Until I left home for the Naval Academy, I never went down town without this weapon. I practised until I became a good pistol shot. I killed rabbits and squirrels, and we always enjoyed eating them. My hand even now goes instinctively to my right hip pocket in an emergency, and I still treasure highly the old Smith and Wesson .32 caliber revolver.

After the Civil War, conditions in Missouri were unsettled for a long, long time. There were Indians in our part of the state, as we know from the history of the times of old Keokuk and others, and they would often come to our house for food. Our colored cook was terribly afraid of them and used to tell me such awful tales of Indians that on sight of them I would rush to the house to get cakes, or fruit or bread for them, while they waited at the gate. Their burial ground was two squares from our house and our cook never missed attending an Indian funeral; neither did I, although my mother never knew of it. I have seen them bury food with the corpse, and on one occasion they brought a fine Indian horse belonging to an old chief and were about to kill the animal when the civil authorities intervened. I think the last of the Indians in our section moved further west about 1870.

Throughout the Civil War one or two regiments of Federal soldiers were camped in Hannibal—one at the corner of Maple Avenue and Center Street, and the other in South Hannibal. It is a strange thing that no matter where soldiers are quartered, people will take a dislike to them.

After the war, hundreds of German and Irish soldiers remained in Hannibal and went into business. Many of the Germans opened saloons, and the Irish became grocers or policemen. As late at 1881, I believe there

were more saloons in the town than there were groceries. Just before the war a number of New Englanders had settled in northeast Missouri, and one family, the Winchells, of Connecticut, established a newspaper there, *The Hannibal Courier,* with Winchell, Ebert and Marsh as proprietors. For many years it was the rallying point of radicalism in Missouri.

The two or three republicans whom I knew, as a boy, wore black beards and when the term "Black Republicans" was used I thought that every republican wore a black beard. For a time, most of these outsiders prospered in business, and many of them held political offices, but as the years went by and the democrats came into control of local affairs, they gradually disappeared. With the exception of a few families, they failed in their undertakings, and either moved back to New England or went farther west.

Politics were very bitter. I remember, during the campaign of 1872, the controversies we had at the private school of Mrs. Hamilton, which I attended. Politically, the students were about equally divided. One faction would sing,

> "Grant rides a white horse and Greeley rides a mule,
> Grant is a gentleman and Greeley is a fool."

while the other element would chant the couplet with the names reversed. Every day, from the opening of school in September until the close of the campaign, they sang this refrain. As a result, there were many fist fights. I distinctly recall the election, especially as my father was a candidate for a local office. When he came home at nine o'clock on election night, I was still up, and my mother inquired how the election had gone. "Well," he said, "I have lost the city by three hundred votes, but I have carried the county by eight hundred, and will be elected."

With no railroads running north and south through

our section, and none across the Mississippi, until 1871, Hannibal was strictly a steamboat town. The trade was divided between passenger boats and rafts. Whenever a steamboat arrived at the wharf most of the inhabitants went down to the water front. Large quantities of merchandise of all kinds were piled along the levee, waiting to be hauled into the town by drays, or shipped to other points on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. St. Joseph, at this time, was a more important commercial center than Kansas City, and the principal point for starting west. Lumbering was one of the industries that made Hannibal prosperous, and many men were employed in the trade.

It is interesting to know why the Union Pacific Railroad selected Omaha, rather than St. Joseph, as the place to cross the Missouri River. The story is that several capitalists who were promoting the enterprise visited St. Joseph and were about to decide upon the city as the terminus of the road, when they encountered some unreconstructed Confederates. After having a row with them they determined to establish the main line further north, and settled upon Omaha as the eastern starting point. I recall their description of driving the golden spike at the point in Utah where the two branches were joined.

My father and my grandfather were connected with, and stockholders in Mississippi River steamboat companies, and particularly the one known as the "White Collar Line." My father had charge of the passenger department in Hannibal, in addition to his other business, and, at times of rivalry with other lines, I have known tickets to St. Louis to be sold for as little as fifty cents. The town boys never tired of watching the steamboats and the negro roustabouts at work. The old-fashioned gangplank was in use, and before the companies began to build so-called wharves and landings, the boat would run its prow into the mud on the bank until it stuck, and then back out when ready to move on to the next landing.

My father tried piloting at the same time Mark Twain

did, but abandoned it. My Uncle John was a pilot, and many times he has taken me into the pilot house of the *Natrona,* which towed lumber rafts on the Mississippi, going as far north as LaCrosse, Wisconsin. I was the envy of all the boys when I would step out on the deck. It seems to me that nearly all the old steamboats eventually burned. I can recall the old *Tom Jasper,* the *Rob Roy,* the *Mollie McPike,* the *Red Wing* and the *Clinton,* and the songs the roustabouts used to sing on these old timers.

In 1871 the Wabash Railroad bridge across the Mississippi was completed, and on November 11th of that year my grandfather took me up the river road to what is now "Pettibone Park" or "Riverside Park" to see it. We got out of our buggy, climbed part of the way up the hillside, and watched the first train from Illinois cross the Mississippi River on the new bridge, and enter the tunnel. It was a great sight—such a great sight, indeed, that the following year our Sunday school advertised that it would take the children through the tunnel and across the bridge and return before going out to the picnic grounds.

Those were the days of Methodist and Baptist camp meetings. My grandmother Coontz was a Baptist, until about 1875, when pressure from the majority became so great that she joined the Southern Methodists. I remember the great Baptist camp meeting at Asher's Ford, Ralls County, which she attended. I drove twenty miles in a buggy with my Cousin Cynthia to attend that meeting. I did not gain admittance to the big tent in which the services were held, but I enjoyed myself talking with my relatives and eating the good things that were provided. I could, however, hear the singing and rejoicing.

About this time the Hannibal boys of my age used to visit the Mark Twain cave. We were just beginning to hear of "Mark Twain," who was later to become so famous. (Twain moved to Nevada about 1863.) The last time I was in Hannibal, Mr. Cameron, the owner of

the cave, reminded me that my name was cut on the side of one of the passageways, under date of 1874, and my father's as of August 3, 1861. For a few years before I entered the Naval Academy, I used to guide parties through the cave. I must have been a popular guide, for I made no charge for my services.

It used to be a popular stunt to drive to the cave on Sundays and holidays, and I find in my scrapbook an account of my father's and mother's being there as young people. One day while they were driving home from such an outing the horse became frightened and ran away. My mother was thrown over the bluff and into the Mississippi. Her jaw bone was broken and she lay unconscious in the water until my father, recovering in the top of a tree, managed to get down and rescue her. The result was a romance which ended in their marriage.

The hills, the islands and the river were all well known to us youngsters who, at that time, had no idea how famous Mark Twain was to make everything connected with our city. On week days we used skiffs on the river and went swimming, but never on Sundays.

About 1871 gas was first used in Hannibal. Before that time we used candles, and a few rich people had what were later known as student lamps. I can still see my grandmother Coontz making candles, twenty-four at a time, but I cannot understand even now how it was that the wick always went straight down through the middle.

Grandfather Coontz had the only cider press in that section of the country. He permitted his friends and neighbors to use it, and during the cider-making season it was in operation night and day. For some reason it seems that the cider tasted better in those days than it does today. Perhaps it was because they used partly rotten apples as well as good ones.

Hannibal had its first public library about this time, and I spent too much time there for my own good, reading the works of Oliver Optic, Mayne Reid and various

other authors of Indian stories. In order to read at night one had to stand near the gas jet, which had three or four folding arms, and there was always danger of one's clothing becoming ignited, if there happened to be a draft of air through the room. And, speaking of fires, I recall how everyone talked about the great Chicago fire, and of the financial panic that occurred in 1873.

I entered school in the fall of 1871, at the age of seven years. Kindergartens had not then been heard of in our part of the world. The school was on Broadway, and the teacher was Miss Jennie Walters, of McVeightown, Pa. Later she married my cousin, Judge Thomas Bacon, and her grandson is now (1930) a Midshipman at Annapolis.

On July 5, 1873, the date of high water on the Mississippi, my father took my mother, a younger sister and me and started on the great trip up the river. We boarded the steamer *Clinton,* with Captain Brock commanding, and in eight days we reached St. Paul. There was no railroad rivalry in those days and in consequence no hurry. The pilot stopped the boat at night whenever it pleased him to do so. Being connected with the company our family had the privileges of the pilot house, and it was a wonderful journey. The Mississippi River steamboats were then at their best. We spent every day of the trip on the saloon deck viewing the scenery. At night we always had an appetizing dinner, and after the table was cleared all of the employees, from the barber to the waiters, came in with their musical instruments and there was dancing until midnight. Then the Southerners turned to playing poker until two in the morning, when the bar closed. The sight of gambling shocked me, for, with the rest of the boys of my acquaintance, I had been reared very strictly.

Today people are somewhat amazed at the manner in which our Sundays were passed. Sunday School began at 9:15, immediately after breakfast, and then without leaving church we attended the regular service, which

often lasted until one and sometimes until two in the afternoon, if the preacher got "wound up." Dinner was followed by singing school, between three and four o'clock, followed by a walk until 5:30. At 6:30 there was a church service similar to that of the Epworth League, and church again from 7:30 until 9. Then we went home. Walking was a wonderful exercise.

On our trip to St. Paul we found Indians at almost every landing. They were particularly numerous in northeastern Iowa and in Minnesota. We saw numbers of them at Red Wing and Winona, where they offered to sell us bear skins. One of our side trips which I recall was across the beautiful Lake Pepin, which at that time seemed to me to be a great sea. The upper part of the Mississippi was very picturesque. There were many wooded islands in the stream and high bluffs on each side of the river. Here and there was a promontory called "Lover's Leap," and its story was ever the same, of a beautiful Indian maiden who had plunged from the eminence into the Great Father of Waters, to her death.

In St. Paul, which was not a large town at that time, we stayed at the Merchants' Hotel. To reach Minneapolis we had to drive to the mouth of the Minnesota River opposite Fort Snelling. There we crossed on a ferry drawn from shore to shore by a windlass with ropes for hauling attached to each end of the boat. It was really a scow. We drove to Fort Snelling—then a much more noted post than it is now—and from there to the famous Minnehaha Falls, where we witnessed a wedding under the cascade. We were told that it was not an unusual occurrence. The Falls of St. Anthony had not then been "improved" as they are now, and we saw them in all their natural beauty as we crossed the river. Then we visited Lake Como and a high bluff known as Gibbs' Lookout, and returned to St. Paul.

The voyage down the Mississippi with the current was much faster than the north-bound passage. The water at times was dangerously high. There used to be a mark,

and I believe it is still to be seen, on a saloon kept by John G. Foss, at Main and Bird Streets, which read, "High water, March, 1851." It was the highest ever known.

As the only recreation we had on Sundays was walking, every hill within a radius of five miles from the center of Hannibal was thoroughly explored by the boys of the town. I still remember clearly almost every foot of the landscape in that part of Missouri. To me there is no scenery more beautiful than that along the bluff crowned banks of the Mississippi, whether in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin or Minnesota. A visit to Riverside Park, in Hannibal, will confirm my judgment.

In 1872, after I had been in school for about six months, it was decided that I had had enough education for a time, and that I should begin living a part of each year on the farm owned by my uncle, Charles L. Bounds. He had, a short time before, returned to Missouri from Nevada where he had been forced to go after being paroled in 1863. He had lived in the little mining camp of Pioche and ran a freight line between that point and Boullionville to Baker City, Oregon, a dangerous trade in those days on account of the Indians.

This farm was in Adair County and consisted of 240 acres, about two miles southeast of the village of Millard on the North Missouri Railroad which later became a part of the Wabash system. It had been owned by my grandfather and was sold to my uncle when he decided to become a farmer. I made the trip alone from our home to the farm. My father gave me a letter of introduction to the conductor on the Wabash train and he kindly let me off within a quarter of a mile of my uncle's farm, stopping the train at a crossing in order to do so.

Farming in Adair County at that time was not an easy pursuit. My uncle and aunt arrived there in 1871, with four horses. They first built a barn and lived on the upper floor while it was new and clean and their house was being erected. It was extremely difficult to get a

servant and only a few people were able to have one. Much of the ground was what was known as sod—that is, it had never been ploughed over. One hundred and sixty acres of the farm formed a square, and there was a timber tract of forty acres about six or eight miles from the home place. There was scarcely a tree on the prairie. Each farmer had to purchase twenty to forty acres of woodland along the river, and twice a year, with eight or ten helpers, they cut timber.

They would fell the trees and prepare them for hauling. Then they would place them on a peculiarly constructed wagon and convey them to the farm house. No saws were used, and the logs were split up by the workmen, each one of whom was an expert axeman. My uncle paid his helper (they were never called "hired men") eighteen dollars a month and gave him his board. He was a husky fellow named Johnny Klingman. Johnny frequently took me out to hunt prairie chickens, which were numerous and very good to eat.

The country was not thickly settled and we kept our cattle on the range. The railroad was not fenced in, and from time to time passing locomotives would kill a farmer's steer. Upon such occasions three appraisers would be named from among the neighboring farmers to determine the damage. A good steer was valued at about thirty dollars, and the thirty dollars which the farmer received in compensation for the loss of his animal was in many cases all the money he would see for months.

When I arrived at my uncle's I found that all of the men in the neighborhood were away. About a week later they returned home from northwestern Iowa. Horse thieves had been through the section stealing animals. Practically all of the men in the surrounding community had been soldiers in the Civil War, and they organized a posse to follow the thieves. They came upon them near Sioux City, captured and hanged every one of them, leaving their bodies dangling from the trees as a warning. They brought back only the horses. Horse stealing in

Missouri was considered almost a capital offense. Until recently there existed in northeast Missouri the Anti-Horse Thief Association, and for many years a fine old citizen named Suter, who lived near Palmyra, was its president.

There were on the farm when I arrived there, seven cows, and I was soon taught to milk. Later, in Hannibal, when my father bought a fine Jersey cow, it became one of my tasks to milk her. I milked that cow for the last time on the morning I started for the Naval Academy, in 1881. I never learned who milked the cow that night, but imagine the colored girl must have learned the art.

At the farm we rarely saw our neighbors, but met them at church or at the little trading town. They were the Colstons, the Bumpuses, the Hynds, the Beechers, the Wheelers, the Burtons, the Starrs, the Morgans, the Grants, the Zimmermans, the Foncannons, the Wilcoxes and the Colletts. All of the old timers are now dead, but doubtless some of their descendants are still living in Adair County.

The land was not as rich as the land further south and east between the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers. My uncle's house stood on a watershed. Water thrown out of the east side of the house ran into Salt River, and thence into the Mississippi, while that thrown out on the west side found its way to the Chariton and thence to the Missouri. Of course, eventually, it all reached the Great River north of St. Louis.

My uncle was a very religious man and a brother of Bishop McKendree Bounds. I believe my uncle and aunt entertained every Methodist bishop and minister who came within miles of their home. Each Sunday we went many miles to Sunday School, and to any church where there was a preacher. On one occasion my uncle was teaching a class when a young man named George Hynds frankly said he did not believe in Christ. He said he believed in nothing of which he had no personal evidence. My uncle waited until the next Sunday and then led the lesson around to George Washington, for whom young

Hynds was named, and had George expatiate upon the Father of His Country. Finally, my uncle called his attention to the fact that he had no more personal evidence of Washington than of Christ, and the youth's views immediately underwent a change.

My aunt was not equipped for the hard work of a farmer's wife. In harvest time we often had as many as thirty-eight of the neighbors at the house for meals. Farmers used to help each other at such times without pay, but they always had their meals at the farm house where they were at work. It seemed to me that it was impossible for my aunt to bake enough biscuits—which were eaten with sorghum molasses—or to cook enough ham and eggs, and the potatoes and corn bread that went with them, to feed those hungry men.

There were no labor unions, and the men worked from daybreak until sundown. One of my first jobs was to drive a mile to the open prairie and bring home the cows every night. Once a week I rode out on the prairie for several miles to look after the horses and mares. We had a beautiful little mare that wore a bell and I could usually hear its tinkle for a distance of seven miles. My father bought her from uncle in 1872. I rode on horseback and always carried a light lunch and a pouch of water. The journey was long and lonesome, for I rarely met or saw a human being on the prairie.

My uncle's horses and cattle were salted from time to time. A great trough was built not far from the barn and we handled the entire herds at stated periods. I fail to understand why farmers do not require salt troughs for their animals now, but I have not seen one for a long time. When the cattle were driven in for salting, the young were branded, each farmer having his own brand in order to identify his stock. Branding was a horrible thing. The animals were roped and thrown while a hot iron for a moment seared their flesh.

On the last day of August, 1873 (I shall always remember the date), I went wading in Bear Creek just

where it enters the Mississippi. I could not swim nor could my companions. I got beyond my depth and was swept into the river. Twice I sank beneath the surface of the water, and gave up hope of saving myself. I know the experience of drowning, or rather the sensation of it. There is no pain, but rather a feeling of exhilaration, as one's lungs fill with water. Every act of my life flashed through my brain in lightning-like succession. Providencially, I touched a sand bar just as I was about to go down for the third time, and a colored man working at a nearby lumber yard came out and quickly rescued me. He beat me home and told the story to my parents. My mother cried over my narrow escape, but alas, my father took me to the woodshed and gave me a sound whipping with a cowhide. He was a powerful man, weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He never had but one other occasion to inflict corporal punishment upon me.

Francis M. Cockrell was a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of Missouri in 1874, and I recall his visit to our home. My father and uncle were delegates to the convention. Cockrell had been a brave Confederate soldier, while his opponent, Charles H. Hardin, had supported the Union. It must have been a most exciting convention, for Hardin won the nomination by a vote of one hundred and fifty-nine and two-thirds votes to one hundred and fifty-nine and one-third votes for Cockrell. However, his defeat by so narrow a margin redounded to his benefit. When the legislature met during the following winter Cockrell was elected United States senator, and held the office for thirty years, equaling the length of service of Thomas H. Benton. Incidentally, I take occasion to mention that my father was named after Senator Benton. My father's brother, who was born in 1848, was named John Fremont Coontz, after the Pathfinder. Later, when Fremont turned republican and abolitionist, the "Fremont" part of his name was quickly dropped.

During the same campaign year mentioned we had as

a guest at our home the Honorable Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Ky., who afterwards became famous as an editor and writer. I recall my pride in listening to the lecture which he delivered in our town, and in accompanying him to the railroad station where he took the midnight train for St. Louis.

The democrats came into control of Congress and of our state in 1874, and I remember hearing a disgruntled workman on the street, who was getting the usual wage of a dollar a day, declare that a man could no longer get an office by election in Hannibal unless he were a Methodist and a Mason. The statement made an impression upon me. When I looked around at the pew holders in the Methodist Church on the following Sunday and noted the number of them who had just been elected to offices, I came to believe that the workman's assertion was substantially correct. The Lakenans, Hickmans, Carstarphens, Rowes, Coontzes, Bacons, Ebys and Andersons held the offices.

General William T. Sherman visited Quincy, Illinois, a town twenty miles north of Hannibal, and delivered an address in the spring of 1875. The local papers said he might be a candidate for the democratic nomination for president in 1876. As a member of the city council, my father attended the meeting and made the tactical error of taking me with him. The general delivered his address from a platform erected in the City Park. My father sat on the rostrum with the distinguished guests and I occupied the first seat off the speaker's dais. At the conclusion of General Sherman's remarks the chairman announced that he would pass among the audience and shake hands. He came straight to my seat and held out his hand. Having heard my Georgia and Alabama relatives tell the story of his march to the sea, in 1865, I said, "Not me!" and turned my back upon him. My father and the Hannibal delegation were deeply mortified, and I was told that I would be permitted to make no more trips to meet heroes.

About this time my school work was not progressing very satisfactorily, particularly mathematics, and my mother concluded that I had had enough of lady teachers. My last instructor had been Miss Fannie Hawkins, sister of General Hawkins, U.S.A., and sister-in-law of General E. R. S. Canby, U.S.A., who was killed in the lava beds, either of California or Oregon, by the Modoc Indians. Naturally I had a full history of the Modoc War, and named my sled "Modoc."

II

BOYHOOD EXPERIENCES

School Days—National Convention of 1876—A Deputy Tax Collector at Thirteen—My Father's Newspaper—A Small Town College—A Street Car Conductor—A Shipping Clerk—The "Pie Eaters."

My mother had to coach me in mathematics and in grammar so that I could enter the public school. Finally I was admitted on trial, to "B" seventh grade, in mathematics and grammar. This frightened me so that I began to study hard, and my average standing for the first five months advanced from 82 to 87, to 92 to 95, and at last to 97. For once I reached the head of my class.

Our school building was high on a bluff at the corner of Sixth and North streets, and I could look directly through the window before me, over my desk, some twelve miles across the Mississippi to the Illinois hills, for the land in near-by Illinois was low. Later, they began to build levees on that side of the river.

I often think of the little opportunity we had for sports. We were in school from nine until twelve in the morning and from one to four in the afternoon. We had recess from 10:30 until 10:45 and from 2:30 until 2:45. There were houses all about and playing baseball was a dangerous pastime because the ball was likely to break neighboring windows. We played "shinny" with a tin can, and the result was many wounds and cuts.

We began to hear of clubs and seven of us formed one. Wishing to select a high sounding name for it, we took a geography, ran over the names of cities and rivers and decided upon the name of "Savannah." Not one of us had ever seen or heard of it before, but it appealed to us, and to this day I doubt if the people of the city of Savannah, or those who live beside its beautiful river,

have ever known how they were honored by seven Missouri youngsters. The club dues were ten cents a month and what disposition to make of the money was always a question with us.

I rarely ever finished a school year, as I was sent to the farm in the spring, returning in time for classes in the fall. We had proficient teachers at this time. Most of them, with the exception of the principal, were young women from New England who had come out to Missouri after the war. When we began to study the history of the United States, we decided to enlarge our club, and following the example of the Constitution, to have a Senate and a House of Representatives. We elected six senators, and those who were not chosen had to be members of the House. We met in the grand jury room of the old Hannibal court house, by permission of my father, and wrote the names of our senators on the wall under the hat holders. The next time the grand jury met the members failed to appreciate the honor of having senators assemble in the room, and we lost our meeting place.

I think these boys settled almost every question that was before the American public. About this time there was much discussion of the notorious "Whiskey Ring," and of the scandals involving men of prominence. My grandfather, Robert D. Brewington, was chosen foreman of the United States grand jury in St. Louis, and was engaged there for several months. The result, of course, is now known to history.

My father prospered in business and purchased an attractive home in Bird Street. My particular recollection of it concerns my first visit there while we were moving in. The house was on new ground and the yard had many terraces. I was barefooted and upon going into the cellar I stepped on a snake and was bitten. My father rushed me to a saloon on Broadway, where I had my first drink of whiskey—for that was regarded as the sure antidote. He then took me to my grandmother's home, where the second drink of whiskey made me forget every-

thing until the next day. For years the scars where the snake's fangs pierced my foot were visible, and I was always proud to show them when barefooted.

When I returned home from the farm in June, 1876, two months earlier than usual, I found great excitement over the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis, and learned that my father was to be one of its officers. He had also been selected as one of the commissioners from Missouri to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and I had been promised a trip to that city with my mother. The political talk, however, fired me with enthusiasm, and I begged to be allowed to go to St. Louis rather than to Philadelphia. To gratify my wish, my father agreed, and I attended the convention with Oney Carstarphen, Daniel McLeod, Len Y. Bragg, Tom Hawkins, George A. Mahan, Walter D. Anderson and several other democratic wheel horses. The boat on which we went to St. Louis was crowded, and we stayed at the Carleton House, where I slept on a small sofa in a room with six men.

Although I had already become a baseball player, I had never seen a big league game. My father placed me on a street car bound for the ball park. I arrived there all right and saw the St. Louis team defeat the Mutuals, now the Giants, of New York, seven to one. Returning from the ball park, however, I boarded a wrong car and rode until the conductor, observing my anxiety, told me I was twenty-eight blocks from the Carleton! I walked all the way back to the hotel, arriving late, but before an alarm was sent out for me.

That night my father took me to the Tammany headquarters. The forty-five delegates wore frock coats and "plug" hats. I was introduced to Leader John Kelly, August Belmont and Augustus Schell, and to John Morrissey, the pugilist, who was the only representative of the County Democracy.

While in St. Louis I had another interesting experience. We took our meals at the St. James restaurant,

and on the morning of the big day at the convention I went there early with my father and the Hannibal delegation. My father urged me to hurry and order what I wanted. I told the waiter to bring "beefsteak, fried potatoes, corn bread and milk." After I had started to eat I noticed that the price of the steak alone, which filled the plate, was a dollar and a quarter. Ten cents seemed a large amount to me at the age of twelve years, and I was worried, but I attempted to do my duty by that steak and get my money's worth. The delegation began to get restless, and finally my father's attention was directed toward me.

"Hurry up," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Father," I replied, "the price of this steak is a dollar and a quarter, and I knew you did not know it, so I feel that I have just got to eat all of it."

We hurried to the convention, where I saw Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, nominated for president and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, named for vice-president. It was fifty-two years before I attended another Democratic national convention.

Appropriations for the public schools in Hannibal became exhausted—a condition difficult to understand at the present time. We reviewed our books for a time while waiting for money, but the situation became hopeless and we had to go to private schools. I attended one conducted by a minister named Cummings, and about the only thing I recall of the school is that he made long prayers and tried to teach us too much Latin. One morning during prayers two young men, Hearne and Carstarphen, became engaged in a fist fight, much to the horror of the minister and teacher. Hearne and Carstarphen are still living, the one in California and the other in Colorado.

When my uncle was made collector of Adair County he offered me a position as his deputy. I pleaded with my father until he consented to allow me to accept it, and on April 1, 1878, I started out for myself.

I found a singular condition of affairs in Adair County. It appeared that the county election had been held to be invalid by the State Supreme Court, and that it became necessary for the governor to appoint several county officials, including the collector. Adair County was republican, but the governor was a democrat and he appointed democrats to the several offices in dispute, my uncle being one of those chosen to serve. My uncle's office and the offices of the republicans who claimed the election were in the same building at Kirksville, the county seat, and it was feared that the latter would attempt to seize the tax books. Consequently, my uncle took extreme precautions. He placed double locks on the doors, installed safes, and had a solid counter built all the way across the office. On my arrival there for the first time I was given two loaded six-shooters, and told, under no circumstances, to permit anyone to get possession of the tax books. A bed was placed in the office for me, and I slept there for the next six months, rarely leaving the place.

It was necessary for my uncle to be absent from the office much of the time, in order to run his farm, ten miles away, and I often think of the confidence he placed in a thirteen-year-old boy. Fortunately, I was not disturbed, and later on a legal election was held.

Our office was on the third floor of the Masonic building. Kirksville was the seat of the State Normal School, which turned out thousands of teachers, and one general of the armies of the United States, John J. Pershing. Pershing, however, was a big boy and I was only thirteen, so we did not know each other. Cadets were received at the Naval Academy younger than at the Military Academy, and in consequence I entered Annapolis, in 1881, one year before John Pershing entered West Point.

I boarded in Kirksville for three dollars a week and had good food. My uncle decided that my pay should be four dollars a week. I had need for but little money,

as my expenses were small. My principal job was to collect back taxes, and to work up the data for tax sales, of which, unfortunately, there were many in the county.

A branch railroad from Quincy, Illinois, called the Quincy, Omaha & Pacific, was completed through Kirksville about this time and the town began to prosper. It is now an up-to-date little city. My uncle, George R. Brewington, well up in his eighties, still lives there.

In the fall of that year my parents decided that I should return to school. So, about the first of September, I drew my back pay, sold a fine little mare I had for fifty dollars, and returned to Hannibal. At this time my father owned a half interest in the *Clipper-Herald,* and also a Sunday paper, so I was kept busy in the newspaper office for several weeks. Years later I was surprised to read that I had made my livelihood by selling and delivering newspapers in my youth.

It became necessary to look for a suitable school for me, and my father decided on Ingleside College, at Palmyra, Mo., conducted by a remarkably able woman, Mrs. Pamela A. Baird, a sister of General William Dudley. She was assisted by her husband, sons, daughters, and a son-in-law. Thoroughness was characteristic of the instruction at Ingleside College. Mrs. Baird herself specialized in history and in arithmetic and, while she was an admirable character and a good teacher, she was not a good financier, for the tuition for the entire school year was only fifty-two dollars and fifty cents and she boarded pupils for an additional charge of two dollars a week. Two boys from Hannibal, George S. Green and Charles K. Winslow, went to Ingleside with me. I boarded in the private home of Mrs. Salley McLeod, whose husband was sheriff of the county, and whose brother was a Representative in Congress from the adjoining district. I paid the highest board known in Palmyra at that time, three dollars and fifty cents a week; and we had very good meals. My roommates were Wallace H. Rowe, of Hannibal, later of Pittsburgh

steel fame, and Paul Alexander, of Paris, Mo., whose father was a member of Congress.

Rowe and I had passes on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, and could go home Friday night or Saturday morning and return to school on Sunday. When I went to Palmyra I had never smoked, nor had I ever taken a drink of liquor (except the two for the snake bite), and I had never seen a playing card or been to a theater. My mother was reared very strictly. The odor of a cigar made her ill, and fortunately neither my father nor my grandfather smoked. I had no opportunity to learn to use tobacco, and even to this day cigar smoke in a hot ward room on a rolling sea is about the only thing that will make me seasick. To her dying day my mother never touched a playing card, nor tasted liquor, nor went to a theater. The result was that when I was turned loose at fourteen with boys several years older than myself I soon learned to play casino and euchre. At the Ingleside school my room-mates and I, after a short time, took in a fourth student and we sometimes played euchre until two o'clock in the morning. His name was Flowerree, and he was a fine fellow. He came from Montana.

The winter of 1878-79 was a hard one with a great amount of snow. We would cover the bottom of a sleigh with hay, take plenty of warm robes and go on sleigh riding parties in the country around Palmyra. There were many hospitable southerners in that section and I remember especially the Hollymans and Deerings. They gave us apples and cider and nuts, and sometimes pies.

There was a west-bound train from Hannibal on the Hannibal & St. Joseph road that arrived at Palmyra about eleven o'clock at night, and about fifty miles farther on passed an east-bound train for Hannibal and St. Louis. One winter's night my friend Rowe and I decided we would utilize our passes and ride to Macon, where we would change cars and return to Palmyra. We got aboard and I was casually walking through the train, boy-

like, to let the people know I was there, when I suddenly encountered an outstretched arm. Looking down I saw my father, who had unexpectedly been called to Kansas City on business. He inquired why I was on the train, but made no further comment on the subject. Instead he called the conductor and asked him to stop the train. It came to a halt on the bleak prairies east of Monroe City, and my father informed me that I could walk back to Palmyra—which I did. Tramping through the snow was difficult, but I followed the railroad tracks and about five o'clock in the morning reached my boarding house, slipped in and quietly went to bed. My father made no mention of the incident afterwards, but when the time came to renew the pass it read, "From Hannibal to Palmyra and return."

Palmyra was an aristocratic old town with charming people and particularly lovely women. I recall the Metcalfs, Andersons, Kelleys, Lipscombs, Jacksons, Harts, Lees, Pryors, Hatchers, Bates, Russells, McCabes, Lanes, Winchells and many others. I looked from afar, but admiringly at Sally James, Birdie Russell and Minnie Kelly, all older than I was.

There was much talk of politics, and even that great old paper, *The Palmyra Spectator,* was in existence. It was the oracle and adviser of the democratic party in northeast Missouri. For nearly one hundred years it has been in the hands of the Sosey family. We often gathered at Palmyra Spring, famed in song and story, to discuss political questions.

The school had from sixty to eighty pupils and I can recall the names of most of them to this day. On a recent trip west I found only three surviving in northeast Missouri. I stayed at the same hotel my mother took me to in 1865, when Palmyra was threatened by the guerrillas.

Our games were baseball and "shinny," and once or twice each year we played football against St. Paul's

College, but we were always beaten. Our team was too light.

We had a prejudice against eastern strangers. At school there was a young man who did not understand Missouri methods, and it became necessary to give him a few lessons. After consultation, it was decided to take him sniping. Accordingly, we began to talk about going sniping and he gradually overheard our conversation. One day we let him in at a time when we were discussing the best way to whistle for snipe. We tried out each boy in the crowd, and the judges, Buffum, Schofield and Reynolds, decided that the young man in question was the best whistler. One dark night soon afterwards, we got our gear together, borrowed eight horses, and rode eight miles out to North River. There, in a long low field, we took down a farmer's fence and for a quarter of a mile to the edge of the woods we laid two lines of rails, so that they gradually converged to one point. Then we opened a large canvas bag, gave the young man a candle, and instructed him to light it after a lapse of 15 minutes and begin to whistle while we went through the woods to drive the snipe down between the rails, for once headed they would not jump the rails. We left him there, hastened across the field to our horses, rode home and went to bed.

How long the boy whistled and held the bag with the lighted candle, we never inquired. We learned, however, that a farmer en route to early market in Palmyra, took pity on the lad and gave him a ride into town. He was not squelched by this trick, so one afternoon in the early spring we determined to give him one more lesson. We organized a crowd and started for a swim in a pond on a farm a few miles out on the road to Quincy, and not far from the railroad tracks. On the way, we told the young man that the swimming hole was owned by a fierce Dutchman and that we would have to exercise extreme caution to prevent him from seeing us. We arrived at the pool, took off our clothing and plunged in. After a time, one

by one we sneaked back up on the bank and dressed behind the bushes, leaving only the victim in the water.

Suddenly there was a big noise and much swearing and shouting down the road. In chorus we sang out, "The Dutchman! The Dutchman!" and started to run. Some one came up on the bank and ostensibly began to shoot at our comrade who was still in the pond. He hastened to the shore, but in attempting to don his clothing found it had been tied in hard knots. The firing continued and he picked up his garments and started for Palmyra entirely nude. As he passed the Poor House Farm, one of the inmates, believing him to be a crazy man, went out and captured him. Unfortunately, Frank Smith, the boy who carried the pistol and did the shooting, laughed so heartily that he became careless and shot off the end of his right forefinger which compelled him to remain away from school for several weeks. We never dared to confess the prank for fear that the boy, who had become greatly angered, would shoot us. Soon afterwards he left Missouri, and forty years later he called on me in Washington.

While at work for my uncle I had saved all of my six months' wages, and the cash I had received from the sale of my mare, and kept the money in a small medicine closet in my bedroom. When I returned to Hannibal, however, after the commencement exercises at Ingleside, I found that I had little cash left. I had used it for tuition and other expenses, and had not called upon my father for much assistance; so I resolved to seek a new job. My father and uncle owned a half interest in the Hannibal Street Railway Company, and I was offered a position as relief driver, that is, one who drives while the regular drivers take their hour off to eat.

The motive power of the Hannibal cars was the faithful Missouri mule. With my experience in handling horses and mules in Adair County, where I had ridden without saddle or bridle, I felt fully competent to drive. The regular drivers had their breakfast before starting

to work at six o'clock in the morning, and I relieved each one in turn for an hour between eleven and two, and also between five and eight. Their pay for sixteen hours of labor was one dollar a day, and I received twenty dollars a month as a relief driver. Since I lived at home my meals cost me nothing. I had to arise early, feed the horses, milk the cow and get my breakfast. After working a month as driver I was given the added job of conductor in off hours, and my pay was increased to twenty-five dollars a month. I wore a silver badge on my cap with the word "Conductor" on it. It was the envy of my boy companions.

After another month I became a regular driver and worked from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night for a dollar a day. Subsequently, I was made superintendent of the road which I thought was a fairly good achievement for a lad of fifteen years.

The cars ran twenty minutes apart, and met at a "Y" at the corner of Main street and Broadway, where they transferred passengers. Circus days were big money days for the road, for when a show came to Hannibal it was an event. The City Fathers always received free tickets for themselves and their families, for the license fee was much less than it is now. I remember that on one circus day the receipts on my car amounted to forty-four dollars and fifty cents, which was regarded as remarkable. Farmers and their families used to come into Hannibal from a distance of thirty or forty miles when a big show like Barnum's came to town. They brought their food, and many of them their tents, if they did not have relatives in Hannibal. Many of the boys played "hookey" on circus day in order to see the animals and the crowd. I remember how I looked for one certain animal after having read the bill board advertisement of it as, "The Great Behemoth of Holy Writ. It sweats blood." In the picture one could see what appeared to be blood oozing from the animal's side.

Ingleside College failed financially, but my parents

decided that I must have one year more at school. Accordingly, in October, I gave up the street car business and entered the newly founded Hannibal College where the students were mostly girls. About ten o'clock one morning, after I had been there a short time, a buggy drove up to the school and my father called me out. He told me that he had to send me to Jefferson City with the sheriff who was taking some prisoners to the state penitentiary, and it was too late for him to get any other reliable person. I rushed back into the classroom, told the head teacher that I had to go to Jefferson City and left without giving him a chance to refuse to excuse me.

It was a great experience—travelling with prisoners. We went on the M. K. & T. to Sedalia, and there transferred to the Missouri Pacific for Jefferson City. Repeatedly the prisoners sought to induce me to lend them a knife, but young as I was I knew better than to do so. We arrived in Jefferson City at four o'clock the next morning and delivered our charges to the warden of the penitentiary. I was nearly exhausted from loss of sleep, but after four hours of rest at the old Mansion House, we returned to the jail to look it over. Word had been passed around that we were from Marion County, and at least twenty inmates stopped us, declared that they knew us and begged for assistance in getting pardons. We also visited the State Capitol, recently replaced by as handsome an edifice of that kind as there is in any state, and then went on to St. Louis.

The Veiled Prophets, famous at that time, were at their best then, and were conducted in connection with the St. Louis Fair. Naturally, I was very weary, but I was determined to see the Veiled Prophets. After supper the sheriff got a chair for me in front of Tony Faust's saloon. I fell asleep several times while the procession was passing, but whenever an especially interesting float came along the sheriff would awaken me.

It was a warm night and at frequent intervals the sheriff would leave me and enter the saloon. I hope he

had soda water, for I know he must have taken twenty drinks within two hours! When the parade was over we went to the Planters' Hotel and I awakened just in time to catch the boat for Hannibal the next morning. Aboard the steamer was one of my schoolmates, Miss Valley of Virginia Stevens, who had run away from school to see the Fair and the Prophets. She was wondering what would happen to her upon her return. This young lady's father so loved the Valley of Virginia that he named his daughter for it.

The next morning the principal of the college announced that any scholar who stayed away from school again to visit a fair need not return to the classroom. We were duly humbled, but we remained at the college for the remainder of the year.

One Sunday afternoon several of the boys of our club walked out to an old tree just beyond the city limits of Hannibal and near where the present Country Club is located, and there beneath its spreading branches vowed that ever afterwards on March 23rd, we would meet again on the same spot. Fifty years have gone by and only two of those boys survive—Mr. Harry Carstarphen, of the *Denver Post,* and myself. Every year on the twenty-third of March we write to each other, but Harry has not been back to the tree since 1881.

To illustrate what boys will do on a dare, I recall that on another Sunday afternoon, when we were discussing where we would walk, we decided to go to Salt River, a distance of seven miles. It was then two o'clock and the round trip involved a walk of fourteen miles. Only three of us made it. We dipped our fingers in the water and then started back home. It was seven o'clock when I reached there, dripping with perspiration. I was late for supper, of course, and said nothing about the adventure. My mother, however, suspected something wrong and I had to tell her the story. Fortunately, she had the good judgment to place me in a hot bath for a half hour and then to see that I had a good rub. The other boys failed

to get this sort of treatment and as a result were obliged to remain in bed for several days with stiff legs and sore feet.

At the time my father purchased the Hannibal Printing Company, in 1880, it was said to be the largest establishment of its kind doing printing and lithographing west of the Mississippi. As soon as I was out of school I was given a job as shipping clerk at seven dollars a week and my board. I had also to milk the cow and care for two horses, one the buggy horse and the other the horse used to make deliveries for the company. It was hard work. In those times the schedule was ten hours a day —from seven until twelve and from one until six o'clock. I had to arise early in order to perform these tasks, get my breakfast and drive my father to his office before seven in the morning.

My job was to call the roll of the employees and to handle all freight and express for Missouri and neighboring states. It was strenuous, but it proved to be a wonderful experience for me, as I learned geography and the railroad and express routes throughout the section. Even now I can name every county in Missouri, its county seat, and the best way to ship goods there.

By this time the boys with whom I associated were old enough to have a little money of their own, and we decided to buy a skiff for use on the river.

The old rule still prevailed that walking was to be the only Sunday exercise, but being sixteen I and several others thought that we might break it. Accordingly one Sunday we hired a skiff and rowed up the river to Bayou de Charles. I was at the oars in a narrow part of the Bayou when we encountered a water moccasin that reared its head within two feet of us. With my hands on the oars I was helpless, but Harry Carstarphen drew his revolver and shot off the head of the snake. I did not row any more on that trip. After thinking over the incident I concluded it was an act of Providence and a warning to obey my parents. In Hannibal I never went on another

similar trip and it was many years before I again rode in any skiff, or went to a Sunday baseball game.

My mother, however, finally yielded to my entreaties and permitted me to go to a theater. When Maggie Mitchell came to Hannibal I was allowed to go and see her and later on Joe Jefferson when he played Rip Van Winkle. These two actors made a lasting impression upon me.

At about this time the boys formed an organization known as the Invincible Club and to arouse the curiosity of the lads who were not members we called ourselves the T. I. C's. For a while we met at the homes of the different boys, and then we rented a school in Center street where we held club meetings once a week. Later we leased a room in the old Brittingham House, a relic of 1828. The use of these quarters cost us two dollars a month. At a meeting one summer evening, some of the boys who bore us ill will because their applications for membership had been denied, appeared at the window with eggs and fired a volley at us. We had been advised of their purpose, however, through the kindness of a storekeeper, named Henry Hagan. He had got together a still larger group of boys, so that when we started for the eggmen, his crowd closed in from the outside and we encircled the aggressors. The licking they got that night was sufficient for all time. At our next meeting we passed resolutions thanking Mr. Hagan and his fellows. Our poor mothers, to whom a vote of thanks should really have gone, had to remove the stains from our clothing.

At these meetings problems of great moment were discussed, and after adjournment we had refreshments. Once some spies looking in at the window saw us eating pies and ever after that we were known as the "Pie Eaters," and there are stories told in Hannibal to this day of our prowess in devouring such pastries. Lemonade was our favorite libation, and one night, in our foolish way, we had a competition to determine who could drink

the most. In the course of the contest one boy, George Hatch, drank fourteen pints and I recall how badly I felt because my maximum was only eleven, and I had to be content with another piece of pie as a second prize! The Lord was good and in some manner we survived.

III

CHOICE OF A CAREER

Desire to Be a Naval Officer—Examination for Annapolis—The Trip East—The Naval Academy—Entrance "Exams"—Hazing—The Life of a Midshipman.

When I was fifteen years old I began to think that I would like to be a naval officer. My father, while taking a business course in Cincinnati, in the late 'fifties, had roomed with a young man named A. Gola Armington, who later became a midshipman, but did not remain at the Academy to graduate.

In June, 1880, I wrote to Washington and found that there would not be a vacancy at the Naval Academy available for me until 1881. Each representative in Congress was then allowed one midshipman appointment every six years, and for that reason they were not easy to get. I had never seen salt water and the only midshipman I had ever known was a young man named Hepp, from Sedalia, Missouri. He came to my father's office in 1880, resplendent in his naval uniform, with a message from Senator George G. Vest. In the spring of 1881 I began to correspond with Cadet Hazeltine, of St. Louis, who had entered the Academy in 1880. He gave me much information and sent me an article on *Life at the Naval Academy,* by L. T. Peale. I also learned that several Missourians were to enter the Academy that year, and later I met two of the boys at Annapolis.

I had another opportunity for a river trip in 1880, and again made the journey to St. Paul on the steamer *Belle of LaCrosse,* in company with a friend named Hope, from Kirksville, Missouri. I observed that already there were indications that the Mississippi was getting shallower. The Keokuk locks had been completed and were

in use. We were eight days going to St. Paul, and returned on a smaller boat than the *Belle* as far as La-Crosse. Since my first trip up the river I found that the country had been much settled. Minneapolis and St. Paul had become rivals, and a street car line across the intervening country connected the two cities. Summer resorts had been established and we stayed at the Hotel St. Louis, one of the leading hostelries on Lake Wayzata.

A campaign for the presidency was on that year, and I recall a peculiar sign over a saloon in St. Paul. It read:

"Hancock, the coming man,
English will come as well;
Fresh beer always on hand,
Whiskey, gin and wine to sell."

Hancock and English were the Democratic candidates for president and vice-president.

Through the influence of my father in March, 1881, James M. Nickell, the newly elected collector of taxes of Marion County, appointed me as his deputy. My pay was five hundred dollars a year. For a time I tried to do double duty, working in the collector's office until four o'clock and after that hour acting as shipping clerk for the printing company. I managed to retain both jobs for several months. In the meantime I had written to our Congressman, Colonel William H. Hatch, asking for an appointment to Annapolis.

Political strife was so intense in that part of the country that at one time my father supported Colonel Hatch with his newspaper, while my grandfather supported Colonel John M. Glover. A test came when father defeated grandfather for committeeman by a vote of ten to one. Notwithstanding, amicable family relations were maintained.

My father was secretary and manager of the Hannibal Fair Association, for Northeast Missouri was famous for

its county fairs. Each county held one either in August, September or October. Prizes were offered for everything, from the best made jelly to the best jackass. The boys attended every one possible, and I was particularly fond of going to those in the neighboring counties of Monroe, Ralls and Shelby. I think the only expositions of this kind that have survived are those still held at Paris and Palmyra, and the State Fair at Sedalia. It was difficult to keep gamblers away from these bazaars, and I have seen many a "sucker" hauled in and his money taken before the authorities could cause the arrest of the crooks. These gentry generally wore "plug" hats, dressed well and had fast horses with which to make their "get-away" when hard pressed.

There were so many candidates for Annapolis that Colonel Hatch decided to hold a competitive examination, but when the time came to take it only three boys appeared, my bosom friend, Harry Carstarphen, a young man named Brown, and myself. Carstarphen and Brown failed to pass the physical test and I received the appointment. The time for qualifying was short as the examination at Annapolis was only a week off. I resigned my positions, including that of secretary and treasurer of the Park Sunday School, and prepared to go east without waiting for my credentials.

Going east was a big event for a boy who had spent all his life in and around Hannibal, Missouri. In particular, I remember an incident that happened the night I left. My grandfather, then seventy-three years old, came to the house to tell me "Good-bye," and said he would never see me again. I believed it at the time, but he lived for twenty-five years after that and I saw him many times. I have no doubt my father and mother thought I would get homesick and be back in Hannibal within a few weeks.

I left home that night on the "Cannon Ball" train. It ran from Kansas City to Toledo, Ohio, and passed through Hannibal about two o'clock in the morning. I

had often frolicked around the station with the boys and helped to play jokes on the farmers. The trains were usually made up a half hour ahead of their starting time, and when we would see a farmer hurrying up the tracks we would yell to him urging that he hasten, as the train was about to leave. They would come running with their valises, and then have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes before the train departed. In the meantime, having had our fun, we would disappear.

I had a sleeper as far as Ft. Wayne, but could not rest well. We were late in reaching Ft. Wayne and I had to make a rush to catch the Pennsylvania train. When I got aboard I settled down to view the Ohio and Pennsylvania scenery, as I had done while riding along the Wabash. It was economy to take a sleeper at night and ride in a coach in the day time. I was up before we reached Pittsburgh to see the Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains. I did not want to miss seeing the Horseshoe Curve, but the Juniata River was a disappointment to me, as it was smaller than I thought it to be, having heard the song of *The Blue Juniata* many times. We were obliged to wait three hours at Harrisburg, Pa., and I employed the time in going to the state capitol and to see the Susquehanna River across which circus wagons were fording. That stream was a disappointment to me, too, as I had pictured it as a second Mississippi with steamboats going up as far as Harrisburg and Williamsport.

Aboard the train I was on the lookout for other candidates for Annapolis, and picking out one, I introduced myself. He told me he was Carl Jackson, of Morrison, Whiteside County, Illinois. Accompanying him was a tutor and he had to explain to me just what a tutor was. I had never encountered one up to that time. Jackson was a fine boy, but had gold teeth and the examiners at Annapolis would not pass him physically.

It was after dark when we arrived at the old Pennsylvania station, Sixth and B streets, in Washington. Following the instructions I had received, I crossed the street

to the St. James Hotel, which is still standing, and engaged a room for a dollar a day. Early the next morning I called upon my predecessor, an officer named Clements, of Macon City, Missouri. Clements was a star at Annapolis, and by special permission was allowed to marry before his six years' course at the Academy and at sea was completed. He immediately took me to the Navy Department where I met the Acting Secretary, Rear Admiral Edward T. Nichols, and procured a duplicate appointment. Mr. Clements asked me if I had been to a preparatory school and I told him I had not; in fact, that I had never heard of one, and he expressed doubt as to my ability to get into the Academy. He gave me a letter to Captain Wilkinson, who conducted the well-known school at Annapolis, but it was so late that I did not present it.

President Garfield had just died and the examinations were postponed for a few days. Jackson and I, accompanied by his tutor, went down to Annapolis and took rooms at the old Maryland Hotel. After dinner we decided to go down to the Academy gate. We reached Capitol Circle through one of the numerous alleyways and started, as we thought, for the gate. In passing a barber shop we saw a man being shaved, and a few minutes later, we thought we saw the same man under the razor in another shop, only to discover that we had been walking around the circle and had passed the same shop a second time. We reached the entrance to the Academy grounds, took a look at the iron gates and returned to the hotel.

The next day was Sunday and I had my first voyage in a sail boat. I went with Clark, who had entered the Academy in June as a plebe, and two candidates for admission, Tarbox and Heilig. During the sail out to the middle of Chesapeake Bay, the conversation turned to politics. Heilig was from the mountains of eastern Kentucky, and a Republican. Tarbox, who was from South Carolina, allowed that no Kentuckian had any business

being a Republican. A fight immediately ensued. They fought, it seemed, for hours, in the hot September sun. It was almost the worst fight I have ever seen. Finally, from sheer exhaustion, both dropped to the bottom of the boat. Clark and I sailed back to Annapolis and took them to a doctor.

That afternoon we received a visit from two midshipmen in uniform, and we remembered later that they had certain distinguishing marks on their right sleeves. They were Jayne, of Mississippi, and Blandin, of Alabama, on leave. Having entered in June they told us they would be in our class and glad to assist us. We opened up our hearts to them, much to our subsequent discomfiture, when they told the others how easy we were.

I was given a room in the hotel with Victor Blue, of South Carolina, later to become a rear admiral.

We had our first examination in English, of which department James Russell Soley was the head. For oral reading he gave me an article on "Women's Clothing," by Abraham Lincoln. I had been reared with Negro boys around, and doubtless my pronunciation had been influenced somewhat by them. Two of my particular associates were sons of our cook who was an ex-slave. One of them had already been sent to the penitentiary.

During my reading the professor stopped me and said, "How do you pronounce y-o-u-r?

"Yore," I replied.

"N-e-i-t-h-e-r?"

I had never heard any one pronounce the word with the broad sound of the "i," and so I answered, "Neether."

Where do you come from, young man?" he demanded, and I told him "from Missouri."

"I thought so," he replied.

After considering the matter for a time, however, he allowed me to take a re-examination in reading, and gave me a paper prepared by Thomas Jefferson. I then managed to pass in reading.

My revenge came six months later when I stood first

in the English branches, having a mark of 3.86, and as head of the department he had to sign my paper.

Out of fifty-six candidates, only twenty-four passed this examination. Fifteen had entered in June, and nine others had been turned back from the previous year, so that we started with the cadet midshipmen part of our class numbering forty-eight. There were twenty-five cadet engineers who entered each year, and that year the number were chosen from among upwards of two hundred candidates. Later we had two other midshipmen turned back to our class and when the classes were combined by law our total was seventy-five.

Our class was predominantly southern. There were five from Missouri, seven from Virginia, three from South Carolina, three from Georgia, five from Maryland, two from Tennessee, and so on. The question has often been asked as to why there were so many boys from the South in these classes, and Rear Admiral H. P. Jones gave the best answer I know. He said, "Our parents at that time, a few years after the close of the Civil War, were so poor that they had to send their sons to some free institution in order to enable them to get an education."

One morning I awoke and found that my roommate, Victor Blue, had departed, bag and baggage. On the table lay a note from him telling me that he had failed to pass his re-examination in mathematics, and that he was going back to South Carolina. He asked me to write to him and I did. He taught school at Centennial and after two years returned to the Academy under another appointment. Eventually, he became Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, after an adventurous and creditable career.

I remember my first meeting with some of the candidates. Of course, we were all strangers and had to get acquainted. The Academy hospital where we had physical examinations afforded the best opportunity. I recall the

exact spot where I met Slocum and Eberle, at the end of the old quarters, near the gymnasium.

I was placed with good roommates at the Naval Academy, which is really a matter of importance. I roomed with Kittrell, of Mississippi, for three years, and the last year with Robert L. Russell, of Georgia. They were fine young men and stood high in their classes. Russell stood one and starred the first year.

I carried my belongings and my mattress on my back from the store room to the so-called new quarters, and was assigned to a room on the upper floor. At supper time I met a June man named Slade, from Georgia. He suggested that if we were to go out on the grounds we might escape the hazing which he thought was sure to occur before the study call sounded, three-quarters of an hour later. We slipped out quietly, but alas, were followed by two first classmen, Anderson, of North Carolina, later a rear admiral, and Fowler, of Virginia. Upon inquiry they learned why we had come out and took us down toward the river where there was a long terrace. They directed us to roll down the terrace, come back and roll down again, and to continue doing so until the study call sounded. After that we remained in our rooms and took what was meted out to us.

Hazing was practiced at the Academy, but there was little brutality about it. I think the worst case I ever saw was that of a youngster who was made to stand on his head while water was poured down each leg of his trousers. Of course hazing soon developed and the papers were full of yarns. My name, together with those of McGuinness and Ledbetter, classmates, appeared in the press of the country, much to our horror and the worry of our parents.

When I entered the Academy, Rear Admiral Rodgers was the Superintendent, but shortly afterwards he was succeeded by Captain Francis M. Ramsay. To a plebe, the Superintendent was next to the Almighty, and when my cousin, Colonel William Leonard, of Salisbury, Mary-

land, came over to see me, and took me into the office of his old friend, the Superintendent, I was greatly astounded.

We attended strictly to our studies as plebes. Shortly after we entered, our colored boy, Bias, who cared for our rooms, announced that he could bring us ice cream and cakes after taps sounded at ten o'clock on Saturdays. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I still had some money, and the result was that every Saturday night we had what we called a "spread" which was very much enjoyed. The ice cream was brought in a gallon freezer and the cakes were always lady fingers. Besides our own classmates we always invited Hazeltine, of Missouri, Johnston and Terrell, of Mississippi, and Ledbetter, of Texas. No one ever declined our invitations.

At the Academy, there was in our day a branch of the Y. M. C. A., and meetings were held in the chapel on Sunday afternoons. Once one of our classmates, who was a member, came to our class committee and told us that the wrong man would be elected President the next Sunday afternoon unless something could be done to prevent it. We inquired who the proper man was and how many votes were needed. He gave us the name and told us that twenty votes would be required. The next Sunday afternoon twenty-four third classmen attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting for the first time and cast a solid vote for Midshipman ————. He was elected. There was no call for the twenty-four to go again. The meetings were not largely attended, I regret to say.

We also had a "meditation hour" on Sunday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, which time we usually used to read or to write letters home.

I progressed fairly well in my studies for a time, especially in the English branches. Where I had lived in Missouri, no one spoke French, and I did not even know the word "yes" in that language. In drawing I was hopeless. I began to work hard after getting scared because of my low marks in mathematics, and for the first year I

stood three in the English branches, thirteen in mathematics, twenty-seven in French and forty in drawing. My best instructor in mathematics was Lieutenant T. B. Howard. By the end of the course I had pulled up well in French and prided myself that when I should get to France I would be able to speak the language. It was not until nineteen years later, however, that I landed on the soil of *La Belle France* and had occasion to test my skill as a linguist.

At Christmas time a few of the midshipmen were allowed to go to Washington and Baltimore, and the rest of us stayed in Annapolis. Up to the time I left home for the Academy, I had never seen fresh oysters; in Missouri we always bought oysters in cans, a can costing twenty-five cents. Kittrell and I upon one occasion went to an oyster house and asked how much a real oyster feast would cost. We were told that for fifty cents we would be served with all the oysters we could eat. We began with raw oysters, then had oyster stew, and finished with fried oysters. We had our fill.

Nearly every boy received a Christmas box from home, and during the holidays the cry "Spread, Room ———" meant that one of them was to be opened and its contents enjoyed by all. A classmate named Luzenberg received two barrels of oranges from Louisiana. They were the best I have ever tasted, and the only oranges I have ever known to compare with them are the juicy ones with the fine thin skins that are grown in Tahiti.

We were quartered at the Academy by classes, the fourth class, or "plebes," on the fourth floor. Among my best friends and associates were, first, Russell, Kittrell, McGuinness, Howell and Tarbox, then Corpening, Eberle, Gilmer, Pagin, Shindel, Slade, Jacobs, Pitner and Wright. Most of them were what were termed, in Naval Academy slang, "red mikes"; we had nothing whatever to do with the girls. When I came to be a second classman, however, though much abashed, I did escort Miss Katie Munroe, of Annapolis, and Miss Mag-

gie Wilen, of West Virginia, to a leap year hop. During my first class year I was made a member of the hop committee because of my ability to handle finances. I was then obliged to go to a dance.

Kittrell and Wright were musicians, and on Saturday nights they frequently entertained us in some classmate's room. Saturday night we were required to bathe, no matter how much we had done so throughout the week. Toward the last of the course the number of cadets diminished until we had only about one hunded and eighty-five, and I came to know practically each one of them. There were not more than forty officers and instructors and I also came to know each of them.

There was good skating the first and third winters, and upon one occasion we were able to skate as far out as Greenbury Point lighthouse.

At midnight, on December 31, most of the members of the fourth class turned out of bed, and in celebration of the coming of the new year began making a terrible racket with tin pans and basins, and anything that would cause a loud noise. The officer in charge was Lieutenant Alexander McCracken, and we were mustered on the lower floor from whence we were made to march in the cold winter night to the prison ship *Santee*—some to remain there for months. As we passed through the grounds on the way to the wharf, we disturbed the quiet of the Academy grounds by giving three cheers for the Superintendent. Strangely, however, he did not appear at door or window to acknowledge the salutation.

I believe that midshipmen have more nerve than any other class of people. I am supposed to have a marvelous memory. After one examination in mathematics, when I was in the second section and taking what was known as the elective course, the instructor, Sperry—then a lieutenant and later commander in chief of the fleet on the last leg of its voyage from San Francisco to the east coast by way of the Far East and Europe—called me after the section was dismissed and showing me a "G" opposite

my name, asked me if I knew what it meant. When I answered in the negative, he said, "It means that you gouged on the examination and will get a zero on it, as well as on your report. Your work was perfect and exactly like the book."

I made no response, but as soon as I reached my room and reflected on the matter, I decided to see the Superintendent. Permission being given, I related the circumstances to Captain Ramsay, assuring him that inasmuch as gouging was dishonorable, it was not done by a Missouri gentleman. The result was that Lieutenant Sperry had to apologize to me.

By the end of the year we had lost some of our classmates who could not make the grade in mathematics or French. When the time came for the summer cruise, I was picked for the *Constellation,* because my name came fifth on the list, and numbers three, six and nine, went to the other ship, the *Dale.* My father, mother and baby sister came east that June and spent a week at Annapolis. It was the first time my father had ever been East. They visited Washington, and after I had sailed, father went to Hartford, Conn., to visit his boyhood friend, Mark Twain.

In good weather we had all formations in front of the main building, or, as it was then called, the "new quarters." One morning, when I arrived at breakfast formation, I found everyone looking at a long black streak on the wall of the building, extending from a fourth classman's room to the ground. The cadets suspected that some one was in for serious trouble. As soon as formation ended, the officer of the day went to the suspects' room and found that apparently a pan of caramel taffy had been spilled on the window sill and had run down the wall to the ground. The fourth classmen occupants were summoned, but denied all knowledge of the matter. Their statements were accepted by the Commandant, although not without some misgivings. Later it was learned that third classmen in the room directly below had made

a big pan of caramels over a gas jet, and that when it was placed on the window sill to cool, the pan was accidentally overturned and the syrup dripped down the side of the building. Something had to be done and they decided that after inspection they would make another batch of candy, and at 9:30 when the two fourth classmen who occupied the room above were to be out, they would go to the room and pour the taffy on the window sill there and let it run down and join the streak below their own window. The plan succeeded and when the authorities finally solved the mystery they enjoyed the joke and the culprits went unpunished.

IV

MY FIRST CRUISE

Sailing aboard *Constellation*—First Time in New York—My Statement to Members of Congress—Second Year at Academy—A Fight—Home on a Visit—Voyage on the *Dale*—Meeting Secretary Chandler.

When I reported aboard the *Constellation,* I found Lieutenant Sperry acting as Executive Officer. I was apprehensive throughout the entire voyage, but he never noticed me. We beat our way slowly down the Chesapeake, and on June 30th stood out to sea. At that time I did not know the sensation of seasickness. Captain Henry B. Robeson was in command, and he belonged to a race of officers, now practically extinct. He was a "sundowner"—that is, one who works his men from 4:30 until sundown. I was assigned to duty on the flying jib and the foreyard, and my locker was in the bow of the ship. The *Constellation* was a sailing vessel and carried her water in big iron tanks. It was called Juniper water because it came from a swamp of that name in southeastern Virginia. We were allotted a pint each morning. Each cadet would use a wet towel to wash his face, a few drops to brush his teeth and then he poured the rest on top of his head. After that he had a salt water bath. A guard was placed at the scuttle butt when fresh water was issued. We were poorly fed, and it seems to me that we had hard tack and prunes for each meal.

Soon after sailing outside the Capes we encountered a gale of wind, and I distinctly recall that the weather was rough on July 4th. Burnstine, my classmate, of Michigan, was at my table and he became very seasick. In fact, so much so that from our first port he was allowed to go home to recuperate. The eggs were none too good and

the odor from the galley which permeated the ship added to Burnstine's nausea.

The Captain ordered us to wear our dress uniforms on July 4th. We had plum duff for midday dinner, and as four out of six cadets at my table were ill, the rest of us had a real feast on the pastry. That afternoon many a sick youngster could be seen sprawled out on deck around the boom boats.

The *Constellation* sailed up and down the Atlantic until July 17th, and we learned a great deal of real seamanship. The cadets were not required to wash down the decks, but we did about everything else. The ship finally anchored off Navesink Highlands, and then sailed on to Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

Our first leave was in New York City; we had four hours. Russell, Tarbox, Slocum and I went to the celebrated Martinelli Restaurant, where one could get dinner with wine for one dollar and a quarter. As two of us did not drink intoxicants, the other two had double rations of wine, but we all returned to the ship on time. A few days later we went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There the announcement was made that we would be given three days leave and three dollars. Fortunately, my father had sent me ten dollars.

To get to the big city from the navy yard in those days it was necessary to take a Sands Street car to Fulton Street and cross the bay on a ferry. Brooklyn Bridge had not then been completed. I went ashore with Russell, and upon reaching New York, we took a horse car up-town to the Continental Hotel at Broadway and 29th Street, where I engaged a room for a dollar a day. There I found a note from my cousin who was freight agent for the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad, inviting me to his home in Jersey City. I departed for there at once, but did not give up my room. The next day he took me up the Hudson on the *Mary Powell* which was a very famous river boat at that time, and we spent the day at West Point.

Shockley

R. E. Coontz

Cadet Coontz (at left) and Cadet Kittrell, ready for the Second Class Dance, U. S. Naval Academy

The morning our leave was up I returned to the Continental Hotel to get my baggage. I asked for my room key and was informed that my midshipmen friends had it. In Jersey City I had been given a three-pound box of caramels which I was carrying. When I entered my room, I found to my surprise three midshipmen asleep on the bed, and three others on the floor. They seized my candy and soon devoured it. They had spent all of their money and had borrowed my room and had had nothing to eat since the day before.

Two members of the class, Midshipmen K. and F., both of whom are now prosperous citizens of the State of New York, living on the Hudson River, took their leave together. They concluded to spend it in Brooklyn, and after looking about established themselves at the Porkan-bean Hotel on Myrtle Avenue. On the third morning they decided to leave the hotel early, but were horrified to find that their combined resources aggregated only twenty-five cents. Their leave expired at eight o'clock that evening.

They had no breakfast and were wending their way down to the Sands Street bridge on foot feeling rather disconsolate. It was considered bad form for a third classman to return to the ship ahead of time. As they passed the Brooklyn Bridge Hotel, a sign over a saloon arrested their attention. It read, "Free lunch all day." After a moment's consultation they boldly entered the place and approached the bar.

"What will you have, K?" asked Midshipman F.

"Oh, give me a soda water," replied his comrade.

"Give me the same," rejoined F.

Ten cents paid for the soda, and on soup, crackers, cheese and ham, the youngsters had a hearty breakfast. Refreshed and encouraged, all thought of returning to the ship ahead of time was abandoned. They walked out to Prospect Park and at noon returned to the same saloon, bought two more sodas and had another free lunch. They now had five cents remaining, but the resources of a mid-

shipman are not to be regarded lightly. Six o'clock found them again at the bar.

"What will you have, K?" F asked again.

"I don't care for anything," replied K.

"Well, give me a soda," said F.

He drank it with gusto, threw down his last five cents, and both midshipmen once more tackled the free lunch, after which they reported aboard ship on time.

Our bluejackets were practically all foreigners. When they returned to the ship after forty-eight hours of leave, nearly all of them were stupefied with drink and dropped on the deck, where they slept for two days. Conditions have changed since that time.

A few days after our leave expired, we got under way again and left New York. We rolled around in the Atlantic drilling under sail for a couple of weeks, and then returned to Annapolis.

Soon after we had anchored, we learned that by the act of Congress, of August 5, 1882, the Navy had been dealt a staggering blow. The number of officers and men was to be reduced, and many of the ships were to be sold or placed out of commission. At the Academy, all classes of cadet midshipmen and cadet engineers were to be combined, and the title of cadet midshipman changed to naval cadet. Only ten of the graduates were guaranteed commissions at the end of six years. Despite all protests the law remained and there was to be only one promotion for each two vacancies.

This law hit the cadet midshipmen very hard. As a rule the cadet engineers were older than we were, and had got much farther along in their studies, especially in mathematics and drawing, so that the possibility of getting a commission looked hopeless for many of us. We were up against star men like Taylor, Tawresey, McKay, Diffenbach, Fenton, Chase and others. At Christmas time I went before some of the members of the naval committee of the House to tell our story. I was the guest of Senator Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri, and

of our Congressman, Colonel Hatch, who lived at the Willard Hotel, in Washington. Among those whom I met were Representative Hernando de Soto Money, of Mississippi, and Representative James W. Wadsworth, of New York, the father of former Senator Wadsworth, and a fine man. Notwithstanding the rules, they took me upon the floor of the House and gathered a group of members about me to hear my description of conditions. Later, when I became Chief of Naval Operations, I had the privilege of the floor of the Senate, but never took advantage of it except at inauguration.

When my leave began the latter part of August, following the cruise, my mother and younger sister were visiting in Jefferson County, West Virginia. It was arranged that I should go there and accompany them to our home in Missouri. Although I was extremely careful to tell the railroad agent how I wished my ticket to read he sold me one via Chicago, instead of St. Louis. I discovered the error at the station, went back and compelled him to change it so that the ticket read, "via Parkersburg and Cincinnati." For the first time I saw the Shenandoah Valley, and visited my Virginia relatives.

When we returned to the Academy at the end of September, we were a very gloomy lot of midshipmen. Under the law mentioned it appeared that only ten of us would be able to get into the service after completing our courses, and that had a bad effect upon our morale. It seemed like a violation of contract, and an *ex post facto* law, for upon entering we had signed up for eight years of service. The change in the system of monthly and semi-annual examinations was resented, because it made the course much harder. Instead of permitting all who were qualified to remain and graduate, it had the appearance of deliberately attempting to force some of us out ahead of time. We now know that the best sea-going officers are not always the class stars.

We started the second year with sixty-five cadets, and

the next year the number was reduced to forty-five, and finally only thirty-six of the original membership of seventy-five were graduated and sent on the two years' cruise. I realize now what an injustice the whole thing was. Many fine young men were thus thrown out on the world with the stinging sense of having been wronged. The law was never repealed. For years, Senator Reagan, of Texas, attempted to have the retired list abolished.

Liberty to visit the city of Annapolis and leaves of absence for more than a very brief time were almost unknown, even to those who were satisfactory in their studies and their conduct. Conduct, under Captain Ramsay, was divided into four grades. The first conduct grade received the maximum liberty, and the fourth, as little as possible.

The plebes, or fourth classmen, were allowed to draw one dollar a month; third classmen, a dollar and a half; second classmen, two dollars; and first classmen, two dollars and a half. Pay day was known as "monthly dollar day." From the time we entered the Academy five dollars a month of our pay was placed to each man's credit toward payment for graduation uniforms and outfits. Our pay was five hundred dollars a year, and a ration of thirty cents a day. When a man resigned or was dismissed, he usually had enough money to his credit to get him home. There was always interest for a few days in those who resigned or were dismissed, but I often think what a terrible feeling must have come over them when once they were away from their classmates and found themselves out in the cold world.

Studies and discipline were extremely hard during the second year, and with the class reduced to forty-five, we were all apprehensive. An unfortunate incident occurred in February. It had been customary, after a cadet petty officer had been "broken," or deprived of his commission for some infraction of rules or regulations, for his classmates to give him a cheer. Samuel D. Greene, four striper, who was ranking cadet officer in the battalion, and

number one man in his class, was up for some misdemeanor and deprived of his cadet rank. Just after formation, one of his classmates stepped forward and proposed the usual three cheers which were heartily given. Captain Robeson, the "sundowner" to whom I have referred, commanded that there be no more cheering. Notwithstanding, some indiscreet midshipman proposed three more cheers, and some of the members of the battalion responded. Captain Robeson denounced this disobedience as mutinous. Officers were summoned and directed to walk down the formation line and ask each cadet if he had cheered. Many of the offenders were sent to the *Santee,* the prison ship, for the remainder of the year. All privileges were denied them, and many of us did not see the streets of Annapolis again until the following year. Even the usual June ball was forbidden. Midshipmen were "bilged" or dismissed every week, and the spring of '83 was not remembered by us with any pleasure. I participated in the first round of cheering and was given ten or twenty demerits, and restricted until June. Those who were guilty of cheering the second time were confined on the ship for months.

Owing to the shortage of ships and the fact that from time to time each one of us had to know something about engineering, the ex-midshipmen of my class, now reduced to twenty-five in number, were held at the Academy for the summer months. We were taught everything from blacksmithing to pattern making, as well as the running of engines of steam launches. We lived aboard the *Santee,* swung in hammocks, and were sailor men generally. The heat was intense, but we had a good swim each day, and could use the cat boats to go to Round Bay, at the head of the Severn River, and out to Bay Ridge.

Because of financial troubles with certain officers of the pay corps, our class sent a committee, of which I was one, to the Superintendent, to ask permission to run our own mess. Much to our surprise, Captain Ramsay assented and appointed our committee to have charge of it. We

prepared a menu for each day for three months in advance. It itemized corn bread and syrup daily, oyster stew twice a week and ice cream three times a week, and watermelons daily in season. Some of our fishermen caught crabs and we had an abundance of them. The plan worked well and we fared nicely on thirty-seven dollars and a half apiece for three months, and learned much that was of practical value. Our credit was good in Annapolis at the ice cream and candy parlors.

Four of us decided to visit the Southern Exposition, in Louisville, Ky., en route home on our September leave. We went by the Pennsylvania Railroad to Cincinnati, and thence to Louisville, arriving there at one o'clock in the morning. We had decided to stay at the Louisville Hotel, but did not know its location. A hackman accosted us and offered to drive us to the hotel for one dollar each. We rode a mile or so before he drew up in front of the hotel. Next morning, upon looking out of my window, I was surprised to see that the station at which we had arrived was just across the street from the hotel.

I remember little of the Exposition, but do recall a fire at the hotel the next night. There was no elevator in the building, and when I was awakened I ran down four flights of stairs in my night shirt, carrying my clothes in my hands.

In the following June I had an unfortunate fight. En route east from the September leave with a young man named Shipley, from Springfield, Missouri, we met a professor on the train who told us he was the father-in-law of Commander Sigsbee, later the Captain of the ill-fated *Maine*. We narrated the incident to a cadet named Ferriss who, in turn, repeated it to Captain Sigsbee's daughter. She insisted that the old professor was not on the train at the time. Ferriss, who was in love with the girl, came down to the ship one day and told me that the old man's granddaughter had denied the story, and that either I or the man who claimed to be the professor, was

a liar. In Missouri, at that time, calling a man a liar was a summons to mortal combat, and through my friend Russell, I sent Ferriss a challenge to fight a duel. Being the challenged party, I thought, of course, that he would choose pistols, but Russell returned and announced that Ferriss' second, our classmate, Burnstine, had decided on plain fists. Ferriss weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds and I, one hundred and thirty, but there was nothing to do except to meet his conditions. On June 22nd we met and fought seven rounds on the government farm, near the old war hospital. I went the entire seven rounds, but naturally, I was terribly punished, because of his great advantage in weight. Both of my eyes were horribly blackened and he struck me a blow high on my chest that must have injured a bone, for I did not recover from it for several years. Applying beefsteak was the remedy for blackened eyes, and as this was not done quickly I presented a sorry spectable. At the inspection next Sunday morning Captain Charles M. Thomas asked me if I had got my black eyes on board ship. I told him I had not.

"In the Academy grounds?"

"No, sir."

"In the city of Annapolis?" he persisted.

"No, sir."

He cogitated a while, passed on and never reported me.

A distant relative, who was the wife of one of the Academy officers, had sent me a written invitation to dinner on the following Sunday. She had come from Salisbury, Maryland, and I had dined at her home once before, the only time I was ever in the house of an officer or instructor while I was at the Naval Academy. I was obliged to send her a note stating that, owing to an affair of honor, I was not presentable and could not accept her invitation. Her husband came to see me, and after looking me over, he agreed.

I did not forgive Ferriss, who had punished me so, for twenty-seven years. He bilged shortly after the fight,

and being by birth a hard hater, I never expected to be friends with him again, but at the class reunion in 1910, I yielded. I was early taught the doctrine in Missouri, "Feed on milk or feed on hay, every dog shall have his day; and when mine comes, enemy, look out."

I was in bad condition to go home on leave in September, and when I arrived there my parents began treating me for anaemia. The event of that leave was a great picnic, near Center, Ralls County. All of my relatives living within a radius of twenty miles, attended to see their midshipman kinsman. The next day my father took me to the remains of the old town of Cincinnati, on Salt River, where, as a boy, he had been a clerk and served as postmaster under appointment of James Buchanan, President of the United States. With its rich bottom lands, its old Indian relics, and particularly the rocks painted by the red men, Salt River has always had a wonderful charm for me.

On the way home from Cincinnati, my father turned suddenly to me and said, "My son, tell me, what is the matter with you, and what is it all about?" I told him of my affair and he said I had acted the right way in the matter. He was a man of few words, but of strong feelings.

The second class year I lived at what was known as the "old quarters." There were sixteen of us in the building, and besides my roommate, Kittrell, there were on our floor, Tawresey, Strauss, Long and Wiley whose names are now well known in naval history. Some of them became four-starred admirals. That year Wiley had a terrible fight with a boy named Craig, from Illinois. I met Craig forty years later in Los Angeles. He had become a federal judge at Galesburg, Ill., and attained prominence.

A fine class of one hundred and twenty-one members entered in 1883. I was closely associated with many of them for years.

An incident that illustrates the alertness of midship-

men happened that year. One young man who bilged out later had taken a quart of whiskey to his room. An unscheduled inspection by the officer of the day, Eugene Heald, who was dubbed "Jimmy" by the midshipmen, revealed the bottle. He took it to his office several buildings distant. Passing the office a few minutes later, the offender's roommate saw the bottle sitting on Heald's desk. Shortly afterwards, the fire alarm sounded, and the officer of the day rushed out, only to find that it was a false alarm. When he returned to the office, however, the bottle of whiskey had mysteriously disappeared. The original culprit denied taking it, which was true. His roommate had appropriated it and, of course, it was not found again.

The course at Annapolis was becoming steadily more difficult, and we were losing many good men who later on would have adorned the naval service and who were actually needed, especially in view of the fact that for the past thirty years, it has rarely been possible to fill up the allotted quota of the line of the Navy.

The most coveted position was membership on the hop committee, and the election was a spirited one. On one hand, the crowd whose relatives in Washington brought the young ladies down to the hops desired to control, and on the other hand those of us who did not attend the hops concluded it was time for us to take charge. Russell and Poe were tied in the first election, and on the second ballot Russell won by two votes. Poe challenged its accuracy and Russell called him a liar and hit him a blow that caused Poe to lose a tooth. An hour later Poe sent Russell a challenge. Poe chose Burnstine as his second, while Russell selected Kittrell, as I was still light in weight, and owing to the intensity of the feeling there was danger that the seconds themselves might become involved. The principals and their seconds went to the room of a third classman, removed the furniture, placing it on the front veranda, raised the gas light fixtures, and had one of the fiercest fights in the history of the Naval

Academy. An hour later Russell came into our room covered with blood. "Don't worry," he exclaimed, as he entered, "this is all Poe's blood."

Poe went to the hospital for a week. Again the authorities took no notice of the fight. Perhaps they concluded that Poe, who was the son of Brigadier General O. M. Poe, had fallen down stairs on a dark night.

I was also elected a member of the hop committee along with Russell, Eberle, later rear admiral and chief of naval operations, and Howell, now United States senator from Nebraska. I was charged with financing the annual ball which was to be a big event, as we had not been permitted to hold one the previous year owing to the so-called mutiny. We managed it successfully, although I recall that we paid $500 for the supper and thought we were being swindled. Later, however, with the permission of the Superintendent I was able to declare a cash dividend of three dollars to each of the cadets at a time when money was most needed. I declined re-election for the next year, and threw my votes to Russell who won.

In June, 1884, we became first classmen and entered upon the last year of our course. As such, we had duty in turn as captain of top, officer of the forecastle and midshipman of the quarter deck. Finally each one had to take the deck under sail. Our commanding officer was Commander Charles D. Sigsbee.

Having had one cruise on the *Constellation,* it fell to my lot to be assigned to the *Dale,* a sailing vessel of 400 tons or less. Under sail she beat her way down to lower Chesapeake Bay where an accident to the rudder compelled us to go to the navy yard at Norfolk for repairs. (Forty-one years later, I was ordered to command the Fifth Naval District, including the navy yard, with headquarters at Norfolk.) Norfolk was not much of a city in those days, as people had not come to appreciate the excellent harbors in Hampton Roads and vicinity, and the trade possibilities. In considering war problems the

Chesapeake Bay region came to be rated as equal to that of the Narragansett Bay area.

The *Constellation* carrying the rest of the midshipmen also anchored in Hampton Roads. One night a barge loaded with watermelons came down the James River and crashed across her bow. The damage caused her to lie alongside the naval vessel overnight. Scores of melons disappeared that night and the captain collected pay for them from the midshipmen and the crew.

We finally cleared for sea and the *Dale* beat around the Atlantic, tacking and wearing until we reached Portsmouth, N. H., where we remained for several weeks and were frequently granted liberty.

In Portsmouth the midshipmen were invited to attend a church sociable and some of us accepted not dreaming we would be asked to pay admission or any other fees. I arrived a little late, and my attention was immediately attracted to my classmate Rust who was sitting at a table with a young lady and making frantic signs to me. When I went to him he told me that the good-looking young lady he was with had invited him to have ice cream and cake and that he had accepted not knowing that there would be any charge for it. He was without money and I gave him the two dollars that I had. Word was quickly passed to the others that they were expected to pay for what they ate, whereupon every midshipman made a hurried exit and returned to the ship.

One night I reached the dock just after the last boat for Kittery, where the navy yard was located, had pulled out. It was eleven o'clock and I had the middle watch. I saw a fine looking launch alongside and upon inquiring to whom it belonged, was told that it was the official launch of William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy. Boldly I approached the secretary who was standing on the dock, introduced myself, told him the situation and asked for passage to Kittery. He said, "Certainly, jump in," and then added, "Mr. Coontz, I want to introduce you to the Honorable Samuel J. Randall."

Either at that time, or later, Mr. Randall was Speaker of the House of Representatives. I was somewhat embarrassed, but managed to shake hands feebly with the distinguished Congressman. The stern of the launch was crowded, so I went up in the bow. Meeting a lad of about fifteen years of age I casually remarked to him that I had not expected such courtesy from Mr. Chandler. "Why not?" he asked, and I told him that after the returning board case in the Hayes-Tilden election contest, I had a prejudice against him and didn't expect "the old bloke" to be so kind. The boy replied, "That 'old bloke' is my father." There was nothing further for me to say. Some years later the boy, L. H. Chandler, became a rear admiral. I had the opportunity of showing him some courtesy when he arrived at the Naval Academy.

The Greeley relief party had just reached Portsmouth and was quartered on the *Constitution,* and this was the reason why Secretary Chandler was there. Many terrible stories were told of the condition of Greeley's rescued men. We were not allowed to go on board to see them, but I met the members of the party on the three relief ships. I especially remember the visits of Lieutenant Uriel Sebree and Lieutenant Wells Field to Lieutenant Albert Ross, our executive. These three officers were so large that all of them could not get into Lieutenant Ross' room at the same time!

We put out to sea again from Portsmouth, and with a favorable breeze reached the Capes in six days. I had chills and fever during a part of the voyage. Food ran low on the cruise, as thirty cents a day did not go far. The ship's steward was a colored man named Carroll, who was still in the service when I later became Commandant of Midshipmen. Only recently he was placed on the retired list by act of Congress. He came to my hammock and asked me what I wanted to eat. His menu consisted of hard tack, prunes and eggs, with canned peaches and cake for dessert. It did not sound good to me, as I had never knowingly eaten an egg on board ship.

I chose the peaches and cake and had them served every meal on the way down to the Capes.

Arriving at the Roads I inquired for the old Hygeia Hotel, famed in song and story. It boasted an excellent cuisine, and its mint juleps were said to be very tasty, although that did not interest me. After a week at sea we were ready to eat almost anything. With two classmates I went out to the neighboring town of Hampton where we surfeited ourselves on candy, cider, pie and cake, and suffered for our indulgence.

As I entered the Hygeia and passed by the bar I saw my classmates Russell and Kittrell, of the *Constellation,* taking a drink of soda. I stopped for a moment to speak with them just as Ensign Fullam went by. I had arranged to dine that night at the hotel with Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Davis, friends of my father. I was seated at the table when my classmate, Cadet Kline, came in with his sword on and quietly told me that I was under arrest and must report on board ship with him immediately. He said he would wait outside. I had to make excuses for leaving the dinner which we had just started. When I got aboard ship I learned that I had been reported for visiting a hotel bar room. It took me a week to straighten out the matter, prove my innocence, and to prove that I had never in my life used intoxicating liquor. I shall never forget my humiliation at the hotel before Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Fullam's report against Russell and Kittrell was quashed by the captain of the *Constellation.*

At this time ship commanders were making up the roster of the cadet officers for the first class year, and I was not recommended for anything above crew captain. Captain Ramsay was kind enough to make me the last on that list on account of my previous good record. Eberle was made next to the last of the crew captains. At the conclusion of our naval careers we were each in turn made chief of naval operations.

Our ship beat its way up the bay under sail and anchored at the mouth of the Patuxent River. Howell, the

present senator from Nebraska, and I were appointed a committee to ask the paymaster for permission to go ashore and purchase fresh food for the midshipmen. He demurred at first but when we threatened to go higher up and report poor food conditions he assented and gave us fifty dollars to spend. We got a volunteer crew of third classmen, and Mark L. Bristol, now a four-star admiral, was stroke oarsman. Our first purchases at a farm house were a live calf, two barrels of apples and a large quantity of milk. We took the calf on board alive, and fortunately found a butcher among the crew.

V

GRADUATION FROM ANNAPOLIS

A First Classman—Improvement in Athletics—Cleveland's Election Celebrated—Drills and Practice in Gunnery—Graduation—To Pacific Station—Trip Across Continent—Mare Island—Yellow Fever on Isthmus—The *Mohican*—Heat Stroke at Acapulco—Home to Recuperate.

Now came the time for September leave of the first and third classes of the practice ships.

Remembering the manner in which I had been treated by a certain railroad agent in 1882 I determined to even up the score. Enlisting the support of my classmate, Russell, of the *Constellation*, we organized parties to travel on a rival road. We sent for the agent, John O'Laughlin, and arranged for sleeping cars from Annapolis to Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis—something hitherto unknown. The other road attempted in vain to move us from our stand. I refused and we left Annapolis on the special cars late in the afternoon of the day we arrived at the Academy from the cruise, which was the end of August. Only the few who lived in other parts of the country traveled on other roads. It was a wonderful trip and was made more pleasurable by the fact that the transportation company furnished us with fresh watermelons, candy and other delicacies en route, as far as St. Louis. The Kansans, Texans, Arkansans, Iowans and others who lived farther west went on from St. Louis to their respective homes.

First class leave was most enjoyable. I visited relatives in all parts of northeast Missouri, as I thought it would be many years before I could get home again. Whenever I was home my mother would bring in the daughter of some friend, with whom she wished me to

fall in love, but without the desired effect. I have always considered that I was lucky in not having a sweetheart at the Academy, as my mind was not diverted from my studies by young ladies.

When we returned to Annapolis, as first classmen, the Superintendent was exceedingly lenient regarding leave and liberty; in fact, too much so for our own good. First classmen, first grade, were allowed to go to Washington and Baltimore every Saturday and return to the Academy Sunday night. On one of these occasions when I went to Washington with a crowd of boys I stayed at the Ebbitt House with McGuinness. We always made headquarters there as the rate was only two-fifty a day for the navy. That included three meals and tea, and midshipmen never missed one of these opportunities to eat.

I left the crowd about eleven o'clock one night after the theater and retired. About four in the morning McGuinness came in. He was very nervous and restless in bed throughout the remainder of the night, but did not confide to me the reason for his uneasiness. We returned to Annapolis the next afternoon, and on the following Saturday I was surprised to learn that I was the only midshipman who wished to go to Washington. The Commandant sent for me and showed me a headline in the *Baltimore Sun* telling of the shooting of a midshipman in Washington on the previous Saturday. It appeared that the boy had been wounded in the elbow, and the Commandant asked me to roll up my sleeves and show him my arms. I did so and told him I knew nothing of the affair, which was the absolute truth.

When I reached the Ebbitt House that afternoon, a boy who had been a member of the class ahead of me but who had resigned, came in and told me that not only had he been shot through the hand by one of my classmates, but that the bullet was still in his wrist. I could see it just beneath the surface of the skin. I offered my help in paying for the services of a doctor, and we had the lead

U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Mohican*, ship of Admiral Coontz's first cruise, 1885

U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Enterprise*

extracted. By the time I returned to the Academy an investigation was in progress. It developed that on the night of our previous visit to Washington, a cadet evidently not accustomed to liquor, had imbibed too freely and suddenly went wild. Whipping out a revolver he declared that he had to kill somebody before daylight. Two of his classmates attempted to seize him, and in doing so the pistol was discharged, the bullet hitting the ex-cadet in his lower arm. In the end after the investigation we lost a classmate. McGuinness' nervousness was due to the fact that he was present when the incident happened.

About this time sports were placed on a higher plane and athletics had an upward spurt. The Academy teams were not permitted to leave the grounds, so the other teams had to come to Annapolis. One baseball nine that came to play with us was called the "Beer Boys," from the fact that all of them worked in the same brewery. Once, after a game, one of our English professors visited the tug on which they came down from Baltimore, and went to sleep for "beery" good reasons, and was carried to Baltimore. His family caused a search to be made for him and was very much worried until a telegram was received from Baltimore telling of his predicament.

There was much political excitement during the Cleveland-Blaine Presidential campaign of 1884. We took a straw ballot, without the knowledge of the authorities, and Cleveland received three more votes than Blaine. On the night of the election Russell and I bribed the red-headed Chief Master at Arms to come to our rooms at midnight and tell us how the election had gone. We could hear the yelling and shouting in town and wondered what it meant and what had happened. At twelve o'clock the old fellow quietly entered our rooms and said he had bad news for us.

"Out with it," we demanded.

"Well, it looks like Cleveland is elected."

We gave such a yell that he precipitately retreated. He

had not suspected that we were both Cleveland men. When the result was assured the cadets who were democrats decided to celebrate the victory—the first we had ever known. We assembled at the Maryland Hotel where we had ordered a big feast for fifty cents apiece. Stanworth, of my class, presided, and Russell made an eloquent, triumphal speech. I recall a very tense speech by a second classman, Caldwell, of Tennessee: "Gentlemen, Tennessee gave a majority of 12,000 for Cleveland and Hendricks. Thank God, I am a Tennessean!"

This speech brought down the house. Everything appeared to have gone off all right, but the next morning the commandant of midshipmen, Farquhar, sent for me. He showed me a copy of the *Baltimore Sun* which gave an account of the banquet. It concluded with the statement that "toasts were drunk, and a hilarious time had generally."

"Now, Mr. Coontz," he said, "you may answer, or not, as you please, but I ask you the question whether or not toasts were drunk?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "toasts were drunk."

"Well," he continued, "I shall have to take some serious steps in this matter."

"But, Mr. Commandant," I protested, "I shall have to add to my statement that toasts were drunk in fresh water."

There the matter ended. I had three demerits that year, and these were given me for purchasing the *Baltimore Sun* out of hours.

Ordinarily the first class year is a comparatively easy one for the midshipman, especially the latter part of the year when he is getting the highlights on ordnance, seamanship, navigation and steam. Every Saturday we went out on Chesapeake Bay in sailing ships, or in vessels like the old *Wyoming,* and had various seamanship drills and exercises. The sailing vessels were always late in returning to port, and in consequence we missed part of our

Saturday liberty. These cruises were discontinued in mid-winter when we drilled indoors at the Academy.

The new rifled guns began to come into use while I was at the Academy, and first classmen had to work out all sorts of problems regarding trajectories. It was most interesting. I was fortunate in reciting chiefly to Lieutenant (now Admiral) Ingersoll. On one of the final target practices my nine-inch smooth bore gun hit the target at 900 yards. We had drilled with those guns for four years. I started out as a first side tackleman, second rifleman and wreck clearer, and outside of changing stations a few times was held to that job. Gunnery at that time was still undeveloped and close range was necessary for anything decisive. We still carried the boarding pikes, and did so for years thereafter.

Upon my return from first class leave I became ill from eating grapes and was threatened with appendicitis, so that I had to be carried from my room to the Naval Hospital. I lost the first week and became unsatisfactory in the subjects of least squares and strength of materials. On account of my previous record, however, the Superintendent would not reduce me from the first conduct class. I caught up during the second month, and after that things went smoothly.

As we neared the end of the last year of our course we began to decide which stations we would seek. The European station, of course, was the favored one, and hard to get. In need of the mileage money, Russell and I agreed that we would apply for the *Mohican,* on the Pacific station, as it was bound for the South Seas, New Zealand and Australia. Kittrell resigned and went home to Mississippi; later he entered Lehigh University. Pitner did the same and returned to Trundle's Cross Roads, Sevier County, Tennessee. He afterwards became a lumber merchant. As a plebe, Pitner was hazed by upper classmen who would come to his door and call, "Trundle's Cross Roads." Each time Pitner would have

to grab his tin slop jar, put on his cap, and yell, "Let me out!"

When the orders came, Russell and I had our desires gratified, but most of the class thought we had not asked for much in the way of a station.

My mother, my sister and a cousin came from Missouri to Annapolis to attend the graduation exercises. I had expected to have a high standing on the final examination in seamanship, figuring that I must have made about a 3.6. When the marks were posted, however, I had only a 2.58, and in connection with a comparatively low mark in ordnance, the last month, this reduced my class standing by three numbers. I was in the same section with McGuinness. We thought we were nearly perfect that month in ordnance, but we were marked down to very near the bottom, and both felt that we had been wronged. When we were ready to leave Annapolis Russell and I were fortunate enough to have passes to San Francisco, and an order making our excess baggage free, west of Council Bluffs, Iowa. This was important as excess baggage was required to pay fifteen cents a pound. The officer who had marked McGuinness and me so low, heard of our baggage pass and asked me what day I would be in Omaha, stating that he would like to get his baggage through free, also. I did not tell him any definite date, and when he named one, Russell and I saw to it that we would miss him by one day. May the good Lord forgive us for our vindictiveness!

Our division, the Fourth, won the flag June 1st. This flag was given to the most efficient and best drilled company. President Chester A. Arthur attended the drill and presented the flag to us through Miss Poe. Gilmer was better at drilling us than he was at making acceptance speeches.

We were graduated June 5, 1885, received our long awaited diplomas and were ordered to sea without delay. At that time cadets went on probation for two years before receiving commissions which depended upon the

number of vacancies. Nine of us were ordered to the Pacific station, of whom five went to the *Mohican,* and four to the *Hartford.* We agreed to meet in St. Louis on a certain day, and to go west together.

At this time it took seven days to cross the continent —four and a half days from Omaha to San Francisco. At Annapolis Junction I parted from my mother and sister who were going to visit on the eastern shore of Maryland, and Russell and I went on to my home in Hannibal. We remained there twenty-four hours and then returned to St. Louis where we met the other cadets at the Southern Hotel, and then took a night train on the Wabash Railroad for Omaha to which city my father accompanied us. We had breakfast at Chillicothe, Missouri, and the table was laden with a great variety of good food— steak, ham, eggs, hot biscuits, corn bread, sorghum molasses, honey, and so forth. The charge was only twenty-five cents and we ate our fill. In the center of the table was a bottle which looked as if it might have contained whiskey. On inquiry the landlord told Stanworth that it also went with the twenty-five cent meal. We'll never see those days again!

The train stopped a half hour at Marysville, Missouri, and we occupied the time playing ball. There were nine of us and a gentleman asked my father where the team was bound. When told we were en route for Omaha he asked to sign us up for a game with the Marysville team on our return trip. We had five hours to wait in Omaha and saw the city which, of course, was not as large as it is now. My father left us there. After arranging our baggage in Council Bluffs we departed that night for San Francisco. We had upper and lower berths in one end of the car. None of us had ever crossed the continent before, and we were eager to see everything and to learn all that we could. Indians were permitted to ride only on the car platforms, but were carried free.

The conductor went all the way through to the coast, and we soon made his acquaintance. The next day, rid-

ing along the Platte River, he told us Indian stories and was particularly vivid in his description of conditions at Laramie and Cheyenne. We reached the former town in the early evening. Tarbox and two or three others had been told of the sights in one of the saloons there, and accompanied by the conductor the midshipmen set out to see the place. Soon after they entered a rough looking crowd came in, drew their revolvers and demanded free drinks. The bartender refused them and reached for his pistol. They fired several shots at him and he dropped behind the bar. Our boys beat a hasty retreat to the train and did not leave it again while we remained at Laramie. Of course, the whole affair was framed by the Pullman conductor for the benefit of the cadets, and only blank cartridges were fired. We learned that the bartender laughed so long that they had to drag him from behind the bar and make him set up the drinks for the crowd.

On the fifth day out from Omaha we reached San Francisco and registered at the Occidental Hotel where rooms for the Navy were one dollar a day, and with board two dollars and a half. Many times thereafter I stayed at the old Occidental, and when it was destroyed at the time of the earthquake and fire, in 1906, there was genuine sorrow throughout the Navy.

It was Sunday the day we arrived in San Francisco, and that afternoon we rode out to Golden Gate Park, heard a band concert and saw the animals and flowers. That night we went to the Grand Theater said to have been the largest one in the United States at that time. The admission was fifty cents.

Early on the following morning we started for Mare Island. We crossed the bay by ferry to Oakland and took a railroad train to Vallejo Junction, and then a steamer to Vallejo itself where we ferried across to the island on which the navy yard is situated. We shifted to uniforms in the engineer's quarters on the ferry, and upon arrival at the yard reported to the Commandant, and then aboard

our respective ships, the *Hartford* and the *Mohican*. The *Hartford* of Civil War fame was the flagship of the Pacific, and carried the flag of Rear Admiral Edward McCauley. The *Mohican* was the vessel on which Passed Assistant Surgeon H. W. Whitaker made his famous photograph "Iron Men and Wooden Ships" in 1886.

Within an hour after our arrival on board the *Mohican* we were placed on duty, and had only two opportunities to get down to San Francisco again before we sailed for the South Seas. Our class slept in hammocks or on transoms. As there were no warrant officers on board, McDonald and Starr who were members of the class ahead of us had staterooms with bunks and bureaus.

The Commandant at Mare Island was Rear Admiral John H. Russell. He had three beautiful red-headed daughters and a young lady guest who also had red hair. They arranged to give a tea, and all of the cadets who were not on duty at the time were expected to attend. Aside from Eberle we were all extremely bashful, and on the appointed day Eberle was the one who was on duty. Inquiry developed the fact that not a midshipman intended to go to the tea. Something had to be done and we threw dice to determine who should attend the tea. We stuck Stanworth who at that time was an avowed woman hater. He had to go. The Commandant should have punished each one of us for neglect of social duties. Doubtless, however, he remembered when he was a midshipman. I am still ashamed of our conduct.

The *Mohican* was commanded by Commander Benjamin F. Day, and Lieutenant James H. Dayton was Executive Officer—both of them living, forty-four years later. Her Watch Officers were Stone, Bull, Cresap and Nicholson. Captain Day had entered the navy in 1858. My first duty was aide to the executive and midshipman of the quarterdeck. The ship was taking on stores, and I recall one instance which illustrates how immature midshipmen were.

I was at the Mare Island wharf with a steam launch

and a sailing launch in tow loading stores when a sprightly looking gentleman came to me and asked if the captain were aboard ship and if I would give him passage. I invited him to get into the sailing launch with me, and when we neared the ship we drew alongside the port gangway. As we went aboard the captain came forward and greeted him. I learned then for the first time that my passenger was Commander Royal B. Bradford. The captain upbraided me later for bringing him in a sailing launch to the port side. The officer, not having told me who he was, was at fault.

Commander Bradford was a great whist player, and when aboard ship had a game each night with the chief engineer, the paymaster and the senior surgeon. In those days officers seemed to get old at fifty, and it was difficult to get one off the ship after dark. One night the surgeon was absent and the captain sent down to the steerage for a junior officer to come up to his cabin and play whist. It was some time before the young officer appeared, flushed and embarrassed. Commander Bradford asked him the reason.

"Well, Captain," he replied, "we threw dice in the steerage to see who would come up and take part in your game."

"And you won, of course," interjected the captain, smiling.

"No, sir," rejoined the midshipman feebly, "I lost and had to come."

We left Mare Island on June 28th, and I learned a lesson that day. We had two lady passengers for San Francisco, although it was against the regulations. About half way down San Pablo Bay the *Mohican* broke down and a fog came up. At two o'clock in the morning the two ladies were put ashore in a small boat near Pinole, and had to make their way to San Francisco as best they could. The *Mohican* was patched up and we got her back to Mare Island where they continued working on her throughout the night.

We put to sea again the next day. The captain said there was a distinct advantage in leaving before June 30th, as he would not be obliged to make his official reports for some time which was true.

Eberle and I being junior officers were placed in the engine room. The day we sailed both the chief engineer and the assistant engineer went on the sick list, leaving only the regular, an officer named Creighton, on duty. Eberle had the first watch out through the Golden Gate and I had the middle watch. Those who remember San Francisco Bay know that it is sometimes choppy. About three o'clock in the morning, worried with having a watch at sea in the engine room at my age (I was just twenty-one years old that month), I felt that I was acquiring a new and strange disease before unknown. I had never been seasick in the Atlantic, but when I came off watch at four o'clock I soon realized from certain indications that I was now seasick at last.

The engine broke down again that morning and the captain placed the old ship under full sail for Panama. The *Mohican* had been rebuilding at Mare Island since 1871, fourteen years before. There were those who said that the money appropriated for her repairs had been spent in building quarters at Mare Island and in other ways. I remember our slow progress, although we carried all sails including stu'nsails. For days we could see the mountains around Monterey and to the southward. The wind was light and the northwest current was strong, but in some manner we got down as far as Cape San Lucas by July 12th. After repairing the engines we headed for La Paz, the capital of southern California. For years and until recently we had a coaling station at that point. One night we anchored in a small bay, and the next morning I went ashore in a boat with Franklin J. Moses, a marine officer. Some of the boys decided to swim from a boat. They had no sooner got into the water than sharks appeared, and it was with difficulty

that we hauled them to safety. The sharks followed us all the way to the ship.

In the days when the law permitted gold, silver and jewels to be transported on board men-of-war for safe keeping, and all hands were given a share of the transportation money, La Paz, the port through which the silver mine money passed, was a favorite spot.

Our coaling station, Pichilinque, lay seven miles from La Paz. Our captain did not believe in shore leave, and so, after the first time, we had to hire our own boats. As this was my first foreign port I greatly enjoyed the experience. Our consul there, Mr. Viosco, had several daughters and nieces who entertained us nicely. The few coal lighters we had there were in bad shape. Our men used to load them at the station, and they were towed to the ship by a launch in command of one of my classmates. On the way out to the ship one barge sank, but by cutting the towing hawser just in time the launch was saved. Fenton, my classmate, was in charge, and when he came aboard the captain sent for him and asked what had happened. Fenton made his report and when he had finished the captain said, "Mr. Fenton I do not accept your report. Six tons of coal at twenty dollars a ton is one hundred and twenty dollars. Go to the paymaster and tell him to charge the six tons to your account." Of course, the paymaster did not do so, but Fenton was worried until the next pay day.

Our pay at that time was ninety dollars a month. We left Pichilinque and began to steam. The temperature in the fire room was one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and in the engine room only a little lower. The result was that I had a stroke of heat prostration before we reached Acapulco. What I remember best was Chief Engineer Elijah Laws spilling a whole bottle of bay rum on my head in his kindly desire to help me.

In the days when Spain was in the pride of her power and earth ownership, Acapulco was a famous and prosperous town. From Vera Cruz, mail, passengers and

stores were brought across Mexico and shipped on Spanish galleons to Guam and the Philippines. These vessels, eastward bound, would carry gold and other products back to Spain via Acapulco.

Our next port was Corinto on the Gulf of Tehauntepec, where it is generally hot and breezy, as President Hoover had occasion to learn on his trip to Central and South Amercia immediately after his election. I returned to duty too soon and suffered from another heat prostration. The medical records show that death was imminent, and that it was necessary to resort to artificial respiration. The big respirator in those days was Midshipman (now Rear Admiral) John McDonald. Those who know John's size can realize that he must have been an efficient respirator. My case was desperate this time and when I was seized I barely had time to call Russell before I collapsed. Partly unconscious I nevertheless heard the talk of probable death, and when I revived at five o'clock the next morning the long white passageways of the *Mohican* made me think I had reached heaven, and an angel in while pajamas (but with a black beard), was fanning me. It was John McDonald.

I had known a little of earthquakes before we reached Nicaragua, but since that visit they have never bothered me. Eberle and the pay clerk, Thompson, spent one night on shore at a hotel. After they had retired they heard peculiar noises, and presently discovered that lizards were crawling up the walls and dropping on their bed from the ceiling. Afraid to jump out on the floor they covered their heads with bed clothing and waited for the dawn. About four in the morning an earthquake made them forget the lizards. They leaped out of bed, dressed hurriedly and ran to the dock to await the coming of the market boat.

While in Corinto I arose one morning and started to don my blouse which had been hanging near an open air port. As I ran my arm down the sleeve my hand touched something alive. I called Eberle and he quickly seized a

hammock stretcher and killed a tarantula. The thing must have been brought on board with the pineapples, bananas and oranges, and had crawled into the inside of my blouse sleeve. I had a narrow escape.

We arrived at Panama late in August, during the rainy season, and the doctors decided that I needed a cooler climate. Panama was then in the throes of the French endeavor to build the canal. Yellow fever and the chagres fever were prevalent. It was said that of every four strangers who entered the Grand Hotel at Panama only three came out alive. Yellow fever took the fourth one.

I was sent over to Aspinwall (Colon), on the east side of the Isthmus, to take a steamer for New York. The town had just burned and conditions were terrible. The revolution under Pedro Prestan had only recently been quelled and Prestan hanged. The method of hanging him was this: a cable was stretched between two telegraph poles across the railroad tracks; the hangman's rope was attached to the center of the cable; Prestan was placed on the roof of a freight car which was hauled under the cable; the loose end of the rope was tied around the man's neck, and the freight car was moved. Vast crowds were allowed to witness the execution, and the effect was that for a time a condition of peace prevailed.

I actually saw women dying of yellow fever in the streets of Colon. It took three hours to cross the Isthmus of Panama by rail and the fare was twenty dollars in gold. A lasting impression was made on my mind by the graves on each side of the road bed—almost one to a railroad tie—and the vast quantities of bananas growing among them.

I sailed for New York on the old *Acapulco* under Captain Shackford, father of our naval captain, Chauncey Shackford. The steamer was crowded with convalescent patients. The employes of the canal zone were taken to New York for ten dollars. On this trip I heard of an actual case of death from seasickness. A Spanish woman

who boarded the connecting steamer at Acapulco became seasick. She locked herself in her stateroom and seven days later, when the door was broken in, she was found dead from seasickness, fright and starvation.

We passed to the east of Cuba at Cape Maysi and stopped at Cat Island, the only port en route to New York. At Hatteras, where we began to encounter the cool breezes, the yellow fever patients dragged themselves out on deck for a breath of fresh air. We reached New York in September, and I reported to the naval hospital for treatment. I had an attack of chagres fever on the way up, and the doctors ordered six grains of quinine three times a day. I took eighteen grains the first day and nearly went crazy. The second day I reduced the amount to twelve grains, and on the third day to six. After that I threw eighteen grains a day overboard. The food at the hospital was bad, and I bribed the negro attendant to bring me good things from the outside once a day. Instead of the regulation tea and toast I had fruits and milk.

The hospital authorities decided that I needed leave of absence, and I reached home at a fortunate time for, on October 15th, my father had a serious accident, and from having been an invalid I became a nurse.

By November I had recovered sufficiently to enable me to pass a life insurance examination, and was ready to report for duty. I made application for the *Vandalia* bound for the south Pacific. Luckily I missed that assignment, for the *Vandalia* was lost at Samoa. The Navy Department evidently forgot me for several months, but I was finally ordered to the *Juniata* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

One wonders at how cheaply we used to live. In December, 1885, I paid the grocery bill during my father's illness. There were five of us in the family, and the bill was only $33.50. Our meat bill was $7.45 for the entire month. Eggs were ten cents a dozen; chickens dressed were twenty-five cents; milk, twenty-five quarts for a

dollar; and a big turkey was only $1.25! The comb of honey, which I insisted upon having on the table for each meal, was only fifteen cents.

VI

A SCARCITY OF COMMISSIONS

On the *Juniata*—Shooting Up a Town—Portland, Newfoundland, Halifax, Portsmouth—To the *Atlanta*—President Cleveland Keeps His Promise.

I reported on the *Juniata* in February, 1886. She was being revamped, repaired and made ready for a three years' cruise in Chinese waters. In 1882 Admiral Dewey, then a commander, was assigned to the *Juniata* and while en route to China was taken ill and had to be removed from the ship at Malta, where a British surgeon removed one of his kidneys—a remarkable operation at that time. Captain P. F. Harrington was then ordered to the command of the ship and to continue with her to China. Upon her return from this voyage she was detained for a long time at the Brooklyn yard in command of Executive Officer William T. Burwell, with whom I had many dealings in after years. Later the *Juniata* was placed under command of Commander George T. Davis. The ship had a fine set of officers—Max Wood, Asher Baker, "Tommy" Rodgers, Chapin, George, Herbert and others.

The winter was very severe and Wallabout Bay was frozen over. The crew was quartered on board the old receiving ship *Colorado*. One morning the captain directed me to borrow some hose from the receiving ship. Her executive was Lieutenant Commander ————, another "sundowner." Up to this time I had regularly fallen into the hands of "sundowners." When I spoke to Mr. ———— and delivered my message he broke into a violent fit of temper and shouted, "Damn you, the last time I loaned you the hose it came back in a rotten condition." I told him that no man, officer or anyone else could damn me, and that never before had I seen him

or his hose. I left the ship and made my report to our Executive, Burwell. Ill feeling already existed between the two men. Burwell went to his ship and denounced him, demanding that he apologize to me, which he did.

I had two cousins living on West 34th Street in New York and employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Koster and Bial's famous concert hall and beer garden was on 23rd Street and we used to visit there with passes given us by the manager. It was a popular rendezvous for the navy men, as was also the White Elephant at 33rd Street and Sixth Avenue. At one place or the other it was always possible to find some men on leave of absence. Koster and Bial used to deliver twelve bottles of beer to us in cases for seventy-five cents.

We also patronized Bartley Campbell's Fourteenth Street Theater, and it was there that I first saw *The Old Homestead.* It was necessary to guard the expenditure of our money as our pay was only three dollars a day. Once a boyhood friend, Frank Rayne, then with the *Iron Age,* a weekly paper, took me to see *Jim the Penman* at the old Madison Square Theater.

Delays of one character or another kept the *Juniata* at the navy yard for a long time, and while awaiting repairs it was decided that we should go to sea and put in the time at target practice and drills until July 1st, when a new appropriation of money would be available.

About June 10, 1886 we put out to sea. The second day we ran into a fog and floated with the current. It was customary during target practice to fire one solid shot and the gunner doing so had special commendation. I arranged with Asher Baker, who was first in command, to let me, if possible, fire the fo'castle gun at about two minutes after midnight. By working fast I got it off in a minute and a half. The fog cleared the next morning, and we found that we were much nearer to the shore than we had thought.

Upon our return to New York, a day or two later, we were surprised to see in the *New York Herald* a

headline which read, "Earthquake Off the Jersey Coast." The accompanying article stated that early on the morning of June 11th, a heavy earthquake had occurred in a certain town in New Jersey, that buildings were shaken, windows broken on the main street, and that there had been a general shake-up. The truth was that my solid shot had gone straight up the main thoroughfare and buried itself in the outskirts of the little town. The Lord was good to us, and no lives were lost. The captain called us in and said it was his idea that it was a proper time for everyone to keep his mouth shut and we followed his advice.

Forty-two years later, when addressing the National Republican Club in New York on the cruiser question, I made public confession of my part in the Jersey earthquake. To date I have not been sued for damages.

The summer days in New York passed pleasantly and the midshipmen often attended the ball games.

I had a year or less only before promotion time. To my regret orders came early in July detaching me from the *Juniata,* and directing me to proceed to Portland, Maine, and join the *Galena* of the North Atlantic Squadron. Burwell, our acting captain, offered to get my orders revoked so that I could remain on his ship, but though I appreciated his kindness I thought it best to take the assignment. I went by rail, by way of Boston, where I had to change cars. I had never been there before and by mistake, when leaving, I boarded a local train. The conductor refused to stop and let me off, and I was obliged to jump somewhere north of the Charles River and walk back to Boston to get the right train.

The North Atlantic Squadron was then in command of Rear Admiral Luce. It was made up of five ships for exercise under sail. Colby M. Chester, still living, was in command of the *Galena,* and Rear Admiral Richard Wainwright, then a lieutenant, was senior watch officer.

Portland was a beautiful city, even in those days, and

especially pleasant in the summer. I was ordered one day to represent the ship at a party on one of the neighboring islands in the harbor. I was still a bashful boy, but my classmate Burnstine was somewhat of a wag and a practical joker. He pointed out to me a good looking young lady sitting across the hall and asked if I would like to meet her. Upon receiving an affirmative answer we started to walk over toward the girl. Then he suddenly disappeared and I retired in confusion. The next afternoon I rode over to Diamond Island. (When Portland began to receive tourists the name of Hog Island was changed to Diamond Island.) In the bow of the boat I saw the same young lady, and had courage enough to explain the situation of the previous night. In the course of our conversation it was developed that we were bound for Diamond Island to visit the same family—the Berrys. Berry was in the class below me, and I had only recently left him aboard the *Juniata*. I often think of the enjoyable parties we had there, and of his hospitable mother.

We left Portland and maneuvered south. Then the *Galena* was ordered to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At that time there was a dispute between the United States and Great Britain over the Canadian fisheries. We had a miserable job in the fogs of Newfoundland, and met with some ticklish experiences. I recall that we circumnavigated Prince Edward Island without seeing land. Our chief task was to take provisions to the fishermen. When our duty was finished we started for Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with orders to stop at Halifax en route.

I shall always enjoy the memory of my stay in Halifax. I was sent by our captain to call upon the United States Consul General, Mr. Phelan, who came from St. Louis, and was a warm friend of my father. He had two daughters and a niece, and I became a frequent visitor at his home. The climate of Halifax is superb, just cool enough for summer time.

We had a queer officer on board the *Galena*. We went

on shore in a whale boat one afternoon, and he asked me to go to the police station with him, which I did. There he informed the chief of police that he came ashore only once in three months and always got drunk. He said that in case that happened to him in Halifax he would like to be cared for and sent back to the ship. Sure enough, the officer told the truth! At two o'clock that night he was arrested and taken to the police station for causing a disturbance in one of the main streets. The chief of police recalled his remarkable story, treated him kindly, sobered him up, and sent him back to his ship on the early market boat with polite instructions, however, that he must not come ashore again in Halifax. The officer was a rather peculiar character who had entered the navy during the Civil War.

On my second visit to Portsmouth I entered society. The first Sunday afternoon there I went for a walk on the Kittery Navy Yard hills, and looking down on the path below me, I saw two terrified young women who implored me to kill a big snake which they were afraid to pass. To show what I could do I jumped off the embankment where I stood and landed on the snake with both feet. Immediately I became a hero! The reptile was simply a good-sized garter snake. I recognized the breed, having seen hundreds of them in Missouri. The young women proved to be daughters of two naval captains, and I was soon invited to dine at their homes. At that time Portsmouth had great popularity in naval circles. Many of the town's fair daughters had married into the Navy, and many of the sons were naval officers. I remember particularly the Eastmans and the Carpenters who lived there and the Brooks and the Merriman families who were at the Navy Yard.

As the *Galena* needed repairs it was decided to transfer the officers and a part of the crew to the *Constitution,* and thus for three months I had the distinction of living on board that famous vessel—an honor that I did not fully appreciate at the time. To my mind she was about

the biggest thing that would ever be launched, and I noted the great distance from the foremast to the mainmast and her high hammock nettings.

Snow fell early in the Portsmouth latitude and Griffin, Carter and I had many sleigh rides with the young ladies from the Navy Yard and Portsmouth. We visited all of the manufacturing towns in the vicinity and had many pleasant New England evenings. One trouble was, however, that at all of these parties there were more girls than men. Similar conditions seem to prevail still in naval circles everywhere.

Our repairs were completed early in December and the *Galena* was ordered on the early winter Caribbean cruise. She was regarded as a yellow fever ship, as several times epidemics had broken out while she was in southern waters. Capehart, one of our officers, had just recovered from an attack. The theory of the mosquito carrying yellow fever germs had not been developed at that time.

One cold winter day we left the Portsmouth yard bound for Boston. I had expected to go ashore there to see some friends, but upon our arrival, and while the captain was at the commandant's office, the executive officer delivered to me detachment orders directing that I proceed to New York and report for duty on board the *Atlanta,* the first of the famous White Squadron to be commissioned. In half an hour I had packed my trunk, placed it on the port side of the quarterdeck, and was ready to leave when the captain returned. He decided at once not to let me go until we should reach Newport, R. I. Accordingly I did not go ashore at Boston, nor did I unpack my trunk, for I was given the next watch and tour of duty. Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron, shifted his flag to the *Galena* for a short cruise, and I thus had the honor of being signal officer to that great man. I was detached at Newport, and proceeded by Fall River boat to New York.

The *Atlanta* was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard under

command of Captain Francis M. Bunce, an efficient old-time officer, and Robert M. Berry, of Arctic fame, was executive officer. I was assigned to the steerage and there were sixteen of us in those small "L" shaped quarters. The senior was Hiero Taylor who had passed the examinations for lieutenant, junior grade, and was waiting for his commission. The captain had a strict regard for regulations, and would not transfer him to the ward room before his commission arrived.

Taylor had entered the service in 1873, but promotion had been slow. He had a wife and three children living in Virginia. He is the officer of whom this experience is told. About 1883 he finished a cruise on the *Adams* in Alaska, and was directed to proceed to his home in Burlington, Iowa, to await orders as was the usual custom. He went to the post office daily for one year and three months looking for his orders. He was afraid to leave town on an extended trip lest the orders might come and read "without delay." Apparently the Navy Department had forgotten him. Whether or not he finally sent the Department word that he was alive I do not know, but from May of one year until September of the next is a long time for a poor ensign to live on sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents a month.

The *Atlanta* had a fine personnel with Samuel Dana Greene, Norton, Leonard, Ben Bryan, Parsons, Bullard, Oman, Breed and Jenkins, as junior officers. Assistant engineers were still steerage officers. I had one locker in which to keep all of my belongings.

The story is told of Sidney Zollicoffer Mitchell, now a Wall Street magnate, that he owned a "plug" hat, and that on a two years' cruise he used it as a receptacle for a goodly portion of his effects.

When the *Atlanta* lay alongside the dock practically everyone was allowed to go on shore daily after working hours. The night following my arrival I was told it was the custom to throw dice to determine who should take the crowd to the theater. I innocently assented and was

stuck for sixteen tickets! My shipmates decided that they wished to see the *Black Crook* at Niblo's Garden. That was all right, but when I took them to the show, they each wanted opera glasses! I went to the lobby and ordered sixteen pairs at twenty-five cents each, but when told that it would be necessary to make a deposit of twelve dollars for each pair I had to admit that I had only five dollars remaining. My guests had no opera glasses.

I was put on watch duty and made aide to the executive officer. A cousin in New York invited me to attend the performance of the *Queen of Sheba* on Christmas Eve at the Metropolitan Opera House. Alas! about six o'clock that evening the executive officer informed me that owing to the illness of Lieutenant Clason I would go on a full tour of duty in his place at midnight, and would have to be on board at ten o'clock! I failed to get into communication with my host and the result was there was a vacant seat at the opera house and he was out eight dollars. That was a big sum of money to me in those days and it is still. I have never seen the *Queen of Sheba.* Lieutenants Bradley A. Fiske and William P. Clason were writing books and in port and wanted the mid-watches. As I detested these watches I traded almost every one for the first or morning watches. The middle watch is the one from midnight to four in the morning.

The trouble with the *Atlanta* was chiefly with her engines. They would tinker with them for a time and then we would have another trial on the Sound. She was required to make sixteen knots. She carried a full set of sails and spars. The jib and the spanker were used once, but I never saw any of the others in service.

Returning to the navy yard from one of the Long Island Sound trips I was standing on the quarterdeck with some officers when we passed Whitestone Lighthouse. Someone inquired what it was and Bryan replied, "Whitestone, and I was born there." His statement was true.

Springtime came and I began preparing for my final examinations. Studying was difficult in the steerage where there were sixteen others. When off duty we played baseball, and Bowman, our navigator, broke his leg. I went ashore generally with W. H. G. Bullard, later a rear admiral. We were both "fans" and went to see the games on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The condition of our finances precluded attending games more frequently. We would make bets and the loser paid for our dinners—never more than seventy-five cents each, and then took the other to the Criterion Theater in Brooklyn, where we had box seats for a dollar each. This was our routine. How little it takes to make midshipmen happy!

For the purpose of studying I endeavored to reach Annapolis by May 1st, but did not arrive there until three days before the examinations began. Some of my classmates had been there since February 13th, and naturally had a better chance than I. In fact, one man who arrived there among the first, got a second or third mark on the final examination. Physical examinations were held first, and there developed an epidemic of heart trouble. It seemed as if each year some new disease appeared. Having suffered a heat stroke I was later advised that I had failed to pass because of a bad heart. I went to Senior Surgeon Walton and he told me what my trouble was. He said when my heart valve closed there was a small leak. He thought it would get larger as the valve got older, and that would be my end. He asked if I took any violent exercise and was amazed when I told him I played first base on the *Atlanta* baseball team. I continued with my examinations although knowing that I had been turned down physically, and it was not encouraging. That was forty-two years ago, and McKay, Rust and I, who were supposed to have bad hearts, are still alive.

Russell and I lived at Mrs. Munroe's boarding house. During the examinations Russell contracted the measles. He was put to bed and I had my examinations behind a

screen. Surgeon Henry T. Percy who had been with me on the *Galena* advised me to ask for a physical re-examination. It was granted and no fault was found with my heart. I have since diagnosed the trouble as this: I weighed only one hundred and twenty-five pounds and was afraid that I would be declared to be underweight. So on the morning of the first physical examination I ate heartily at Mrs. Munroe's of eggs, sausage, coffee, honey, and at least ten biscuits! This probably overtaxed my heart. My father and grandfather each weighed 225 pounds, and I knew that when I grew older I would not be underweight. It has turned out so.

The thirty-one of us who went back to the Academy finished our examinations in June. Taylor, the star man in our class (he had the highest percentage ever made at the Academy even to this day), had been sent abroad and made a naval constructor. Howell resigned on account of physical disability and Thompson did not return. Three ahead of me were either disqualified physically or resigned and I was number twenty-one.

Several cases of retirement and dismissal were pending in the Navy Department, and I believed that the vacancies really belonged to our class. I wanted a chance to get a commission rather than to be called upon to explain why I had got out of the Navy. I had become determined not to return to Hannibal in case I failed to get my commission.

Accordingly I went to Washington, told the story to Senator Cockrell and to Colonel Hatch, and found that practically all of the pending cases were in the hands of President Cleveland. They went with me to see the Secretary of the Navy, and from there we went to the White House. Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; Senator Harris, of Tennessee, and others who had known my father and grandfather happened to be there at the time. They learned what I wanted and all of them went in with me to see the President. With this formidable array of legislators coming in Mr. Cleveland arose,

stepped forward, and inquired what he could do for us. I told him the situation.

"Well," he said, "I have had all of these cases under advisement for some time, and the question is should I retire these officers to make room for younger men or let them run on for a while?"

I told him my advice was to retire them. He smiled and said he would do the best he could.

I remained in Washington to watch developments. On June 29th, next to the last day before the close of the fiscal year, I found there was still one unsettled case and that it was in the hands of the judge advocate general of the Navy. It looked as if the twenty-first vacancy were not enough to save me. Twenty-two were needed. With Senator Cockrell I again went to see the President. He listened to me, sat down at his desk, took up a pencil and on a small bit of paper wrote, "I want all of the papers in the case of Lieutenant ———— in my hands, this date," and handed it to me.

I rushed to the Navy Department and saw Commodore John G. Walker, and was referred by him to the judge advocate general. I told him the story forgetting to hand him Mr. Cleveland's memorandum. He told me it was impossible to complete the case, as a number of his clerks were on summer leave and the rest were too busy. Then I handed him the slip of paper on which the President of the United States himself had written the order. His attitude changed immediately. He said, "Come back this afternoon." I soon heard typewriters clicking and learned that the office that afternoon experienced one of the most remarkable upheavals it had ever known. I told Commodore Walker what I had done and he said he would aid me. Three o'clock came, then four, and it was finally five before the papers were placed in my own hands.

President Cleveland had said that he would wait for me at the White House. It was June 30th, and the last chance. I ran to the White House and in front of the

building were the President and Mrs. Cleveland sitting in their carriage. He was waiting for me as he had promised to do. He took the papers and signed them before midnight. I shall never forget that act of the President, and although it did not save my commission it did save that of one other man—Benjamin Wright.

VII

ENSIGN COONTZ

To the Bureau of Navigation—The Small Salary of an Ensign—Alaskan Assignment—The Blizzard En Route to the Coast—Sitka—A Tax Sale That Yielded a Small Fortune.

Weary and exhausted I started for home July 1st, there to await my commission and orders. I had applied for the *Atlanta.* The captain and the executive had expressed their desire for my further services. To my surprise I received instructions to report to the Bureau of Navigation in Washington. I wondered what it meant, but put in my appearance on August 1st. Six years had elapsed since I entered the Academy, and Colonel Hatch appointed Arthur L. Willard, of Kirksville, Missouri, as my successor. I saw him on my leave and arranged to have him go east with me. He joined me in Hannibal and we went to Washington together. I took him to Annapolis and showed him the Maryland Avenue iron gate. Willard was admitted, of course, and made a fine record. He is now (1930) a rear admiral and commandant of the Washington Navy Yard.

On reporting to Commodore Walker at the Navy Department I found three of my classmates—Tawresey, Fenton and Rust, already there. We were ordered to assist in the preparation of the Navy's new secret code. I shall not reveal the inside history of the code, but we were locked in a private room at the Department and worked like beavers. The senior man was the present Rear Admiral John Hubbard; W. W. Buchanan, recently deceased, was second.

Fenton, Tawresey and I decided to live together. Rust was married. How he managed to live on $83.33 a month we never learned. We found we could get an entire floor

at 1338 H Street, northwest, for fifty dollars a month. It had a sitting-room, a room with two beds, a single bedroom and a bath. After deducting from our pay the rent and the wash money we found that we must board cheaply. In the next block, adjoining the Jefferson Club, we had breakfast and supper for twenty dollars a month. We nearly starved to death! The pieces of steak were two inches square, and there was seldom a second helping. From a woman who had a lunch counter in the center corridor of the State, War and Navy building we could buy a sandwich, a piece of pie and a glass of milk at noon for fifteen cents.

Toward the end of the first month we decided that it would be necessary for us to go elsewhere in order to get enough food. Every Saturday night we bought three pounds of candy and ate it, but that only helped until Sunday morning. We disliked to tell Mrs. ——— that we intended to leave her, and finally agreed to throw dice to see which one of us would break the news to her. It fell to my lot to do so. In fear and trembling I went to her after a meal when my companions had decamped. She said it was impossible because she had arranged for two *soirées* a month commencing in October, and she felt that young ensigns as we were should be introduced to polite society in Washington! Bashful as I was, Fenton and Tawresey were even more afraid of the girls and of society than I. I reported to them and we decided not to return to the boarding house again, but to forfeit the rest of the board for the month in order to avoid giving her a chance to tell us that we must not leave. We then boarded at the New York Hotel at New York Avenue and Fourteenth Street and lived sumptuously, because we had plenty of bread and meat. It was there that I learned to eat Philadelphia scrapple.

Finding that there was more work to do on the code than was expected, and being anxious to get out of Washington, Lieutenant Hubbard had our classmates Eberle and McCormick ordered to aid us.

Officers think promotion is slow now but Fenton and I figured out that by the time we reached the age of forty-eight we would be lieutenant commanders, and that when we should be sixty-two, which was then the retiring age, we might possibly be captains. Promotion, however, is always more rapid than is anticipated. Wars and other events hasten it. When I was only fifty-three, in 1917, I was nominated to be a rear admiral and was in the eleventh year of service as such when retired.

Repeatedly we asked Commodore Walker to let us go to sea because $83.33 a month was small pay. He said that if we stuck to our task we could go to the European station. That was not inviting, however, on one hundred dollars a month. We were paid semi-monthly, and upon receiving our pay checks on August 15th, we went directly to the treasurer of the United States, and were much surprised to learn from the cashier at the pay cage that it was unusual to cash checks for strangers. He advised us to place them in bank. We demurred and asked to see higher authority. In the end we were allowed to draw our money at the treasury.

One day I received a telegram from my father stating that an old friend, Dr. Hearne, of Hannibal, and his two nieces from Kentucky, the Misses Scearce, were coming to Washington to attend a medical convention, and asking me to show them the sights. I invited Eberle to help me. They were good looking blue grass girls from Versailles, Bourbon County, Kentucky. We took Susie and Annabelle to a white house reception. Susie preceded me in the line, and when the aide to the President inquired her name she said "Smith." I nearly dropped. Later when I asked her the reason she said that no one ever got the name "Scearce" correctly, and that it made no difference to Mrs. Cleveland what her name was. Looking back I believe she was a philosopher.

In November Commodore Walker sent for Eberle and me and told us that the newly built fisheries steamer *Albatross* was at the Washington Navy Yard and that she

was going to the Pacific and the Arctic. One of us had to be assigned to her, and we could decide between us which one it should be. After looking over the vessel I stated that I was willing to go anywhere, but that I did not care for the *Albatross* and the fish commission. Eberle wanted to go and was so enthusiastic about it that McCormick applied to go as an additional officer and his request was granted.

The ensigns wanted more pay and earlier promotions, and soon after I arrived in Washington I was made secretary of the ensigns' committee. We did not want to remain ensigns for nine or ten years. I took a leading part in the work of the committee and in that of all committees of the line officers. It was years before we won our fight.

That fall the St. Louis ball team won its association's pennant, and Detroit won the championship of the other league. Eberle and I were "fans." I asked Lieutenant Hubbard for permission to see the game in Washington between St. Louis and Detroit. He granted it but demurred as to Eberle. When I got to my seat at the game, however, Eberle was sitting beside me and I asked no questions. St. Louis won 11 to 4.

In December, 1887, my sister was to be married in Missouri, and as our work was nearly completed I sought and received permission to go home.

In Henry Ward Beecher's church I had heard a lecture on Alaska by Father Duncan, a celebrated missionary, and I had also listened to the tales of the territory told by Hiero Taylor. I concluded I would like duty in Alaska. The detail officer, De Bree Higgins, had refused me, but in thinking the matter over en route to Missouri I decided to make another effort to get such an assignment. Much to my surprise I received orders while I was at home. I shall always remember how my mother cried when I read them to her, for it was very difficult to reach Alaska in those days and it was thought that there

was nothing there except ice and snow. After my sister's wedding I started on the long trip.

It was a miserable winter. There were great blizzards and one in New York City had caused the death of the statesman, Senator Roscoe Conkling. I reached Kansas City in safety and took the Union Pacific to Denver. We ran into a blizzard in Kansas. The snow and sand came through the Pullman windows and piled up in the car. We reached Denver late and I had several hours to spend with my friends the Carstarphens. They showed me all of the city they could and particularly the million dollar saloon with silver dollars inlaid in each square foot of flooring. It was a beautiful day and as we rode through Denver we could see Pike's Peak and the mountains.

Soon after I left Denver trouble began. By the time we reached Cheyenne a heavy snow had fallen and the train was far behind its schedule. Near Rawlins we ran into a big snow drift and there was another long delay. The food became exhausted and the fires went out except in the sleeper. The passengers decided that the women and children should be placed in the sleeper and under the circumstances the conductor agreed. In my heavy navy overcoat and high overshoes I managed to keep reasonably warm. We were finally dug out by a snow plow and ran down the grade to Green River, Wyoming, where we were again detained, this time for three days. The temperature was forty five degrees below zero and we ran the danger of freezing our ears, nose and feet when we ventured out of doors. The townspeople wore sacks bound about their feet when they went out. Only three rooms in the hotel were provided with stoves, and I rented one of them at a dollar a day. I had many visitors during the day and until late at night. After eleven o'clock I let the fire go down, and in the morning I found myself stiff with cold.

Many of the passengers were out of money and the railroad had to feed them. We had two other delays at

Pocatello, Idaho, and at Huntington, Oregon, before we arrived opposite Portland. There the Willamette River was frozen over and people and teams were crossing on the ice. I have never asked anyone to believe this story, but when, forty years afterwards, a United States senator in Seattle declared that he was in Portland at the time I gave him my thanks.

All of the hotels in Portland except the Esmond charged a dollar a day for rooms; excellent meals with wine were seventy-five cents. I landed there with an old Alsatian, August Quitzow. He was booming a place called Yaquina, of which I had never heard. It rained all the time I was in Portland, and I was quite lonely. Captain Chamberlain, of Hannibal, saw my name on the hotel register and came to see me. Commander Uriel Sebree, of Missouri, also was kind enough to call upon me. He was the lighthouse inspector for the Columbia River, Puget Sound and Alaska District. The delays between Kansas City and Portland had caused me to miss the steamer sailing January 18th; it had taken ten days to make the trip. I waited for the old *Idaho* until I got tired and decided to go to Seattle and Port Townsend and catch the steamer at one of these places. I enjoyed the night I stayed at Tacoma, where I registered at the Hotel Tacoma which was then new.

I went to Seattle on the old *North Star*. Steamers like the *Indianapolis* now make the trip in two hours, but I was much longer. There were only two wharves at Seattle. I landed at one, crossed the street and got the only vacant room in the old Brunswick Hotel at a dollar and a half a day. The room was about thirty feet long and directly over the bar which, like all others in Seattle at that time, kept open all night, and I did not sleep well.

Having been a long time on the road I had run out of money and telegraphed my father for thirty dollars. By going on to Port Townsend I made a grievous error. I registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, part of which extended out over the water. My room was cold, damp

Merrill

Sitka Harbor, Alaska, looking Southeast

Merrill

Sitka, Alaska

and leaky, and the place was filled with lumbermen and miners. The office and bar were in a big room on the ground floor, and gambling and drinking went on all night. A man was killed near me the first night, and the second night they carried a Chinaman with smallpox out of the hotel. I made no acquaintances but read all of the sea stories of W. Clarke Russell from *The Sea Queen* to the *The Wreck of the Grosvenor.* That, together with a long walk during the day, kept me engaged. When the *Idaho* arrived I was awakened at midnight and went down to pay my bill to the bartender who also acted as clerk and cashier of the hotel.

"Mister," he said when I had settled, "will you have a drink?"

It was a cold night and I told him I would.

"What'll you have?" he inquired.

I thought for a moment and recalled the term, "Hot Scotch," which I ordered.

He reached across the bar and exclaimed, "Shake, Mister! For the last five days we have been betting whether you were a gambler or a preacher."

I forgot to ask him how they would decide.

We put out in a fog and within a few hours the *Idaho* collided with an inbound vessel and damaged her starboard side. I was shaving at the time, and by the mercy of the Lord the razor simply fell out of my hand and dropped on the deck.

Captain Hunter decided to return to Seattle and transfer his passengers to the old sidewheeler *Ancon.* My money was getting low again, and I had to call on my father for another thirty dollars. In the meantime the purser, when I told him of my financial condition, permitted me to sleep on board the *Ancon,* but I had to get my meals on shore. Learning that I was a young ensign the deputy marshal of Alaska came to me and told a hard luck story. He said he had a wife and eleven children in Sitka. I lent him ten dollars and was left with only seventeen dollars to live on for twelve days. Six years later

he repaid me. After I saw the eleven children I never felt like pressing him for it. Before we sailed again I was obliged to patronize restaurants where meals could be had for twenty-five cents.

We got away at last on February 13th. On the steamer were business men, miners and a few women. I particularly recall Nicholas Haley and his son, John. The boy was making his first trip out of Alaska and had gone as far east as Chicago. "Viola," a little girl on board, used to sing:

"For my father was a Spanish merchant,
And before he went to sea,
He told me to say, 'No, Sir,'
To all you said to me."

I still hum the tune.

I had a room with a man named Gibson, who later ran the Juneau-Douglas ferry.

The trip to Alaska was cold and generally clear. I had long looked forward to it and was not disappointed. Old Captain George had been a pilot since 1866, and probably was with Captain Walter Queen when the *Saranac* was lost in Seymour Narrows. All hands were saved on the craft, but the captain was court-martialed for stepping off the ship just ahead of the pilot. According to the rule of the sea he should have been the last man to leave the vessel.

Ten years later in 1897 it fell to my lot to make the tide tables for Seymour Narrows. Many know its dangers from personal experience. I thoroughly enjoyed Discovery Passage and Johnstone Straits and the various reaches in southeastern Alaska. We passed Bella Bella and our first stop was at Tongass Narrows. There Customs Inspector Crittenden, of Kentucky, boarded us for the remainder of the voyage. Wrangell was not at its best at that time as mining on the Stickine River had been temporarily suspended. The hull of a passenger boat still showed well up on the bench. The story is that there

were no accommodations for the miners and camp followers during the Cassiar gold rush, and this vessel had been grounded and used as a hotel. The owners made a fortune and eventually abandoned the ship. I saw Wrangell Narrows for the first time and all the many inlets through which I was later to pilot vessels, and subsequently we visited Douglas Island and Juneau.

At Douglas I met a young Virginian and wishing to be hospitable I asked him if he would have a drink. He ordered champagne and I barely had money enough to pay for it. Times at Douglas were good!

We reached Sitka via Peril Straits on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1888, at midnight and anchored in the harbor. The wharf was in too bad condition to warrant attempting to go alongside. The next day was beautiful and clear, and I saw the sights of Sitka harbor.

I had been fifty-four days making the trip from Washington to Sitka. The distance—a part of which is through British Columbia waters—is 4,500 miles. Mileage had to be paid through the auditor for the Navy Department at the Treasury in Washington. My pay at the end of February amounted to two hundred dollars more, and when I received a check it was for five hundred and sixty dollars. I could not get it cashed in Sitka and sent it on to my father. It was fortunate that I did so, for several years later, when I married, that five hundred and sixty dollars had been augmented to two thousand five hundred dollars. For an ensign getting a hundred dollars a month on shore, two thousand five hundred dollars is a fortune! That money helped to carry me along through the nine years I was an ensign.

It happened that several days after my father received the check he was walking along a street in Hannibal and passed the court house. An auction sale of land was in progress and as he stopped the auctioneer sang out, "Give me a bid on this property, Mr. Coontz!"

Jokingly my father said, "Five dollars!" As he started to go on the auctioneer said, "Sold!"

Asked the name of the purchasee my father said, "R. E. Coontz." It developed that there were two houses on the property. The owner had left Hannibal for parts unknown, and never returned to claim his holding, as he could have done under the tax laws. The houses were rented for several years and then sold. The amount helped to make up the $2,500.

It is said that there are four especially beautiful harbors in the world: Rio de Janiero, Brazil; Naples, Italy; Sidney, Australia; and Sitka, Alaska. I can vouch for the last two, but as the expression is, "See Naples and die!" I have kept from going into anchorage at that port.

There are many interesting stories of Sitka, of the early Russians and their troubles, of the great Baranof Castle built by Governor Baranof, of the massacre at old Sitka, and of the transfer of authority to the United States by the purchase of 1867.

VIII

FIVE YEARS ON THE *PINTA*

Life in the Far Northwest—Witch Doctors Among Indians—Cruises About the Inlets and Bays—A Chinese Funeral and a Dog Fight—A Narrow Escape From Drowning Under the Ice—Saved by an Indian Boy.

Alaska has an area of more than five hundred and ninety thousand square miles—one-sixth of that of the United States.

I found ten officers on board the *Pinta,* the vessel on which I was to serve for five years. She was a tug of 500 tons burden, and had been converted into a gunboat. The government maintained a military force in Sitka following the purchase, but the soldiers were withdrawn after several years and whenever there was the threat of danger from the Indians, such vessels as the *Wachusett,* the *Jamestown* and the *Adams* were sent there. The civil government was organized in 1884, but nothing seemed to impress the Indians except the gunboats. At the time I reached Sitka the job of the navy was to back up the civil authorities.

The officers of the *Pinta* were John S. Newell, captain; Alexander McCrackin, executive officer (this was my third tour of duty with him); Terrell and Plunkett (now a rear admiral), both of the class of 1884, and I, watch officers; Rush and Fitts, surgeons; Calvert, paymaster; Hoffman, chief engineer, and "Jim" Turner, marine officer. All are now dead except Plunkett, Fitts and myself.

Once when McCrackin and I were shipmates I was made caterer of the A mess. Discovering that my predecessor was a gambler and behind in his accounts I demanded an audit, and the board reported the case to the

captain. The officer admitted his gambling debts and when told that he would be court-martialed went to his room with the intention of killing himself. McCrackin followed him, heard the click of his revolver and seized it just in time to prevent a tragedy. Although not on speaking terms with him McCrackin gave the officer five hundred dollars with which to pay his debts. Notwithstanding this generous action the amount was never returned to him.

At my first luncheon on the *Pinta* Plunkett turned to me and said, "Coontz, are you acquainted with many army officers of high rank?"

I told him that I was not, whereupon he continued, "Well, General Apathy has been on board here lately."

The face of the executive flushed, but he said nothing. Subsequently I learned that the executive had hauled up two watch officers on the quarterdeck and "horsed" them, finally stating that General Apathy was now on board.

Good penmanship is an accomplishment and it is well to compare the "smooth" log with the "rough" one which the officer of the deck writes. Soon after I joined the *Pinta,* ———— sent for me and called my attention to this statement in the smooth log, "8 A.M. to Meridian Watch. . . . Crew panting and groaning on the main deck. . . . " I calmed him sufficiently to get him to read the rough log which I had written and which read, "painting and graining." After that, however, I was more careful with my handwriting.

At first we had mail once every four weeks; later it came once in two weeks. We took the daily *New York Herald* and the *Portland Oregonian,* and later the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and the *San Francisco Chronicle.* When the newspapers arrived we arranged them according to the weeks, and sewed each week's edition separately. We would read only one paper a day, so that at the end of the steamer period, we would be ready for the next editions. I confess, however, that I used to read

the latest baseball scores. Then I had to wait for four weeks more.

The principal business of Sitka was transacted with Portland, Seattle not having been developed at that time.

"Southeasters" strike Sitka between September and March. The *Pinta* had eight anchors to hold her in place. Our crew consisted of about forty-eight men, among whom were some wonderful old-timers, known to most naval officers of their day—John Moynah, chief quartermaster; John Smith, chief bo's'n's mate; Patrick Walsh, quartermaster; Alexander Anderson (still living), carpenter's mate, and John Blake, mate. Blake died in Washington, in November, 1928. As I shall later tell, he once saved my life on a glacier.

As junior watch officer I was given the smallest and poorest room on the starboard side. The space between the bunk and the bulkhead was three feet and at the end I had a small bureau. The inside ports were square, about two by two. They were all right in winter, but in the summer when each day we had twenty-two hours of light, we put up black curtains to darken the rooms in order to sleep better. Shutters were placed outside these ports when we went to sea, for the *Pinta* was not built for much seagoing, although she made the trip from the east coast through the Straits of Magellan. There was one bath room with a big tub, and I had the exclusive use of it, as all the other officers bathed in tin tubs in their rooms. Snow usually fell every night in Sitka, and it was the job of the bluejackets to clear it off the decks the first thing in the morning watch. Coffee in large quantities was always kept on the galley fires day and night, and it was not unusual to go up every three or four hours and get a pint.

The marines who lived on shore in barracks were kept in readiness for any emergency, and on the cruises we always took a small guard. George Barnett had left Sitka just before my arrival there and James A. Turner was marine officer.

The Indian River at Sitka is beautiful and celebrated in history and romance. A winter thaw had washed out the bridge shortly before our arrival, and a subscription was taken up to construct a new suspension bridge which was used by natives and tourists for many years. The leading merchants of the city were Brady, Whitford, Mills, de Groff and Vanderbilt. The Indian chiefs of the Cloquantan tribe were Anna-Hootz, Cake-Sati and Kat Lian. The latter was a savage fellow and greatly feared by the whites. He lived until 1924. My wife and daughter happened to be in Sitka at the time of his funeral.

There were about seven hundred Indians, three hundred Russians and one hundred other white persons. Nearly all of the ship officers were married. Sitka was the seat of the government of Alaska and the governor of the territory, the collector of customs, the district attorney, the Federal judge, the United States commissioner, the United States marshal, the clerk of the court, and the public health officer resided there. These, with the merchants, the missionaries and the naval families, made about one hundred in "real society." Being unmarried and generally on board ship at night I read every book in the ship's library, and imbibed knowledge that helped me greatly in later years.

Plunkett had been on board the *Pinta* for more than a year when I arrived. The story is told of him that once when duck hunting in a canoe he came unexpectedly upon a flock and quickly sprang to his feet and fired. Any duck hunter can imagine the result. Plunkett and the canoe were recovered but his shotgun and other equipment still lie in twelve fathoms of water in Killisnoo harbor.

In May the *Thetis* bound for Point Barrow and the Arctic came into port from San Francisco. She was one of the Greeley relief ships in 1884, and was especially fitted for Arctic work. She had a splendid set of officers —Emory, Schwerin, Lopez, Simpson, Gorgas, Welles,

Lovell, Bertolette and Dunning—and was thoroughly equipped. Being advised of her coming and wishing to save freight charges, our caterer wrote to the caterer of the *Thetis* and asked him to bring us a supply of groceries from San Francisco. He turned a blank order over to a firm there. To our horror and surprise, when we unpacked the boxes, we found most of them filled with such condiments as catsup, chile sauce, pickles and so forth, but worst of all we found one hundred and forty-four two-pound tins of asparagus! Asparagus was new to the United States Navy and as mess caterer I found that not one of the ten members of the mess would eat it. We were poor and had a twenty dollar a month mess bill. We voted to cook one can each day for one hundred and forty-four days. This was done and no one tasted it. When it was carried out what a feast the Indian mess boys had!

Our officers gave a fishing and excursion party to the *Thetis* officers, taking them to Silver Bay Falls and to Hot Springs. We had just received two steam launches to replace the old black one left by the *Jamestown* in 1881. What stories that old black launch could tell of the early days! The new ones were named *Ripple* and *Wave,* but a later captain who had spent the long winter nights reading Washington Irving rechristened them the *Alhambra* and the *Granada.* These names lasted, however, only until the captain's steamer, bound south, disappeared below the horizon.

The spring passed quickly and we were getting ready for the cruises. I had a return attack of chagres fever, a heritage from Panama, but after that my health was generally excellent. Ensign Terrell and I attended Sunday school, perhaps because there were young lady teachers.

The captain decided that before starting on the cruise the bottom of the ship should be scraped and cleaned, and resolved upon a novel experiment. Tides on the Alaskan coast between high and low show great differences, espe-

cially in January and July, owing to the positions of the sun and the moon at these times. The *Pinta* drew about eleven and a half feet. In the eastern part of Sitka harbor we found a suitable sandy beach clear of rocks. The ship steamed in at high water and was secured by anchors and by one big rock on a reef to which we attached a hawser. When the tide went out her bottom was bare, and in the course of several days we scraped and painted her hull thoroughly. When the high tide came in we backed her into deep water. It greatly improved her cruising speed. Since then I have heard of several instances of similar character. The *Pinta* usually made three summer cruises between Mount St. Elias and British territory, either coaling from the mail steamer or returning to her base at Sitka.

The white population of Alaska was increasing. It was then ten years before the Yukon gold strike, but miners were steadily pouring into the territory. The Indians had not made much trouble, and it had been six years since an Indian village had been bombarded by the *Adams*.

We went to sea in May for an inspection of southeastern Alaska, and to show the flag. Twelve days out our surgeon developed a serious and painful illness and we were obliged to return with him to Sitka and take on another doctor. It would not do for the ship to be without one, for on these trips the Indians expected to get free government treatment which was always afforded them.

At Port Snettisham we expected to find the old reliable coast survey vessel *Patterson* and were not disappointed. She had just arrived for the season's survey work and was commanded by Lieutenant Commander (later Rear Admiral) Charles M. Thomas. Among her officers were J. H. Oliver, John McDonald and Slocum, my classmate. In a blow we dragged an anchor, but brought up with the other one.

We started on our second cruise on July 2, 1888, and made a run through Chatham Straits and the Lynn

Canal for the head of navigation at Dyea. Trouble between the whites and the Indians had developed there and Klanot, a notorious chieftain, had been killed. Most of the Indians still adhered to the old law of "a life for a life," and several white people had been slain without warning in revenge for Indian deaths. They had no chance to save themselves.

Dyea was the landing place of the old-timers who went into the Yukon, but in my day everyone who possibly could went up to Sheep Camp and took the trail. I saw a part of it with John Blake. Plunkett had already crossed the trail. We found a number of Chilkat Indians awaiting us at Dyea. The *Pinta* towed two full canoes through the canals to Portage Cove, now Fort Seward, an army post. Skagway did not exist in 1888. When we reached Portage Cove the Indians came on board with their old Chief Donawauk. Here also lived the half-breed, Sara Dickinson, at that time famous for her beauty in the northern country. Old man Dickinson had married an Indian maiden. He was a trader and kept the store at Portage Cove. Some years later his son, "Billy," became a famous guide and also a trader.

Donawauk informed us that a red-headed Indian witch doctor had accused an Indian girl about fourteen years old of being a witch and had tied her up in an Indian hut where she was starving to death. Our doctor and an officer went ashore to ascertain the facts, and found the poor child in a cabin on her knees suffering intensely. Her hands were lashed and her black hair was tied to her feet. They cut her bonds and the doctor chafed her hands while the officer gave her a small quantity of food. The captain decided to order all Indians on board for a feast and consultation, hoping by this means to get the red-headed Indian witch doctor. When they came, however, he was missing. It was reported that he had started north into the interior. The captain resolved to pursue him, and being highly indignant at the story, I asked to be allowed to go. With Lieutenant McCrackin in charge

we started up the river in a whale boat. The men rowed fast and from time to time we caught glimpses of the Indian as he bounded over the trail. We went as far up the river as we could by boat, and after landing safely left one man with the boat and continued on foot into the interior. Mosquitoes attacked us in droves.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning we reached the village of Tluxpan, surrounded it, fired several shots, herded the Indians and made a thorough search, but missed the witch doctor. There, we discovered that one of our men was missing, but found him upon returning to the boat. When asked the reason for his desertion he explained that he thought two men ought to guard the boat! We got back to the *Pinta* at daybreak.

Several years elapsed before the Indian witch doctor was captured. After a fair trial he was convicted and sent to the Washington State penitentiary at McNeil's Island where Federal prisoners from Alaska were received. His sentence was for twenty years. When we were about to leave Dyea, Chief Donawauk brought a pretty Indian girl on board and presented her to the captain with his compliments for having rescued the victim of the red-headed witch doctor. The captain thanked him but declined to accept his gift.

The Alaskan summer was beautiful and we had fine weather for all of our cruises, visiting Juneau, Wrangell, Wards Cove, Howkan and various other ports. At Wrangell, McCrackin who had been detached at Juneau, was relieved as executive by Lieutenant A. C. Hodgson who served with us for the next two years. The cruise was a wonderful experience for a youngster like myself, eager and anxious to learn. I went ashore at every port, and on all the excursions I could, and made a study of all the waters. I remember American Bay, Prince of Wales Island, which we visited because of a misunderstanding between the Indians and the missionaries.

We had some good bear and deer hunters among the

officers. It was very easy to kill bear at some places, because they had never been fired at and were not frightened. They would come to the high land above the beach and look at us until we fired perhaps a fatal shot.

On our return we made the outside passage around Cape Ommaney, and arrived in Sitka about the middle of August. Orders had come from the Navy to build a new wharf at our store house. The captain told me to go next day some miles up the coast to fell trees for piles and to tow them to Sitka. Plunkett was to construct the wharf and to build a pile driver while I was away. I knew nothing of logging and felling trees, and while I was wondering what to do, Moynah, the old quartermaster who had heard of the expedition, came to me in the pilot house and said he had on board three men who had worked in Canadian logging camps. That solved my problem. When the logging party was made up these three men were members of it. They told me what to take in the way of axes, implements and chains. I recall the names of two of them—Quick and Eklundh. We loaded with supplies, steamed to where the trees on the mountain slope looked suitable for our purpose, and in three days these men made the logs into a raft ready to be towed back to Sitka. Felling big trees is an art.

Mosquitoes caused us the greatest trouble we had. The men slept on the beach in small army tents, while I remained on the launch and covered myself with pennyroyal. The Alaskan mosquito, however, not being educated, penetrated the bar, ate the pennyroyal, and then bit me. At last we evolved a scheme of burning green brush on the floor of the tents. The smoke drove the pests away.

After an absence of four days, I returned to Sitka with the tow in good shape, and received commendation for our work. Following a long struggle with his home-made pile driver Plunkett built and refitted the old fish house wharf.

The captain decided upon another cruise before

the close of the year, and we made hurried trips to various ports in southeastern Alaska. On our return we ran into a "southeaster," and went for shelter to Fresh Water Bay, on the west side of Chatham Straits. The bay was narrow and not deep, so that we had to exercise caution in order not to let the ship drag. We kept up steam for any emergency. I was sent ashore and while stumbling along a forgotten trail, on the west side of the bay, I came upon two graves in the underbrush. They were marked with wooden head boards, and I was surprised to find that the men buried there had died aboard the *Wachusett,* some ten years before. Subsequently I met an officer who remembered being on the vessel at the time.

Plunkett left us in October, and was relieved by Lieutenant James Thorn Smith.

About the middle of September we went into winter quarters, little knowing how severe a season it was to be. The worst blow we had while I was in Alaska was in November, 1888. The storm raged all night, and at daylight I turned out and dressed, feeling that something would happen. Something did happen. We lost the starboard chain which ran to the backed anchor, and thence to a second anchor. We slowly drifted toward the Indian ranch shore, expecting to strike and go to pieces. The chart shows a rock off shore with about nine feet of water over it. Our port chains fouled this rock, and held us afloat until the storm abated. From the beach the captain watched the ship drift, and I could imagine his feelings and his thankfulness when we brought up. The barometer was the lowest I have ever known.

About October 1st the *Thetis* returned to Sitka and made anchorage. She was fresh from some wonderful experiences in the far North, the most notable of which was the rescue of the steamer

Jane Gray, near Point Barrow. I was sent to pay the boarding call. Captain "Bill" Emory was busy with civilian callers and I had to await his leisure. The weather was bitterly cold and I went down to the ward-room, where the paymaster, Lovell, had brewed a fine hot punch. I took a drink, and, as time passed, I took another. The temperature in the room was about eighty degrees, and suddenly I had a feeling as of paralysis in my legs. I needed fresh air. With some difficulty I managed to reach the deck and the main rail and held on till I regained the use of my limbs. I was able to walk when Captain Emory sent for me, but I have never since taken two drinks of hot punch, and I never shall!

A grand ball to be held in Baranof Castle, on October 15th, was arranged in honor of the officers and men of the *Thetis,* and throughout the evening visiting parties went from ship to ship. In one of the visiting parties from the *Pinta* there were several Chinese, including a ward-room steward and a cabin cook, named Chin Young. My attention had been brought to Chin shortly after my arrival in Alaska, when I saw the cabin steward, armed with a butcher knife, chase him to the spar deck. Suddenly he stopped circling the engine room hatch, quickly drew a chicken from beneath his coat, and with a sharp knife cut off its head. According to a Chinese superstition, an action of this kind stops a killing.

On the night of the ball Chin Yung and the ward-room steward, with others, were in a boat that left the *Thetis* and started for the shore. The night was stormy and the wind heavy, and all of the Chinese had been imbibing too freely of liquor. The boat was upset near the beach southeast of the castle. As officer of the deck I heard the shouting and cries for help. By permission of the captain I took a skiff

that belonged to Ensign Terrell and me, and went out to rescue them. I managed to save Chin, who was about to drown in four feet of water. At any time he could have saved himself by standing up. I had two bluejackets, Clark and Allen, with me, and we carried the poor fellow to an unoccupied house near the beach, where he died before morning. The night was cold, and exhausted by our efforts we decided to leave him there until the next day. We placed his corpse on a sofa, with one arm extended at right angles to his body.

We learned that four of the Chinese were drowned, two from our boat and two from the *Thetis*. The bodies of the latter were carried out by the tide.

I was instructed to bury Chin Yung in the government cemetery in Sitka, and to see that he had a proper funeral. Under the regulations a naval funeral is a somewhat formal affair. We decided to hold the services in the old warehouse adjoining the Governor's home. It had been built during the time of the Russian occupation.

The following morning, upon going back to Chin Yung, we were horrified to find that the extended arm had frozen stiff during the night. I had heard the expression "stiff" used with reference to a dead person, but never before realized what it meant. I reported the condition to the captain and asked permission to break the man's arm, in order to get the body into a coffin, but he suggested that instead I get a larger coffin, which I did.

Chief Master of Arms, John Blake, informed me that while his men were digging Chin's grave and were down about six feet they encountered two coffins. I reported the fact to the captain, and he asked if anyone else knew of it. When I assured him that no one had been told of the incident, he ordered me to go ahead with the burial anyway, saying that when Gabriel should finally blow his

Merrill

Totem poles, Indian River Park, Alaska

Merrill

Sitka Indians before a "Potlatch"

trumpet the two who were buried beneath Chin could rise up after him.

There were many Chinese working in the canneries in and around Sitka, and we decided to give their countryman a big funeral. I induced some of the American ladies to sing a few hymns and the *Thetis* produced a band. I then borrowed old Nicholas Haley's two mules and converted a water wagon into a caisson. The other unfortunate Chinese whose body had been recovered had been laid out by Doctor Fitts and required only an ordinary coffin, while Chin's was a square pine box, made necessary because of his extended frozen arm.

Captain Emory, who attended the funeral, took his dog with him. It happened that Captain Newell owned a fine dog, and he also was present at the ceremonies. Perhaps what occurred was due to the fact that there was no dog kennel in Sitka.

After the minister, the Rev. Alonzo E. Austin, had concluded the service, the Chinese came forward to conduct their own ceremonies, and placed lighted candles on the two coffins which rested upon four carpenter's saw-horses. While watching the proceedings both Captain Emory and Captain Newell had apparently forgotten about their dogs and held them by only slight check on their leashes. They were sitting on opposite sides of the coffins when suddenly one dog broke loose and made a dash for the other canine. They met alongside one of the saw-horses and a first-class dog fight ensued. The coffins were knocked to the floor and the candles went out. With some difficulty each officer rescued his pet, the candles were relighted, and the ceremony was brought to a close amid not a little confusion.

To add to our discomfiture, the rain was falling in torrents and it seemed a long march out to the cemetery, a mile away. While we gave attention

to all the frills that accompany such a funeral, by the time we reached the grave we attempted to hasten matters, and the coffins were lowered immediately after the chaplain's final prayer. As this was being done the Chinese started an outcry, and finally, through an interpreter, I learned that Chin Yung's body was being buried with his feet pointing in the wrong direction! The straps, in the meantime, had been released from the coffin, and it was with great difficulty that we were able to raise it and turn it around to the satisfaction of the Orientals.

In those days the Navy was most economical; appropriations were meager. We used to send our steam launches three miles to Jamestown Bay to water up, using probably one-third of the supply going and coming. Only six trips from the ship to the shore were made daily, the last one coming back at seven in the evening. It was niggardly, but could not be helped. Ensign Terrell and I purchased a flat-bottom skiff which would carry seven passengers. It was hoisted on board when we cruised and frequently used by the ship's crew.

Terrell and I were unmarried, and we arranged for the use of Baranof Castle, turning the upper floor into a skating rink. Roller skating was then popular and we were able to obtain enough skates for the use of ourselves and the young ladies whom we invited. I may say, in passing, that each of us married one of the skaters. The Castle, of course, had a ghost, as all castles do, but I shall not tell the well-known legend of the Russian Princess. When darkness fell in the early afternoon, however, while we were skating and the wind soughed through the building, we could sometimes imagine that we heard the returning footsteps of its once fair and proud tenant.

We had a close election in Sitka in 1888; Cleve-

land and Thurman carried the town by three votes.

Ice formed on the lakes about Sitka early in December, and on every third day Terrell and I would go skating together. I had skated all my early life on the Mississippi and thought that I possessed some skill. A young Russian priest, Yarasavitch, challenged me to race him from one end of Swan Lake to the other and return. Terrell and I called upon some young ladies one afternoon and invited them to go skating with us, but their mothers, having better judgment than we had, refused to allow them to go, as there had been a thaw the night before. Notwithstanding, Terrell and I went to the lake and after skating for a half hour he left me. Soon afterwards the priest came up and again challenged me. It was bitter cold and in accepting the challenge I insisted that he wear his heavy sweater and I my navy overcoat. We swung down the course and I kept steadily on his quarter. When we reached the further end of the lake he was leading me by only a few yards, and I felt confident that I could pass him on the return leg, as I did not feel that I had overtaxed my strength.

On the day previous the Indians, to get fresh water, had cut a hole in the ice near the center of the lake, and only a thin skim of ice had frozen over the place during the night. I knew nothing of this. As we skated back at our best speed, the priest passed clear of the ice film, while I hit it plumb center. The opening was about eight feet in diameter, and when I fell through I went so far that in coming to the surface my head hit on the solid ice above me. One's mind works quickly in such a situation, and I recall thinking what a hard fate it was at the age of twenty-four, with life opening up before me, to drown like a rat under the ice. Many thoughts raced through my brain, and one was that I was glad I belonged to the Navy Mutual Aid

Association, and that my mother would get money from it, as well as my life insurance, which, at that time, the family needed. I determined, however, to make a struggle for life. Opening my eyes in the water I could see a light spot which I judged to be the hole where I had fallen through, and laboriously made my way toward it. Within a few seconds I was able to thrust my head out of the water and relieve my bursting lungs by inhaling a full breath of air. I then began to think I was safe, and that the Russian would be there to help me. He was not in sight. While in the water beneath the ice I had attempted to loosen my overcoat, but had not unfastened the top button. Suddenly I found that my left hand failed me, and I had to use the right one to hold on to the edge of the ice. I was unable to pull myself back on to the solid ice, and every now and then I would slip down into the water. My situation was becoming desperate. I could see the school teacher, Miss Rogers, with several mission children at the edge of the lake preparing to skate. When she saw me she could only hold up her hands and scream. Both my left leg and my left arm were frozen, and I was about to abandon all hope when I saw an Indian boy on skates coming over from the far end of the lake. He was pulling a sled and skating toward me as fast as he could. He would not come near the thin ice, but I managed to tell him what to do. He shoved the sled to where I could reach it, and with my right hand and my teeth I held to it until he pulled me to the solid ice.

I instructed him to lash me to the sled and get to town before I should freeze to death. He did so quickly, and by a wonderful mercy en route we met the only two doctors within two hundred miles of that part of the world. They hurried me to the dispensary on shore, gave me hot drinks of liquor and

rubbed me with oil. I had eleven wounds on my left leg made by my skate in my efforts to get out of the water, and these they dressed. Then I lost consciousness. The whiskey and the rub, however, saved me, and I was able to return to the ship the next day.

The news of the accident spread rapidly, and it was asked what became of the Russian priest. He remained hidden in his quarters for several days. When found he declared that as I went under the solid ice he became frightened, skated to the shore and hastened home. Each afternoon he had watched for my funeral to pass his house, and after several days he concluded that my body had not been recovered. The bluejackets of the *Pinta* and the marines wanted to take the priest and hang him, but better counsel prevailed.

As I was the subject of much comment I decided to go ashore but once more before leaving the country, and then to thank the Indian boy who had saved my life. I found him at the Presbyterian Mission and thanked him. Poor as an ensign is, I settled a small life pension on the boy, which I left in the hands of the Rev. Alonzo Austin.

At night, for months and even for years after this incident, in fancy I would imagine myself under the solid ice of that lake, and live over again my struggle to get back to the light that came through that hole.

Shortly before we left Alaska, in April, a small rowboat entered Sitka harbor and came alongside the *Pinta.* It brought a message from Captain Bowes, of the schooner *Jane A. Falkenberg,* saying that he was outside and had been attempting for fourteen days to enter Redoubt Bay, south of Sitka. Failing, he was now asking for help. His cargo was an entire salmon-canning outfit, valued at a million dollars.

I was sent out in the steam launch to meet the

schooner which lay north of Biorka Island. We arranged that I should take charge and get the ship into the bay, as I knew the various channels through the numerous reefs. Fortunately there was a light breeze from the north which allowed the schooner to carry a little sail, and after some hours of anxious work I placed her where she could secure temporarily to the land in Redoubt harbor, and float down on the next high tide. It was a most interesting experience. For my assistance the captain offered me fifty dollars, which he said was all the money he had. I told him that in such cases neither naval officers nor crews accepted any compensation for their services.

Later I was to meet Captain Bowes again.

IX

A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING

The *Pinta* to San Francisco for Repairs—Convoying an Insane Fireman to St. Elizabeth's—"All Aboard for the White House"—Asleep for Twenty-three Hours.

In accordance with instructions we prepared the old craft for the long voyage to San Francisco, and found much to take on board. The ship had not been to a navy yard since 1883.

We had several enlisted Indians on board the *Pinta,* and when we landed at Port Townsend we allowed one of them, Koshook by name, to go ashore for a few hours. When it came time for the ship to leave he had not returned, and as we were averse to allowing an Alaskan native to remain in the town alone, the Master-at-Arms was sent ashore to look for him. He found him on a street corner, only two blocks from the wharf, watching an engine and two dump cars. The engine ran the cars to where they were filled with earth, hauled them back, dumped them, and then repeated the operation. The boy was so fascinated with the sight of that engine which he regarded as almost human, that he had forgotten to return to the ship.

In San Francisco the boy was taken to the circus. Back on board ship one of the crew asked him if he would write to his friends in Alaska and tell them about the show. He shook his head and said, "No. If I told them about the elephants and the camels and the rhinoceros, they would say, 'Koshook, he one big liar.'"

We had a very heavy sea and it took us five days to make the outside trip from Port Townsend to

San Francisco. The *Pinta* rolled fearfully; so much so that the water entered the pilot house, and all were seasick, except Lieutenant James T. Smith. Twenty-four hours out, when I was ill and had to go on watch at eight o'clock in the morning, the executive, Hodgson, opened a quart of champagne at breakfast. After drinking a small portion he gave me the remainder. I drank it, went to the deck and sent for beefsteak and coffee which I consumed before the effect of the wine wore away. I took the deck and afterwards was not seasick.

Anchored in San Francisco Bay we found several Coast Survey vessels, manned by naval officers, many of whom I knew. I went on shore with Paymaster Webster, and we found some cronies at the Occidental Hotel who insisted that we go to a celebrated drinking place across the street. I did not make a practice of drinking liquor, but threw a twenty-dollar gold piece on the bar and paid for the third round of drinks. My change was practically all in silver dollars, as greenbacks were scarce. The same evening I escorted a young lady to the Baldwin Theater, on Market street, and later to the old Palace Restaurant. We had supper and I attempted to pay for it with three silver dollars. To my surprise the cashier weighed each piece, and then calmly told me they were counterfeit! The situation was embarrassing before a young lady, but with another twenty-dollar gold piece I paid the bill and we left the place.

I learned that San Francisco was flooded with counterfeit silver dollars at that time. But when I returned to the man from whom I had got mine, I received no satisfaction; if the dollars were bad, he had been imposed upon as well as myself!

The *Pinta* went on up the bay to the Mare Island navy yard. We learned that there would be no money available for repairs until July 1, and all we

could do was to lie alongside the dock. The terrible hurricane at Samoa, of which we had first learned at Victoria, had occurred in March, and from time to time the survivors of that awful disaster reached Mare Island—most of them in poor physical condition and short of clothing. The change from the tropics to the Mare Island climate brought on several cases of pneumonia, and one of those who died was Lieutenant Frank R. Heath.

Vallejo was still a small town, and we spent most of our time at parties on Mare Island, where the Nelson and Moore families were most hospitable. I had a wonderful trip in the Napa Valley where I visited the McPikes, old friends of my father and mother. I think Mrs. McPike's father, old Doctor Crane, then living, started the grape industry in that part of the state. We visited the vineyards scattered throughout the valley and enjoyed ourselves generally.

A Russian man-of-war visited Mare Island and the officers gave a big dinner. We were instructed to send two from our staff, and knowing what heavy drinkers the Russians were, the senior officer selected our representatives with great care. He decided upon Passed Assistant Engineer John L. Hannum and Assistant Paymaster E. B. Webster. At four o'clock the next morning, while I was officer of the deck, Hannum and Webster walked down the Mare Island dock, apparently quite sober. They stated that they had left the Russian officers and others under the table of the ward room of the Russian ship.

By this time I had saved two hundred and forty-two dollars, which was a big sum to an Ensign in Alaska, whose pay was only a hundred and nine dollars a month. I telegraphed Commodore Walker, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, which I had left when ordered to sea, and requested a month's leave

of absence. I packed my trunks and waited five days for a reply. One day at lunch Assistant Surgeon W. F. Arnold came in from a visit to the naval hospital and related the case of a fireman who had escaped twice from the *Independence,* and attempted to swim to Vallejo. On the second attempt he had been picked up off the magazine wharf, about a mile south of the ship. He said the Commandant of the yard was anxious to get the man to St. Elizabeth's, the government insane asylum, in Washington. Just then a telegram came from Commodore Walker granting me a month's leave, provided it would not delay the preparation of the *Pinta* for sea.

I went at once to the Commandant's office to interview Commodore A. E. K. Benham. This efficient and genial gentleman of the old school inquired my business, and I informed him that I wished to volunteer to take the insane fireman East. I had visions of two enlisted men being detailed to assist me, and was somewhat startled when the Commodore asked me if I thought I could take the man alone. Being only twenty-five years old and unaccustomed to handling insane persons, I boldly answered, "Yes."

"Very well," said the Commodore. "I shall make out your orders. Get the railroad tickets in San Francisco, and the man will be turned over to you at the Port Costa ferry."

An hour later I received this order, which is shown with all endorsements:

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE
NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CAL.
August 6, 1889

Sir:

You will proceed to Washington, D. C., with Frederick Staade, 2d.cl. Fireman, an insane patient now at

the Naval Hospital here, and deliver the said Staade to the officer in charge of the Government Hospital for the Insane in that city.

Upon completion of this duty you will report to the Navy Department.

Respectfully,
Your obt. servt.,

A. E. K. BENHAM,
Commandant.

Delivered, August 6, 1889,
A. C. Hodgson, Lieut. Commander.
Ensign Robt. E. Coontz, U.S.N.
U.S.S. Pinta
Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Navy Department Approved,
August 13, 1889
J. G. Walker,
Assistant Secretary
of the Navy.

Navy Department Bureau
of Navigation
August 13, 1889,
Reported
J. G. Walker,
Chief of Bureau.

NAVY PAY OFFICE

Washington, D. C., Aug. 13, 1889
Paid $251.20, mileage from Mare Island,
Calif., to Washington, D. C.
G. E. THORNTON, PAY DIRECTOR, U.S.N.

I arose early the next day and proceeded to San Francisco. With the assistance of A. Frank Gomez I bought a round-trip ticket to Chicago and return by way of Hannibal, Missouri, for one hundred and thirty-five dollars. I then got Staade's transportation to Washington, arranged for a section in a sleeper, and saw that I would not have to change trains in Chicago. I took the overland express out of San Francisco at six o'clock, feeling in good spirits, with practically a free trip east assured.

Up to this time I had not seen the insane man.

When the train stopped at Port Costa I went out to meet Staade. Two petty officers hustled him on board the sleeper, placed one white clothes bag and one black one in the berth, and then left me.

The first question my trans-continental companion asked me was, "Where is my thousand dollars?"

To my amazement I learned that he had been allowed to have two or more drinks of liquor. I thought for a moment and then answered.

"We are on the way to get it."

He had on a white hat, a blue jumper and a pair of white working trousers. The sleeper was filled with women and children and I gave him my traveling cap and a linen duster, such as were worn by travelers in those days. He was stout of frame, with a muscle that was appalling, and had had sixteen years of service as a fireman. Any thought I might have had of handcuffing him if he got obstreperous vanished when I saw that with one blow of his handcuffed fists he could smash my skull.

In the section opposite me were an Australian lady and her grown daughter, en route to England She watched us intently, and about the time we reached Sacramento she leaned over to me and whispered, "Excuse me, young man, but isn't there something peculiar about your companion?"

Tired and hot, I blurted out, "Yes, madame, he is crazy."

"Oh," she exclaimed. "You see, this is my first trip through your country, and I have read so much of the rough miners who become wealthy that I thought perhaps your companion was a rich miner and that you were his son!"

I could not retort to this insult, but I was reminded of the words of Lieutenant David Peacock's famous song, "For He Looks Just Like a Doghouse, and Much Resembles Me!"

I had the porter put pillows and cushions in the

lower berth, thinking that Staade would sleep there, and that I would sit in the smoking compartment. He refused, however, to go to bed in any such place. About eleven o'clock I took him into the smoker and from then on until five he told me the story of his life, over and over again. He had three ideas in his confused brain. One was that he was a Chinese and that his business was to dissect people, to cut them up into the smallest possible parts after they were dead. Another obsession was that he had saved up his money during a voyage in the South Pacific until he had $1,989 on the books, but that at the end of a certain quarter he was made to sign for $989, and that someone got the thousand dollars remaining. He also said he had a saloon on Georgia street, in Vallejo, and a wife and two children who lived there. Repeatedly and realistically he described the place to me, the rooms in the house, the personal appearance of his wife and children, until I began to think they must really exist.

I carefully explained to him that we would see the President and the Secretary of the Navy immediately upon our arrival in Washington. The imaginary loss of the thousand dollars must have been the primary cause of his insanity.

At daylight I dozed off, sitting up in my seat. At six o'clock I was rudely awakened by the conductor, who said, "Say, Mister, come out and get that friend of yours. He has turned out all the people in the tourists' sleeper, and is giving them bits of paper and soap."

I rushed into the tourists' car and found Staade with his black bag, in which he carried some old German newspapers torn to bits and pieces of salt water soap which he insisted upon giving to every passenger.

On the pretext of getting ready for breakfast I

induced him to go back into the proper sleeper, and about that time we stopped at Reno or Truckee. We took a table and the waitress asked him if he would have coffee.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Ham and eggs?"

"Yes, sir."

The girl was insulted, but I explained to her that he seldom saw women and said "Sir" to everyone.

We finished breakfast and when the conductor yelled "All aboard" Staade grabbed all the oranges, apples and bananas in the fruit dish on the table and ran out. I paid the manager twenty-five cents in settlement for the extra fruit. After that I had a private talk with each eating house proprietor before we started our meal.

We worried through that hot August day somehow, and at night, in the sleeper which we occupied, I found an army lieutenant named Ord, traveling East with his wife and children. He kindly offered to sit with my charge for a few hours while I slept in the smoking compartment. This was a good chance to get some much needed sleep.

About nine o'clock I was aroused by a succession of yells, and on rushing to the sleeper found that two of the Ord children had fallen out of the upper berth. The outboard child had seen her father talking to Staade, leaned too far out, and in falling had grabbed the inboard child and down came both of them. No bones were broken, and Lieutenant Ord was game enough to amuse Staade until one o'clock. Without the sleep which his relief afforded me I would have been desperate. The next morning we reached Ogden, where we changed sleepers and started on the twenty-four-hour run for Omaha.

In a chair car which was attached at Ogden Staade found a sympathetic listener. We sat there until two o'clock in the afternoon, when we returned

to the sleeper. As we were passing the ladies' dressing room Staade made a dash for it, got inside and locked the door. I took a seat near by, expecting he would soon emerge, but he didn't. After an hour or more the conductor and porter tried to get him to open the door, but to no avail. In the meantime we could hear him doing something inside and began to get worried. About five o'clock he opened the door suddenly and came out. As we walked up the aisle he exclaimed, "Well, that was the dirtiest place I ever saw, so I cleaned it up."

He had, there was no doubt of it! He had torn up his blue shirt and scrubbed the paintwork, windows and floor. The conductor demanded that we leave the car, but I showed my orders and finally persuaded him that the road would have trouble with the government if he put us off, so he allowed us to remain. By eleven o'clock that night I was very weary, and arranged to pay the porter fifty cents an hour while he allowed Staade to talk to him. I sat down in the berth and immediately fell asleep.

About two o'clock in the morning I awoke and went into the smoking compartment. The porter was sound asleep, and my insane man was gone! I aroused the porter and he admitted that Staade had talked him into unconsciousness about one o'clock. We got the conductor and made a quick search of the train, but failed to find my traveling companion.

The last stop had been at Ogallala. While packing my valise, preparatory to leaving the train to search for the missing man, I had visions of a court martial for "neglect of duty" in allowing a lunatic in my care to escape. About an hour later we stopped at a cheerless station on the Platte River. I was about to start uptown when I heard some excitement at the forward end of the train. The

fireman came running down the platform yelling, "We have found him in the tender!"

It developed that he had slipped the porter at the last stop, walked down to the engine tender and had got aboard. There he seated himself in the coal and surveyed the prairie scenery along the Platte River. I determined never to lose sight of him again, and I didn't. I was awake for the next sixty hours.

We arrived in Omaha that night, and the following afternoon reached Chicago, where we got the Baltimore Ohio Limited.

When we finally rolled into Washington late on the afternoon of August 12th Staade insisted upon going to the White House at once. I told him we must first go to a hotel and clean up. I had not shaved since we left San Francisco, and did not intend to let him get possession of a razor. I explained the situation to a burly hackman, and gave him five dollars. As we climbed into his conveyance he yelled, "All aboard for the White House."

We drove across the river to St. Elizabeth's, entered the "hotel," and I got a receipt for my prisoner from the asylum authorities. Staade requested me to purchase for him a necktie before we called on the President and the Secretary of the Navy. I went out to get the necktie and never returned!

The hackman drove me to the Ebbitt House, where I got a room and took a bath. I then sat down on the edge of the bed, and the next thing I heard was loud pounding at my door. It was three o'clock the next afternoon. My non-appearance for nearly twenty-four hours had worried the hotel people. I determined that next time I would register from Antioch, so they would think I was one of the seven sleepers and not disturb me. I had slept without any clothing on me, but it was

August, in Washington, and I didn't catch cold.

I rushed to the Navy Department, reported, drew my mileage, returned to the hotel and went to bed for another eighteen hours. Then I started for Missouri, and slept most of the way.

My leave was shortened by telegraphic orders, and I returned to Mare Island.

X

A WINTER IN THE NORTH

Return to Alaska—Captain Francis' Story—Rescuing the *Elder*—Settling an Indian Difficulty—"Baptist Jim" surrenders.

As soon as I had stood a tour of duty I took the first ferry for Vallejo, walked up Georgia street and down the hill, looking on the starboard side for Staade's saloon, and his wife and children. They were not there.

At Mare Island I found that several new officers had reported for duty on the *Pinta*—O. W. Farenholt, commander; T. W. Kinkard, engineer; and Carl W. Jungen, senior ensign. Arnold, our new medical officer, had had a wonderful and checkered career. He was born in Kentucky and reared in Tennessee, where his family had lost its fortune during the war. He was ambitious for an education in medicine, and his stories of the way he had lived on crackers and cheese and milk were most interesting. He had about given up all hope in life when he chanced to read Mary Murfree's celebrated book, *The Romance of Sunrise Rock*. It inspired in him a new outlook on life. He persevered, was graduated from the Tennessee medical school, and later passed an examination for the Navy.

With repairs completed the *Pinta* left San Francisco, on October 2, 1889, and in five days reached Port Townsend. From there we made a leisurely voyage north by the inside passage, and upon arriving at Sitka secured for the winter. Our pilot was Edward H. Francis, who was known to all the old-timers as about the most skillful and efficient

in Alaskan waters. Some thought that Captain George was his equal.

I quote verbatim Captain Francis' strange story of "Meek, the Mish, or the Power of Imagination," as it was published later in one of the Seattle papers.

"Yes," said Captain Edward H. Francis, the celebrated Alaskan pilot, as he sat in the lobby of the Butler Hotel, in Seattle, a few months before his death, "the power of imagination is wonderful. I well remember a case in point. One of the best known characters in the United States Navy some twenty-five years ago was Passed Assistant Paymaster Edwin B. Webster, known to his friends as 'Pottsy.' He is now a captain in the Cuban army.

"Thirty years ago I was piloting a United States vessel from Puget Sound to Alaska through the inland passage. Webster was the paymaster of the ship. A medical officer, new to the service, who was making his first cruise, had joined the ship on the coast a few days before sailing.

"Leaving Port Townsend we were passing through the narrow straits of Rosario, north of Victoria, one morning when Webster and the doctor were on deck. On a small island on the port side I noticed a large semi-round rock, some twelve feet in diameter, with a fire on it, and a number of Indians gathered around it. It was in October. The doctor's attention was naturally attracted and he asked what we supposed they were doing.

" 'That,' said Webster, 'is called the Sacred Rock by these Indians. Some years since, during a heavy storm, it dropped from space while a band of Indians were camped near here, and ever since then the natives have considered it sacred, and have kept a perpetual fire on it.'

"The surgeon gravely opened his notebook and made an entry of the matter for his diary. Webster winked at me and went aft.

"Late in the afternoon of the next day, after passing through Seymour Narrows and a part of the weird piece of water known as Johnstone Strait, we struck thick weather and the captain decided to anchor for the night before tackling Queen Charlotte Sound. So I piloted the ship to a good anchorage I knew called Alert Bay, Cormorant Island.

"This port was the seat of a large canning factory and trading post, and was managed, if my recollection serves me, by a bright and energetic Englishman named Hall. Hall was well educated, and was running the cannery and saw mill. We had scarce cast anchor when a boat pulled off from the beach near the cannery and headed for the ship. Webster had his fishing line over the port side of the ship and was talking to the officer of the deck when the surgeon came up and, seeing the boat approaching, strolled over and said, 'I wonder who that is in that boat?'

"Webster took a look at the craft, borrowed a pair of glasses from the officer of the deck, took another look, and then exclaimed, 'By George, I believe that's him!'

"'Who? What?' inquired the surgeon.

"'That,' said Webster, is 'Meek, the Mish, a most wonderful man, and the head of the Mish tribe of Indians who live here. He is a great organizer and has a powerful hold on the people.'

"The boat drew nearer and approached the gangway. Rising up, the man in the stern sheets (Mr. Hall) asked, 'Have you a surgeon on board?'

"'Yes,' replied Ensign Blank.

"'One of my men in the mill has broken a leg,' said the Englishman, 'and I must ask for assistance.'

"The commanding officer promptly gave authority and the young physician went ashore. He set the man's leg, took dinner with the Englishman, who later brought him back to the ship. The captain

was on deck when the boat returned. Mr. Hall came up for a moment, thanked him and then rowed away.

" 'And who is that man, doctor?' said the captain.

" 'Well, Captain,' replied the young surgeon, 'they call him, Meek, the Mish, and he is the head of the Mish tribe of Indians here. I have been with him for two hours and he talks, eats and acts just as good as any white man.'

"The officer of the deck fell down on his deck at this, and I only saved myself by hanging on to the mizzen rigging.

"Webster never dared to tell the story for fear the surgeon would kill him."

In settling down for the winter Dr. Arnold and I, being the only bachelors, decided to take a place on shore. We hired one of the old Russian houses, equipped with the regulation Russian stove, and bought a cord of wood. On a bet we sawed and split one cord of wood in twelve hours, and won ten dollars. We slept in our new home just one night, and came so near freezing to death that we never returned to it. We could not handle the Russian stove.

In Sitka, at this time, poker parties were all the rage. I played on two occasions. The second time I won thirteen dollars and a half, and the wife of an officer had to pay me. Her husband had borrowed fifty dollars from me that day to pay his mess bills, and also owed me twenty-five that I had paid on clothes for his children. Since then I have never played the game.

Captain Farenholt believed in cruising, and even before spring opened up he had made many trips, by small boat, to the harbors of southeastern Alaska, within easy range of Sitka harbor. He obtained the services of Francis for the early spring piloting, and utilized them to the fullest extent.

Unfortunately the *Pinta* developed further engine

troubles. It was almost impossible to get the old craft to reverse. When we wanted to anchor we would stop ahead of the spot selected, and take a chance that when the anchor was dropped the chain would not be carried away—a disastrous occurrence in those Alaskan currents.

In the spring we had a fine cruise, taking in Glacier Bay, and we had another view of the celebrated Muir Glacier. We took the Israel Russell expedition to Yakutat, when it made its first attempt to climb St. Elias. We measured and named all of the glaciers of the St. Elias Alps. Our selections, however, were not approved by the authorities in Washington. Most of them were the given names of women, and they were not acceptable. On this cruise I had my best chance to learn piloting in southeast Alaska, with Francis as pilot. He took the ship to Winter Harbor near the British coast, a shelter against "southeasters," and then on a long trip up the Portland Canal on the tide. We had to reach the upper end at slack water in order to turn safely, and go back on the ebb tide.

We visited Port Simpson, British Columbia, and found supplies cheap there. Liquor, as well as wine and beer, was allowed on board ship then. As wine caterer I laid in a winter's supply of square-face gin at only twenty cents a bottle. I made out a new wine list and placed at the top, "Square-Face Gin, $.22 a bottle."

J. T. Smith came to me and said, "Coontz, don't you know gin is hard liquor?"

I said, "No, I don't."

"Well, it is," he continued, "and you had better send to the cabin and get the price list you gave the captain and take it off."

"Too late," said I, "the captain has already taken twelve bottles."

We returned to Sitka and expected to be there for July 4th.

On a bright moonlight night the steamer *George Elder* grounded in the narrowest part of Whitestone Narrows. Hawsers were sent ashore and secured to trees, but the old craft heeled to a great angle, and was in grave danger of turning over. The captain sent a small boat to Sitka to ask for aid. He had on board a party of tourists, along with other passengers, and among the latter were my future brother-in-law, Dr. Wyman, and his wife.

The *Pinta* got under way immediately, and went as close as possible to the stricken ship, anchored and threw out lines to her. We worked until four o'clock in the morning, when, with a heavy tug on the hawsers, the vessel slid off the reef, and we almost hit the beach on the other side as the strain eased up. The *Elder* was not injured, and proceeded to Sitka, where we had a wonderful Fourth of July. The owners of the *Elder* offered us life passes on the boats of their lines, but only two officers accepted them.

I was greatly exhausted by the rescue work, and the story is told that I sat on the sidewalk to see the day's sports and fell asleep. I had had the brunt of the *Elder* job. In July there wasn't any night anyhow. The captain decided to send me to Hot Springs, sixteen miles south of Sitka, to recuperate. I had with me a doctor and a quartermaster, and after taking mineral baths the first night I felt better. The second morning we decided to make a little excursion over the mountains to Redoubt Bay. On the chart the distance looked short.

We had sufficient food for lunch and did not realize how great the undertaking was. Late in the afternoon we came to a small lake surrounded by precipitous bluffs, and we lowered our quartermaster down to get water. We also felt the need

of food and our clothing was badly torn. The surgeon was exhausted and wanted us to leave him there until the next day. This we refused to do and literally dragged him along. Late at night we reached the western end of Redoubt Bay, followed its bank, and by great luck came upon a band of Indians sitting beside a fire, eating baked beans and hard tack. Even now I look back upon those baked beans and regard them as the best baked beans I ever ate. We hired the Indians to take us to Hot Springs in their canoes, and arrived there at daybreak. I lay in a bath tub for a long time, and then slept for eighteen hours. I was not troubled with insomnia.

After I had returned to the *Pinta* word came from Sitkoh Bay that trouble had broken out between the Indians and the white fishermen. The captain summoned me as soon as he received word from the Governor, and ordered me to take command of a relief expedition starting out on a cannery tug early in the morning.

He gave me the following written orders:

U.S.S. Pinta, 4th Rate.
Sitka, Alaska, July 12, 1890.

Sir:

You will take charge of a guard of six marines and proceed with them in the tug *Baranof,* to Sitkoh Bay. Misunderstanding as to the fishing rights between white men and Indians has broken out at that place. The enclosed papers explain to you the situation. You will endeavor to arrange matters peacefully. If, in your judgment, you think it necessary to arrest persons, do so and bring them to Sitka, with such witnesses as are necessary. Explain to the Indians that they have no business to interfere with the legitimate business of the whites; that the latter, so long as they carry out the fishing regulations, will be upheld by the law. If the Indians have grievances, they must, as the whites do,

come to Sitka and present them to the proper authorities. They must not take the law into their hands. Say to the Indians if they do not behave themselves, the *Pinta* will come and destroy their canoes, and bring the men to Sitka for trial. Do not use force until all other means have failed, but protect the lives and property of the whites with the full force under your command. I rely in the execution of these orders on your judgment, the knowledge you have of the Indian character, and hope the misunderstanding will be amicably settled. Return to this ship whenever you think it is proper for you to leave. During your stay ascertain if there is a safe channel for the *Pinta* to go into Sitkoh Bay. If you have time, make a sketch of the bay, the bearings of the principal points, depth of water, etc.

Wishing you a safe and speedy return, I am,

Very respectfully,

O. W. FARENHOLT,
Lieut. Comdr., U.S.N.,
Commanding

Ensign Robert E. Coontz, U.S.N.
U.S.S. Pinta.

Returned, July 17, 1890, duty performed to my entire satisfaction.

O. W. FARENHOLT,
Lieut. Comdr., Comdg.

I selected six good marines and took an Indian interpreter, Lewis Koshook. I was very much interested in a young lady in Sitka at this time, and the captain himself took the watch while I went over to see her and say good-bye.

We carried what we considered would be an ample supply of provisions, but it proved to be insufficient. When we reached our destination I found the white men in the upper part of the bay with their seines and everything ready to haul, and a band of one hundred and twenty-five Indians on a point of land where a little stream enters the bay. The tug took us close in to the shore, and we lowered a boat.

I endeavored to get one or two Indians to come out and talk with us, but failed. We saw that they were all armed with shotguns, rifles and other implements of war. I picked out the leader, whom I found to be Baptist Jim. He was a big fellow with a black beard and looked like a man of importance. We knew that we had no chance with them unless something desperate were done at once. I landed the boat about two hundred yards from the Indians and instructed the marines to fire if the Indians shot me, and to keep up the firing until all of our party were killed.

With my trusty six-shooter in my right hip pocket, and accompanied by the interpreter, I walked down the beach. As I neared the Indians, Baptist Jim took a bead on the center of my stomach, and I could almost feel the charge from his shotgun going through my body. The time for action was then or never. I walked boldly up to him, shoved the shotgun to one side and demanded the surrender of the entire party at once. He demurred, but I told him that even if he did kill us, the federal government would sooner or later have its innings with them, and that if the Indians had real grievances, they could be adjusted by the Governor. I was perspiring freely by this time, and felt very much relieved when he said he would agree. We stacked our arms in a tent and sat down to wait for the vessel that was to reinforce us and take us back to Sitka.

I was afraid to let the Indians know how short our food supplies were. After we ate the two days' rations, all we had was raw fish and brown sugar, and a pint of brandy for medicinal purposes. I have never eaten raw fish since nor tasted brown sugar. When the tug which was to relieve us came in sight I opened the pint of brandy and we all had one good drink.

The tug could not carry a hundred and twenty-five prisoners, so we chose about twenty of the leaders, got them on board, and at midnight hove up anchor and started for Sitka, leaving the families of the Indians to come on later as best they could. It was a mean thing to do, but it was necessary. Their troubles dragged for months, and the governmental investigation took so long that the poor Indians, who stayed with their friends at the Ranch in Sitka, gradually became discouraged, and one by one went home.

As soon as the Indians surrendered I ordered the white men to start fishing, and I remember that on the first haul of the seine they took in more than a thousand salmon.

From the captain I received high commendation for my work in this affair, and later from the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation as well. After that experience I knew I was a man.

XI

MY MARRIAGE IN ALASKA

My Marriage in Alaska—Home—"The Hannibal Journal"—At the Naval Observatory—Back to Alaska—More Territorial Exploits—Death of My Father—Cruises and Expeditions in Alaska—John Blake Saves My Life on Davidson Glacier—Detached.

Early in the fall our old crowd began to break up. Hodgson had left us in July, being relieved by Lieut. George T. Emmons, and "Jim" Smith was detached in October.

Both Terrell and I had become engaged to be married. He was on duty in Portland and was ordered to come up and relieve me. He arranged to be married in Juneau, while I was to be married in Sitka and start for home. A day and hour for my marriage could not be set, because we did not know when the mail steamer would arrive. Moreover, being under mail contract, it remained there only twenty-four hours. It came in on Friday morning, October 31, 1890, and I was married at eight o'clock that night. At daylight the ship steamed out for the south.

My wife was the only woman passenger on board. The first day of sailing we got into rough water in Chatham Straits, and she feared she would be seasick. I told her I had never heard of a bride getting seasick—certainly not when the run between ports was so short, and I persuaded her that it was the wrong thing to do.

At Victoria, B. C., a Canadian Pacific Railroad man induced us to go East over that route, by way of Winnipeg. We were three days in getting to

Winnipeg, and had to remain there overnight before leaving for St. Paul and the South. My wife says that at our first meal in the dining car I ordered canned salmon, although I had been eating it three times a day for three years in Alaska.

On the train was a passenger named Ross. He was twenty-eight years old and had been mining seven years in the Yukon, where he had accumulated a fortune of fourteen thousand dollars, which he carried with him in nuggets and in checks. In spite of the privations he had endured he said he intended to return to the gold country.

In Sitka I had read of people wearing money belts, so I had one made. I placed one thousand dollars in gold pieces in it, and when I began walking around with the belt strapped about me I realized how inconvenient and uncomfortable the weight of it was. So on reaching Victoria I exchanged most of the gold for international money orders. This was fortunate, for the second night on the sleeper something happened. I had my money in my vest pocket and placed the garment at my feet in the berth, and my orders and other papers under my pillow. The latter disappeared during the night, and I have never heard of them or seen them since.

We reached my home in Missouri about the middle of November, and all my kinsfolk within a hundred miles were there to meet the girl I had married in Alaska. In turn we visited all the relatives in three counties.

My father was out of business at this time and wanted to enter the newspaper game once more. Accordingly on January 1st we purchased a half interest in the *Hannibal Morning Journal,* and incorporated it as a stock company.

That winter influenza made its first appearance. While it raged I had to fill in succession each job on the newspaper.

There was a shortage of naval officers at this time. I was wanted as inspector of ordnance; at the Naval Academy; at the Naval Observatory; and as Assistant Commandant of the Missouri Military Academy in Mexico, Missouri, for discipline and drills. The result was that my orders were held up for some time, and I did not report at the Naval Observatory until March. The Bureau of Navigation had settled on that duty for me.

I often wonder at the courage of young naval officers, remembering that the pay of an ensign on shore was then only one hundred dollars a month. On reporting I was placed at work with Ensign Hoogewerff, who was in charge of the magnetic instruments at the old Naval Observatory. This building still stands at the corner of 23rd and E streets, northwest, in Washington, and is used as a Naval Medical School. Many complaints were made regarding the unhealthful and miasmatic condition surrounding the Observatory, and the result was the purchase of the land which is the site of the present Observatory. Later the medical authorities asked for the old grounds, and the excellent Washington Naval Hospital is built on the location that was once abandoned as insanitary.

A part of our work at the Observatory was performed underground. It was interesting for a month or two, and then the terrible sameness of it made it monotonous.

After some experiences in seeking quarters my wife and I rented a large front room at 1922 I street, northwest, for twenty-five dollars a month. We found a colored woman, named Amos, who brought us breakfast and dinners for six dollars a week. I ran home and ate bread and butter, tea and bananas for lunch. One of our pleasures was to eat ice cream at Demonet's.

There were two or three houses exactly alike on

our square in I street, and one afternoon on going home as usual at four o'clock, I found a front door open, went up one flight of stairs, and entered, as I thought, my room. There on a couch lay a strange woman, partly dressed. I was so embarrassed that I ran out without attempting an apology. I had entered the wrong house.

In the spring of 1891 we received the shocking news of the death of my friend and shipmate, Ensign Terrell, who had relieved me when I left Sitka. Admiral Ramsay, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, asked me if I would like to return to Alaska for further duty. I had already made my reputation as a pilot in those waters. After consulting Captain McNair, the Superintendent of the Observatory, Ensign Hoogewerff, and my wife, I told the Admiral that I would be glad to go back at the end of June. This was satisfactory, and we planned to sail on the *Mexico* from Tacoma.

We made the trip across the continent by way of Missouri and the Northern Pacific, but were delayed by floods and barely made the steamer at Tacoma. The fare to Sitka was fifty dollars—the round trip seventy dollars. The people who were with us had seventeen days' board, beside their passage, for seventy dollars. I wish it could be done now! Among the passengers I found my old friends, the Hixsons and the Pettibones, of Hannibal.

I rejoined the *Pinta* the middle of July, just in time to get settled before one of the summer cruises. Captain Farenholt was relieved by Captain Washburn Maynard, whom I had known in Washington. There were two new bachelor watch officers on board now, Ensign Guy Brown and W. W. Gilmer. The latter was my classmate and I was destined to see much of Brown in later years.

During the following winter we made several excursions and explorations in the vicinity of Sitka.

I was not much of a hunter, but went along and looked after the commissary and had a good time. Duck hunting was a popular sport.

In January we learned that a steamer was missing in the Gulf of Alaska, and it was arranged that as soon as the weather abated we should start to her rescue. We were out only about thirty miles when we found a shortage in our coal bunkers. It was fortunate that the discovery was made. We returned to Sitka immediately, coaled up and started once more. When only a few miles out we sighted the missing steamer coming in under her own steam. Had we continued on at first we would not have seen her, and would have been searching the coast, perhaps, for several weeks.

We had another similar scare when it was reported that a number of miners were stranded at Yakutat Bay. The bay is narrow and hard to enter, and the tides are strong. The first boat that Vancouver sent in was overturned in the surf and all hands were lost. A cenotaph was placed on an island in the bay to mark the scene of this accident, and the island was named Cenotaph Island. We reached the mouth of the bay and the captain told us he had not decided whether to send Gilmer or me through the dangerous entrance. Each was willing to go, but before the question was settled we sighted some Indians on the long spit to the westward. Our glasses failed to disclose any white men among them. We proceeded to Yakutat Bay and from the white traders there learned that they had heard nothing of any miners being stranded in that section. We then headed back to Sitka.

Upon our return we attempted to reach the Indian town of Hoonah to make arrests in a murder case. We had on board District Attorney Johnson and Deputy Marshal George Kostrometinoff, a Russian well known in the history of early American

occupation. Proceeding up Cross Sound we encountered a solid block of ice extending entirely across the fifteen-mile inlet. Up to this point we had battled our way through the icebergs, and just as we had expected to turn south for Hoonah we were stopped by this formidable wall of ice. The only thing to do was to turn back for the open Pacific. At the eight o'clock watch I took my stand as far forward as possible and dodged the bergs all the way out to the sea. At midnight I was so cold that I could scarcely get to my bunk and send for hot water bottles. Icebergs generate a cold that penetrates the marrow of one's bones. We continued on to Sitka without making any arrests. Later those accused were captured and tried.

Dr. Young, Gilmer and I also made a trip toward the mountainous center of Baranof Island, following up the Indian river, but were obliged to abandon our exploration, as Gilmer had to return to duty on the ship.

In March I was advised that my father was seriously ill and would not recover. He had been injured in two railroad accidents. As I was associated with him in business, it was necessary for me to go home. I mailed my application for leave, and asked the Department to answer by wire to the collector of customs at Port Townsend, so that it could be forwarded to Sitka by return steamer.

My son, Benton, was born in Sitka on March 11, 1892, and on April 6th came the answer to my request. It authorized the captain to detach me, but the Department could not order me home. I was in a quandary, but decided to take my detachment, leave my family in Sitka, and attempt, after my father's death, to get back. I reached home on April 20th, found my father still living, and able to discuss business matters with me. He died on May 2nd, and I remained four weeks in Hannibal

settling his estate. A large part of our newspaper holdings were sold.

I submitted my case to the Department, and Admiral Ramsay was kind enough to change my detachment to three months' leave of absence. As the pay of an ensign on leave of absence was only $83 a month, I returned to Sitka as soon as possible. Fortunately I caught the fast steamer *Queen* and made the voyage from Seattle in six days. She carried a party of Presbyterian clergymen and their families on an excursion to Alaska. My old friend, Judge L. L. Williams, of Boonville, Missouri, United States Commissioner at Juneau, was also on board.

One of our officers brought a comparatively recent bride to Sitka. Since his marriage he had had only shore duty, and his wife had never heard of the "ration," which amounted to thirty cents a day and which we received while on sea duty. This officer liked good whiskey and had been what might be termed a "moderate plus" drinker. His wife insisted that his pay be brought home to her as soon as he received it. When he came home from duty, however, and appeared weary she would say,

"Have you had a hard day, Billy?"

"Yes, I have."

"A little tired?"

"Yes, I am."

"Would a little drink do you good?"

"I think it would."

She would mix him a drink, and later in the evening would give him another one.

All this time he was utilizing his ration for liquor. One day the wife of the paymaster was discussing pay and "rations." The bride expressed the opinion that there must be some mistake; she was confident that her "Billy" received no "ration," as he had never brought it home to her at the end of the

month. It was decided to leave the question to "Billy," and when he returned home that afternoon she asked him about it and what he had done with the money.

"Billy" confessed that when he received his "ration" money of nine dollars each month he laid in nine quarts of Canadian Club whiskey, which he kept on board ship for his own use. His wife gave him no more drinks on shore.

From July to September, 1892, we had a wonderful cruise. Again we attempted to go to Muir Glacier, but were prevented by the ice from reaching it. At Bartlett Bay, however, we went ashore in small boats. Alongside the glaciers grew fine big strawberries. Returning, we lassoed a small iceberg, as there were no refrigerators on the vessels in those days, and towed it to the ship. With the strawberries, the ice and canned milk we made delicious ice cream. Few people realize that many luscious berries grow in Alaska.

In August we went to Pyramid Harbor, where we visited Jack Dalton, the famous guide, after whom was named the trail that leads to the interior.

It was customary at the time of national elections for the north-bound mail steamer, when sighted more than five miles away, to hoist the flag at the fore, if the republicans had won, and at the main, if the democrats had been successful. The marines on shore always fired a gun when a steamer was in sight, and the people would rush to the big wharf. In November, 1892, the captain of the incoming steamer played a joke on the Sitka people. He raised the flag at the fore, and there was great rejoicing among the republicans. Just before the vessel docked the district attorney summoned "all good republicans" to congregate on one side of the dock, and all except about a score out of the entire population did so. When the steamer landed, how-

ever, and the captain told of the hoax, there was some ill feeling. That night the democrats hired a hall and a band and celebrated with music and speech making. As if by some miracle, the score of democrats had increased to two hundred or more. When it came time to pay for the band and the hall silver dollars and half dollars were thrown upon the stage, and more than enough money was raised to defray the expenses.

I was made assistant postmaster at Sitka in November, and served without pay.

Lieut. Commander William T. Burwell succeeded Captain Maynard in command of the *Pinta*. I had known him in my early days at the Naval Academy when he was aide to the Superintendent in charge of buildings and grounds. He was a live wire and a very active man considering his age. We mapped out a delightful cruise for the summer of 1893, extending from Mt. St. Elias, in the north, to Tongass, in the south, and visited practically all the ports and inlets of the entire southeast coast of Alaska. By this time I regarded myself as a qualified pilot, and I often am amazed at my nerve in taking the ship into uncharted waters. One of our ports on this cruise was Shakan. There we discovered that another witch doctor had been practicing. We decided to arrest him and give him a hearing. When it was over we erected a small platform on the quarter deck, brought out the barber's chair, and, while two sturdy bluejackets held him fast, his long, black, flowing hair was removed with the barber's clippers. The inhabitants thronged on the nearby beach and watched the operation. When shorn of his locks, the power of the witch doctor vanished!

The paymaster of the ship and I were strolling in the woods there one day when we were surprised to come upon a habitation that looked as if it had

been imported from the States. We knocked at the door, and upon being admitted found that the interior of the house was well furnished. Its occupants seemed to be cultured and of German extraction. We reported the discovery to the captain, but as we had to leave at daybreak we never saw them again.

The captain, the commissioner, the marshal and I made the inside passage by steam launch from Howkan to Klawak to investigate the question of the violation of the Indians' fishing rights by the white men. We had as pilot a wonderful Indian, known as Skookum Bob. We found the claims of the Indians to be correct and made several arrests at Klawak.

The inside passage at that time was unsurveyed. I often think what a delightful summer place southeastern Alaska would be for yachtsmen. Game and fish are abundant, and the scenery is truly marvelous. Captain Burwell insisted that we visit Behm Canal and see Eddystone Rock, which stands on an island in the canal. We also went to Rudyard Bay in the afternoon of a long summer's day, and saw it at its best. It is one of the most beautiful spots in the world—a long narrow inlet, bounded by high bluffs covered with luxuriant trees and flowers. At that time it was entirely uninhabited.

After one of our summer cruises I had an opportunity to climb Mt. Verstovia, which I had often longed to do. This celebrated mountain, with its arrowhead shaped peak, lies back of Sitka. My wife desired to go and we took an Indian guide. We had to go up the coast about three miles to Jamestown Bay. From there the ascent is about as straight as is possible, yet it is much easier to go up than it is to come down. We reached the top and had a wonderful view of the surrounding country. We could hear the cow-bells in Sitka, and the

children playing their games of ball. I went up to the arrowhead alone while Mrs. Coontz wandered about, gathering flowers. The guide strolled off, and she accidentally stumbled upon a grave and an iron cross. She called to me. Owing to the rarity of the atmosphere I was able to hear her distinctly at the top of the arrowhead, and went down immediately. We subsequently learned that during the Russian occupation, a young Russian officer who was in trouble wandered from Sitka and did not return. His body was found on Mt. Verstovia, and there his remains were interred and the cross erected.

In June Captain Burwell, Dr. Young and I made a trip under sail in a whaler from Pavloff Harbor to Hoonah Hot Springs, famous for their medicinal properties.

I also made several trips to Davidson Glacier, near the head of Lynn Canal. It is two and one-eighth miles wide. The rise begins a half mile back from the beach, and muddy streams pour out from that point, making shoal in the canal. On my last trip I was accompanied by Ensign Gilmer and five men. We climbed the glacier in single file. The rise was slight and I was leading. Suddenly, stepping into snow and mud that acted like quicksand, I began to sink. Quickly John Blake, the master-at-arms, seized me by the collar of my coat. Gilmer caught him, and together they rescued me. Blake, undoubtedly, saved my life. On investigation we found the depth of the snow and mud to be thirty-five feet. We attached our climbing rope immediately, and gave up further work for that day, returning to the ship, which was some miles away.

In September the *Pinta* made an unusual cruise, going up the west side of Chichagof Island as far as Cape Edward. Many deer were killed, and our firemen had an amusing experience. Once when I

was out gunning with Captain Burwell, I shot at, and missed, eight deer and was voted a prize.

I had long anticipated an excursion to Haley's gold mine on a mountaintop, southeast of Sitka, at an elevation of 6,000 feet, and the opportunity came. Our party consisted of three officers, two men and a guide. We were out for bear also. It was late in November, and the days were short. After leaving Silver Bay we found the trail bad and the ground covered with snow. When darkness came we lighted a lantern. We were crossing a small stream at an altitude of about 3,000 feet when someone shouted, "Bear tracks." We stopped and examined them, and found that the distance between the impressions of the bear's paws was about ten feet. The indications were that it was a grizzly, and I confess that we were frightened. We concluded we did not want to see that bear.

We were bound for an abandoned camp, and after going up to about five thousand feet one officer became exhausted and we divided his pack. Five hundred feet farther another officer and one of the men gave out, and the others shouldered their burdens also. Our situation was now serious. I was junior, but had to take charge and force the three weakened men up the last five hundred feet of the climb. Repeatedly I fell in the snow and wanted to stay there. I realized then how easy it must be to freeze to death, and the pleasant sensation that steals over one. Each time I had to exert myself to rise.

At last we reached the hut, broke in, made a fire, and one of the quartermasters cooked us a wonderful supper, which included hot biscuits. We slept on the floor of the cabin. I had brought along my wife's handsome watch, because it was small and not heavy, and had placed it on the floor beside my pillow. About two o'clock in the morn-

ing we were aroused by a terrible noise! There was a crash in the cabin and someone yelled, "Bear!" It took several minutes to get a light. There wasn't any bear to be seen, but the officer sleeping beside me had had a nightmare, and in warding off the imaginary beast had brought his fist down on my wife's watch, practically demolishing it.

At this altitude one finds ptarmigan and grouse. Never having been shot at and not knowing what it was all about, these birds were easy prey. They would come back and look at the blood of their kind on the snow, so that we had no trouble in getting plenty of game. Ptarmigan and grouse are delicious food.

Three of our party, who had not succumbed to the rarefied atmosphere, continued up for two hundred feet farther to some mountain lakes, and then on to the summit, where we had a superb view of the surrounding country and the mountain ranges.

Captain Burwell decided that he wanted to visit Muir Glacier, and on our next cruise we entered Glacier Bay and steamed well up toward the glacier, missing the smaller icebergs. I had the deck, with the captain directing the conning, when suddenly a darker mass than usual loomed before us. We shifted the helm, but it was too late, and before we were aware we were on top of an iceberg, which proved to us that six-sevenths of a berg is beneath the surface of the water.

We stopped the engine quickly; the ship settled down and rolled over on her port side, smashing her bow anchor, and then slowly slid back, on the slope of the berg, to deep water. She rolled so while settling down that I thought her masts would break and go overboard. We had previously lost one bow-end anchor at Bartlett Bay, and now were entirely without ground tackle. The captain took the situa-

tion coolly, and turning to me asked if I could pilot the ship back to Sitka Harbor.

I had now been in Alaskan waters for nearly six years, and concluded that the time had come for me to seek other fields of endeavor. My classmate, Gilmer, and I were detached at the same time. My family and a Russian girl, whose guardian I had become, went down to Puget Sound two weeks ahead of me to visit relatives at Olympia, and it was fortunate for them that they did! Gilmer and I traveled together on the old *Topeka* and occupied the same stateroom. In Dixon's entrance we ran into a rough blow, and for forty-eight hours made practically no headway. The second morning the water washed in on our stateroom deck. Gilmer thought we ought to wait until noon before getting up, and I agreed. At twelve o'clock I told him I thought one of us ought to get up, or they might think we were seasick, and that as he was the senior he should go. He went to the dining-room, had some hard tack and coffee and then turned in again. At dinner time a Sitka merchant, named Jack, came by with a pint of champagne. He had purchased it for seasickness, but was unable to drink it. Gilmer was a teetotaler, but I was willing to try the wine. It did me good for I went down and ate a full meal! The blow ended on the third day and we arrived safely in Puget Sound. I picked up my wife and family, and we reached home in Missouri about the end of October.

XII

ASSIGNMENT TO THE MICHIGAN

To the *Michigan* at Erie, Pennsylvania—Survey Work on Lake Erie—We Save Three Lives and I Ruin a New Blouse—Flying—To Washington and Work on Naval Register—Walker and Ramsay—Line Agitation—To the *Philadelphia,* Flagship of the Pacific.

We had expected to go to the World's Fair which was then being held in Chicago, but the day before we were to start my wife's mother died, and we gave up the trip. I had the regulation two months' leave of absence, which we spent in Missouri, and were able to celebrate Christmas at the home of my mother. My classmate, Russell, who was in the Bureau of Navigation, arranged for my assignment to the *Michigan,* then stationed on the Great Lakes, with headquarters at Erie, Pennsylvania.

The *Michigan* was fifty years old, having been built on the Lakes in 1844. She was still a staunch vessel, however, and lasted many years longer. She was of light draft, a sidewheeler, and her top speed was about eight knots. At one time she was said to have had as many as twenty-three officers, but when I served on her there were only eight. Her guns were thirty-two pounders. Her crew, being well satisfied, changed but little. The statement was made that when a man appeared on board ready to enlist he was asked, "Do you play any musical instrument?" Probably this was not actually true, but at any rate the ship had a good band, which was unusual for so small a vessel.

I had previously served with her commanding officer, R. M. Berry. Her executive was Corwin P. Rees, a veteran of the Civil War before he entered the Naval Academy. Her senior watch officer was James M. Helm,

who had had manifold duties in the naval service. She carried the usual three staff officers, a surgeon, a paymaster and a doctor.

The *Michigan* was really an Erie institution. At one naval wedding I recall there was a lighted star over the altar with the figures "55" in its center, signifying that the fifty-fifth naval officer had married an Erie girl.

My wife and I reached Erie toward the end of December and stayed at the old Reed House until we could find a suitable place of residence. I was on duty every day until spring, alternating with Helm. We met many of the pleasant and cultured people of the city. Erie was slowly becoming a manufacturing center and was supplied with natural gas, piped in from the Pennsylvania fields. The winter weather is cold and there is usually a heavy fall of snow. Throughout the season the old *Michigan* was frozen at her dock, and the ward room was the starting point for our skating parties.

Ice boating was popular in Erie, and notwithstanding my service in Alaska, I had seen none of this famous sport. It is certainly a thrilling pastime. The ship owned an ice boat which cost six hundred dollars and Helm was our pilot. He left us in May, however, to join the newly built *Columbia.*

Early in the spring the *Michigan* was ordered to make a survey of the mouth of the Detroit River. There is always a dispute as to whether the Army, the Navy, or the Coast Guard shall make surveys, but in this instance there was no doubt about our authority to do the work. We had two good steam launches. The Department assigned three more watch officers and sent out a representative from the Hydrographic Office—Roberts, by name. The ice cleared early in May, and the old ship steamed across the lake to the Detroit River where, by permission, she docked at Amherstberg, Ontario, Canada. This ancient place was made famous in the War of 1812, and by the time the Michigan Central Railroad was built through it had become a prosperous city.

We soon became acquainted with the people, most of whom were of French extraction, although some were British. Storms were not infrequent at that season of the year, and one Sunday afternoon while I was asleep in my bunk a sudden squall came up, and I was awakened by the cry "Man overboard!" I quickly arose, put on a blouse and reached the deck just in time to jump in and take charge of a life boat which had been launched. Reed, the coxswain, was a very live wire. In the middle of the river a sail boat had turned over and was about to sink. There had been three men clinging to the craft, and two of them had lost their hold just as we came up. The rescue was not difficult. I grasped one man while a member of my crew got another and the third man looked out for himself. We hoisted them into the life boat, and having done so, the man whom I had hauled in, began attempting to kiss my feet. When I looked at him I saw he was a negro.

In my haste when leaving the ship I had grabbed and put on the new blouse which I had purchased only a few days before. In those days an ensign's blouse cost twenty-five dollars, and my pay was only a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. I became temporarily a hero, but my blouse was ruined and I had to buy another.

I had conceived the idea that it was possible for a man to fly like a bird or a chicken by attaching light wings to his arms. Bois Blanc Island was directly opposite Amherstberg, and I had an opportunity to test my theory there. Going to an elevation of ten or twelve feet I would jump off and flop my wings. If it were windy I would glide five, ten, or even so far as twelve feet, but I could not sustain myself in the air for any appreciable length of time. An officer who is still living insisted at that time that I was crazy. Subsequently, however, aviation developed, and while I was chief of naval operations, and before the bureau of aeronautics was established, I was, for a time, in charge of naval aviation.

Bertolette and I placed all of the signals up and down the

river for many miles, and I learned the rudiments of survey work. He had been in the coast survey. I wish that every officer of the navy could have coast survey experience. Bertolette would run one set of cross lines, and I another, and the captain decided that when there was more than a foot of difference the work must be done over again to determine which one of us was at fault. We had some amusing experiences running in shore lines and building the signals.

We met many of the good people on Gross Isle, then a favorite summer resort for wealthy residents of Detroit, some of whom had army and navy connections. They wanted to entertain us, but we soon found that we could not stand the pace. If we went to parties every night it was impossible to get up at five o'clock in the morning to start on our day's work. I will qualify that statement. Casey Morgan did go to the parties and did stand the pace!

While at work we had to wear high rubber boots, as this part of Michigan is infested with snakes. In my log I find recorded, "Killed fourteen snakes in one day." We finished the survey in October.

There were only two or three digressions. One was a Sunday trip to Put-in-Bay, near Cleveland, and the other was when we took the American Naval Reserve out for drill and target practice. I recall having the deck on the *Michigan* in Lake St. Clair, with a quartermaster whose name I did not know at that time. A yacht steamed by and an attractive woman began waving her handkerchief at us as she passed. I remarked to the quartermaster that it was a fine looking yacht and a fine looking woman. To my surprise he told me that the yacht was his and that the woman was his wife! The man was Truman H. Newberry, later assistant secretary of the navy, and also a United States senator from Michigan.

At one of the target practices there were several young ladies on board, and one of them obtained the captain's permission to touch off the lanyard when one of the thirty-

two pounders was fired. The Detroit newspapers published the story with the "scare" headline, "Miss Mary Brady Fires the Gun." The captain was worried for a time, but we assured him that Washington rarely learned of such happenings and might never know of it. His fears were relieved, and a little later he married Miss Mary Brady!

Shortly before the end of the season I received a letter from Admiral Ramsay asking me to come to Washington, as he had some important work for me to do. Russell had recommended me. I had an attractive home in Erie, and having settled for the winter, I was guarded in my reply. By return mail, however, he wrote me that I must come as he had watched my career and believed that I was suited to the undertaking for which he wanted me. I made a hurried visit to Missouri to adjust some financial matters, returning to Erie for my family, and reported to the Department at the end of November.

When I reported to Admiral Ramsay he told me that the records of the officers of the navy were not in good shape and needed to be straightened out. He wished the data in the naval registers to be corrected and brought up to date, and some personnel changes made in his own and other bureaus. He requested me to make recommendations stipulating, however, that the junior officers, so detailed, should be competent as he wanted "no dudes."

Bertolette, who had been with me on the *Michigan* and at the Academy, wanted Washington service, and Admiral Ramsay was glad to have him relieve George W. Logan, whose term on shore had expired.

I engaged quarters for my wife, my son, our Russian nurse and myself in 23rd street, near Washington Circle, for seventy dollars a month. I was again on pay of one hundred dollars a month, but still had remaining some of the money that I had when I was married, and somehow we managed to pay our bills.

At the boarding house I saw an example of how some people sometimes "get even." One of the guests was a

young lady from the South who was especially severe on one of the small colored waitresses. She constantly nagged her, and the poor servant could only bide her time. One night Daisy was going to a party and came down to dinner conscious that she was looking very attractive in her new white frock. She took her place at the table and told the maid that she was in a hurry. Louise went into the kitchen and returned with a large bowl of thick pea soup. Just as she reached Daisy's chair she appeared to stumble and the pea soup was spilled over the unsuspecting Daisy! The young lady did not go to the party until late, and I observed that she was not wearing the new white dress!

My office in the Bureau of Navigation was on the second floor of the Navy Building, and directly opposite the White House grounds. At that time the chief of the bureau was practically the boss of the navy. It was my good fortune to serve under both Walker and Ramsay in the Bureau of Navigation. Their combined service in that capacity was sixteen years—1881 to 1897. They were next to each other on the list, but quite unlike. Walker was bold, bluff and forceful; Ramsay was quiet and suave, but none the less forceful. Of the two men I liked Ramsay a shade better than I did Walker.

When I was ordered to the Bureau of Navigation I was informed by many persons that only a Catholic could remain in that bureau. That was not true. A man's religious faith was never a qualification or a disqualification. They were assigned to duty there regardless of their religious convictions. One day the President decided upon the appointment of two chaplains, one a Methodist and the other a Catholic. When I took the names in to Admiral Ramsay and asked him which should be listed first in sending them to the Senate for confirmation he replied promptly, "Put the Methodist first."

In making up the January Register I found about four hundred and fifty names on the retired list, some of per-

sons I had helped to bury. I informed Admiral Ramsay that there was really no check on a man when once he retired.

He replied, "Send out a letter to each name on the retired list and say to each man that we wish to keep better trace of his whereabouts, and to please fill in his name and address."

I did so and soon the returns began to come in. I remember one of the first was from Philadelphia. It was nicely made out and signed. At the bottom was this P.S.: "My father died ten years ago, but I thought I had better sign this and send it in. His Son."

Finally there were only eleven on the list whom we could not find. When the paymaster did not know the address of an officer it was his custom to deposit his money in the Treasury, and we found that several accounts had accumulated there. In one instance we wrote to a certain officer, and asked him for information concerning his brother. He promptly replied that he knew nothing about him, never heard from him, and that his father had cut him off in his will. The letter was rather curt, but when we stated that there was the sum of eleven thousand dollars in the Treasury to his brother's credit he nearly "broke a leg" in trying to get to us to find out how he could come into possession of the money.

There was an old retired medical officer in Philadelphia, who replied to our letter by saying he did not think it any of our business what his full name was. His initials, however, were "W.S.W." and when he was aboard ship chasing slavers off the African coast in 1847 his shipmates said that his initials meant "West South West."

There were two or three officers approaching one hundred years of age. One of them was old Henry Bruce.

There was no civil retirement list, and no aid given to the aged clerks. There were two such in the Bureau of Navigation who worked under me, William P. Moran and Dr. McNary. They were both characters. Moran entered the naval service on January 1, 1827, and went

to the Brazil Squadron as captain's clerk. After the cruise he returned to Washington and obtained a position in the Bureau of Navigation; he was still there on duty with me in 1894-96. Most of the orders to officers were written by him in longhand, and they were classics in style and orthography. Married at the age of fifty-three he became the father of thirteen children. He was kept on duty as long as he was able to serve.

Dr. McNary was from Tennessee and a bachelor. He lived at the Ebbitt House. He was short of speech but very kind. He insisted upon keeping his cash and securities in one of my official desks, and one drawer was practically filled with stocks and bonds.

We issued the January, 1895, Register in eighteen days, and the semi-annual Register came out on July 9th, which we thought was somewhat of a record. Chief Clerk William M. Smith, then a young man, helped me with it, and we made friends with the public printer. Smith, still going strong, is with the Bureau of Yards and Docks.

Line agitation for promotion was active at this time. A few days after my arrival in Washington I was made secretary of the line association, and a big row was on. Old timers recall the big hump in the navy caused by the Civil War. The quick promotion of many officers during that period brought many young ones up, and it looked as if advancement for the juniors would never be made. Not more than one-half of the Civil War men could carry on under the promotions, but these made good officers. The others never did qualify because they had not had the proper experience in the lower grades, or had not taken advantage of their opportunities.

The president of the line association was Rear Admiral Edmund O. Mathews, a reactionary. As a youth he had lived a few miles from my family in Ralls County, Missouri, but later, he made his home in Maryland. He was chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks. The fight reached its greatest intensity in 1895, about the time that I was selected as secretary of the association. Some-

thing had to be done. A line meeting was called and some of the younger officers, assisted by some of the old timers, passed a certain resolution. As soon as this action was taken Admiral Mathews resigned as president of the association and started for the door. I jumped up, called on Rear Admiral Royal B. Bradford to preside, demanded an *"aye"* and *"no"* vote, declared, "The ayes have it," and placed him in the chair. About twenty of the reactionaries who were present left the hall.

Captain William T. Sampson was made chairman, and with Bradford, Chadwick, Schroder, Wainwright, Moser, Schutze Knapp, Magruder and Kittelle, we formed a powerful committee. The morning after the big meeting, Rear Admiral Mathews, Commander Eaton and two other rear admirals now living, went to Admiral Ramsay and protested against my serving as secretary of the line association. The admiral had to tell them that it was with his full permission and desire that I was made secretary. W. L. Rodgers and Philip Andrews were powerful helpers, and on March 3, 1899, the fight reached its climax in the passage of the personnel bill. Members of the association contributed a dollar apiece for printing and postage, and we had no trouble in raising the necessary funds.

The heat was intense during the summer of 1895, but Georgetown Heights was recommended as a cool spot. Accordingly Lieutenant Peacock, Ensign Bertolette and I rented a house in Q street for the season. Little Louise, who was discharged by the boarding-house keeper after the Daisy incident, came and worked for us. Our next door neighbor was Dr. Walter Reed, of the army, who afterwards became very prominent for his magnificent work in combating yellow fever.

Bertolette had a peculiar accident that summer. He was fond of riding a bicycle. One afternoon while attempting to cross Connecticut Avenue he endeavored to pass between two cars moving in opposite directions. One car cleared and the other stopped. Unfortunately Berto-

lette's bicycle hit the rear end of one of the cars, and also a policeman who was standing in the street. Bertolette and the policeman were picked up on the opposite sidewalk, and the bicycle was totally demolished. After Bertolette regained consciousness the policeman released him, but exacted a promise to be more careful in the future. He swore he would never ride a wheel again, but within a month he had forgotten the incident.

In September, 1895, I took the torpedo course at Newport. Magruder and I roomed together and spent our spare time on line work. Later in the year, I was on the trial board of the ram *Katahdin.*

Social activities in Washington, on an ensign's pay, were not extensive. We belonged to a card club, exchanged calls with our friends, and attended the President's receptions. Going to and from the White House upon such occasions it was customary to hire a cab for the fixed sum of five dollars. On the way home from our first reception we found that we had entered the wrong cab. It had responded when our number was called. I made the driver return us to the White House where we found the right one; otherwise, the next day, I would doubtless have had a large bill from the rightful cabman, as he would have claimed that he had waited for us most of the night. We always thoroughly enjoyed the Cleveland receptions. In one crush my wife's dress was practically torn off her, and she had to withdraw to the green room to make necessary repairs.

Upon completion of the work Admiral Ramsay had assigned to me, it became time for me to go to sea, and I applied for the Pacific station. The admiral decided to send me to the *Philadelphia,* the flagship of the Pacific. My affection for him was real, and Commander Ackley, who was in the admiral's office when I left him, told me it was the only time he had ever seen Ramsay shed tears.

In January, 1896, we had the misfortune to lose our son. He died suddenly of a spinal trouble. I left Washington for the west, at the end of that month, stopping

in Missouri en route to bury our boy in my plot which overlooks the great Mississippi River.

A Pullman conductor with whom I had become acquainted while en route to the west told me this story.

He was going east on his regular run, with a fairly heavy load of passengers, but the Pullman was not quite filled to capacity. At Moosejaw, four gentlemen got aboard and asked for accommodations. Other passengers were boarding the train too, and he told them to sit in the smoker, and he would see what he could do for them. They were tired from long riding and apparently realized that something had to be done in order to assure themselves of berths. When the porter came in to handle their extensive baggage, one of the gentlemen winked to the others and started the conversation in this wise.

"General, now that we are all here together, what do you consider is the most distinctive feature of our trip?"

"I want time to think about that," replied the General. "What do you think about it, Admiral?"

"Well, my opinions have not yet crystallized," said the Admiral, "but to get pointers, what do you think of it, Senator?"

The "senator" proceeded to state that there were two sides to what had happened to them, and that he had not definitely made up his mind what was the most impressive event that had occurred on their trip, so he turned to the last remaining gentleman and inquired:

"What is your opinion, Governor?"

While the "governor" was answering, the porter left the smoking compartment and hurriedly made his way to the conductor.

"Conductor," he said, "there are certainly some high ranking people got on here. A general, an admiral, a senator and a governor. You'd better look out for their sleeping car accommodations first."

The Pullman conductor did and the pseudo "general," "admiral," "senator" and "governor" were wise enough to keep quiet until the end of the journey.

XIII

LIEUTENANT—JUNIOR GRADE

The *Philadelphia* at San Diego—Coast Cities Festivities—Hard Work—Examination for Promotion—The Meaning of "Acapulco" —To Port Angeles, Rifle Practice and Maneuvers—"Mr. Apple Butter"—South American Cruise—Chile and Peru—The *Oregon*—St. Elmo's Fire—Cholera.

When I joined the *Philadelphia* at San Diego, Calif., on March 3, 1896, the senior watch officer was Lieutenant Frank A. Wilner, who was then forty-five years old, and still a watch officer; a fact which shows how slow promotion was in those days. Wilner had been in the naval service for twenty-seven years. Soon afterwards, however, he was ordered to the *Adams* as navigator, and was relieved of standing watch.

The flagship usually went unaccompanied by other vessels. Admiral Beardslee was in command of the Pacific Squadron, and Captain Charles S. Cotton in command of the *Philadelphia.* The ship had a fine personnel of officers, with Ingersoll as executive. I relieved Harry A. Field, and had to be ordered as a watch officer to rate the ward room—and this was after fourteen years of service!

I found my division encamped on North Island. It was overgrown with brush, and had only a few trees; its only building was an old barn. We made a clearing for parade grounds, and had some wonderful and efficient drills. At night we sat around a camp fire. It was a time when at Coronado and San Diego one worked hard and played hard. The Coronado Hotel was the center of all social activities, and there were many. My wife who had been in Alaska visiting her family joined me later at Port Angeles.

We had, of course, to accede to requests to visit various ports, and I recall one such occasion which resulted rather unfortunately. We anchored in the harbor of Port Harford, the seaport of San Luis Obispo. A committee came from the city and invited us to a banquet. Being on watch I was unable to attend as did the captain and several of the officers.

A dashing character in that part of California (his name began with M), took charge of the affair and ordered large quantities of champagne—some say a thousand dollars' worth. At daylight the special train arrived bringing the captains and other officers back to the ship, and they told us of the wonderfully good time they had had at the banquet. When we reached a northern port, however, we read in the newspapers that after the dinner the waiters hired for the occasion had drunk hundreds of dollars' worth of the champagne that remained. Our friend M., who had guaranteed to pay for the wine, declined to do so.

The editor of a local newspaper suggested that the bill be sent to the officers of the ship, "for," he said, "large quantities of it were poured down the thirsty gullets of the men of the sea." The affair was suppressed in some manner, but whenever thereafter we wished to joke one of our fellow-officers who attended the banquet, we would inquire if he had paid his share for the champagne, and whether or not his gullet was still dry.

We were so short of officers that the three who were left stood on the night watches, and the captain put on midshipmen in the day time. We had some excellent young men of the class of 1895.

Those were the days of flower shows; and Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, and other California cities, vied with each other in such pageants. I remember that at Santa Cruz, they dammed up the river to make a Venetian lake, and had a very beautiful and creditable display.

My cousin, Mr. George Brewington, now nearly one

hundred years old, lived in Watsonville, near Santa Cruz, and came there to visit me.

The best attractions, of course, were at Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. In the last named city, it was arranged that the queen of the carnival and her attendants should have as escorts the officers of the *Philadelphia*. Pictures of "Her Majesty" and her maids were sent to us, and we decided to make choice of them by throwing dice. I was among the first to win, and selected one of two sisters whose father, Judge Wellborn, was a member of Congress. When we marched into the hall to meet the queen and her ladies, we went directly to the girls we had won, and they wondered how it all could happen so quickly. One of the officers made a *faux pas* by telling the girl he was with that on the throw of the dice, he had tenth choice!

Sometimes, one has an actual experience in real life, such as is found in fiction, and such a one happened to Willard and me.

A military looking gentleman, apparently of means and distinction, and evidently of English extraction, came on board the *Philadelphia* while we were in San Francisco Bay. He had luncheon with us, and during the afternoon, announced that his preference in drinks was for champagne. He enjoyed himself so much that he remained for dinner. After the meal was over and he was smoking a mild cigar he recounted various stories of his travels and prowess in other lands, while he was in the British Army. In fact, I believe he remained overnight and for breakfast, on board. When he left the ship he invited several of us to go down to the famous club at Burlingame, where he was staying. Upon his insistence our executive officer decided that Ensign Willard and I should go. The gentleman—who parted his name in the middle—met us at the station with a trap, took us to the club, ordered Scotch whiskeys in large quantities—incidentally drinking most of it himself—showed us his stable of horses, and in the afternoon took

us to the polo grounds where we met many of the younger set, both men and women whose names were well known in the society of San Francisco and other California cities. Both Willard and I, being from Missouri, were discreet and allowed the impression to be made that we were quite accustomed to that sort of life. We said little and listened much. At the end of a long and perfect day we returned to San Francisco.

A month later we were horrified to find an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* stating that the gentleman who had been our genial host had suddenly disappeared leaving his bills unsettled at the club where he had entertained us so lavishly, and that a number of drafts for large amounts on London exchanges, with which he had paid for his racing stable and other luxuries had been returned with the statement that he had no funds available. It was all very sad, particularly for the young ladies to whom he had paid such marked attention. I assume that those who introduced him at the club had to pay the debts of the "gentleman." Willard and I made no further inquiry, and were a little reticent at that time about telling the story.

At Santa Cruz I went ashore early one morning, and alongside the dock whom should I see but my old friend, Guy Brown! He asked me first if I could hold the boat for a few minutes, and then if I would lend him a dollar, as he wanted to get something to eat at a nearby lunch counter. I gave him the money and held the boat while he devoured what I considered to be a hearty breakfast. On the way to the ship he told me this story.

He had been on duty at the branch hydrographic office in Portland, where he had many many friends. They had given him a big banquet, and in turn, he had entertained some of them the night before he left the city. The dinner had cost him more than he had expected it would, and after paying for it he had exactly twenty-five cents remaining—and it was a forty-eight hours' ride to Santa Cruz! Brown was a proud individual, and he ate

only twenty-five cents' worth of food during the two days. As soon as he saw the *Philadelphia* and me his troubles were ended. A few square meals with plenty of coffee, on board ship, put him in good condition again.

While at Monterey orders came for my examination at Mare Island for promotion to the grade of lieutenant, junior grade. I had been in the navy fifteen years, and it was necessary, of course, to pass the examination. Captain Cotton was kind enough to give me leave of absence to get away from the flower shows along the coast, and I went to Vallejo, where I took a room at the old Bernard House, known to all old timers in the navy. I shut myself up and studied hard for six days. My only visitors were mosquitoes, and they nearly drove me crazy. When I reported I found the board of examiners composed of Rear Admiral Barker, the Commandant, B. H. McCalla, head of the Equipment Department, and W. E. Sewell, of Navigation. In spite of all my studious work for the examination I was not asked a question upon which I had prepared.

McCalla gave me some original problems in engineering and ordnance, and Sewell, who was obsessed with navigation matters, introduced me to some work that called for many conic sections. I remember two of McCalla's questions. One was, "Why not use the same kind of coal in peace as you would in war?" Another one was, "Placed in command of a small cruiser at Red Rock, Calif., at 2 A.M., you are ordered to capture and destroy Mare Island by daylight," or something to that effect, with all attendant information as to offense and defense. I hesitated on the second question for a few minutes before answering and McCalla inquired impatiently, "Well, what's the matter?"

I replied that there were two solutions to the problem, and I wanted to think it over before venturing on either one of them.

I passed the examination and rejoined the *Philadelphia* at San Francisco in July, before she sailed north.

When we anchored in San Francisco Bay our executive, Ingersoll, decided he would do the unusual thing and go on shore the first evening, leaving "Tom" Phelps, the navigator, in command.

At dinner that night the chaplain had two lady guests. As nearly all of our officers were absent, one lady sat at the right of Phelps. He was tired and angered and answered her many questions in monosyllables. Finally she said:

"Mr. Phelps, what interesting places you must have visited on your travels!"

"Yes," said Phelps.

"What was your last port on this trip, Mr. Phelps?"

"Acapulco, Madam."

"Oh, Mr. Phelps, what a funny name for a town."

"Yes, Madam," replied the navigator, "the name comes from two Greek words, *'Aca,'* meaning, 'Hot as hell,' and *'pulco,'* "all the time.' "

Up to the late 'eighties we had a South Pacific squadron and the ships made long stays in Peruvian and Chilean waters. In fact, the *Shenandoah* which cruised there from 1883 to 1886 never got farther north than Panama.

Hold-ups were frequent in San Francisco. Ensign Willard was walking down to the dock there one night after attending a theater when he was stopped at the corner of Market and Battery streets, and ordered to throw up his hands, which he did. Willard had spent all of his money for the show and something to eat afterwards, so, when the thieves began to search him he quietly told them that they could have half the money and jewels they found upon him. Upon searching him thoroughly they discovered that he had nothing they wanted, and after cursing him roundly allowed him to go.

We were at Monterey, July 4, 1896, to help celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the hoisting of the American flag by the United States forces. Among those present were at least two survivors of that incident of half a century before, Major Sherman and Quartermaster Toler.

We reached Port Angeles, Washington, in the summer of 1896, and drilled for about two months. The squadron was rather a motley one—the *Monterey,* the *Alert,* the *Marion,* and other ships of that character—but the admiral insisted upon having maneuvers. We practiced rifle shooting on the range at Ediz Spit, and had a landing party at the mouth of Morse Creek, all of which added to our fund of general information.

The order came suddenly to get our landing forces together, and in a very short time we had the boats out, the food and gear in, and were steaming along the beach. We landed several times, marched into the interior and pitched camp. Only once did we communicate with the outside world while we were there. We found farmers who supplied us with milk and honey. We brought sails from the ship and constructed tents for the men, and smaller ones for the officers. Our beds were the boughs of fir trees. We had with us the champion snorer of the navy—not to mention his name—but we made him move a half-mile up stream where only the native mosquitoes could hear him.

During the summer at Port Angeles, Rear Admiral Beardslee and his wife had a young lady from Portland visiting them. She had not met many navy men, and was anxious to be pleasant and courteous. One night the admiral and his wife gave a big dinner party on shore to some of his officers and their wives, and it was her duty to meet the guests at the door. The officers were all from the same ship, and of course were well acquainted with one another. My wife and I were the first to arrive. The young lady asked us to stand next to her, and as the other guests came, they were introduced and stood in line.

The young lady could not remember my name, probably never having heard it before that night, and when the third lady, Mrs. Winterhalter, appeared (the Winterhalters were living in the same house with us), she again asked my name. I lost patience and said, "Mr. Apple-Butter." It was by that name that she presented me to

Mrs. Winterhalter who, having been on the stage, was able to control her emotions. I was introduced to each of the twenty-four diners as "Mr. Apple-Butter," and she could not understand why they all laughed.

Of course, when we returned home I was properly and severely scolded. For a long time after that incident when the officers on the *Philadelphia* could not recall a man's name, some one would suggest that it might be "Apple-Butter."

While we were at Port Angeles, Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist and his troupe, visited the town. They not only gave us a wonderful concert on shore, but were kind enough to come aboard the *Philadelphia* and entertain the officers in Captain Cotton's quarters.

Port Angeles has had its successes and its reverses, but is now a thriving city. We went from there to San Francisco where we received orders for a South American voyage. This suited everybody. I think its purpose was a good-will visit to Chile, a country with which we had had rather strained relations since the *Baltimore* incident several years previously, when some of our men were killed on shore at Valparaiso.

Cruising along the coast, with all of its attendant liberty, had got some of our men into a condition where salutary measures were needed, and for that reason while we were still north, Admiral Beardslee decided he must have courts that would impose severe sentences. One of these, whose members had been selected by the present Rear Admiral Willard, was known as the Winterhalter Court, because Winterhalter was its president, and as soon as its first two or three sentences became known, its fame went abroad. On the court were Blish, George Hayward, I and several others who were more or less hard-boiled. When its work was finished there was little need for others for a long time.

In San Francisco my wife and I had quarters at the Bella Vista in Pine Street, known to all old-time naval officers. It offered special rates to the navy. Two

squares distant I could get a Sutter street car that would take me to the wharf where the *Philadelphia* was docked.

The *Philadelphia* was a fine old cruising ship. We made the run to Callao, Peru, on the first leg of the cruise, reaching there in December, 1896. We had the usual social activities, chiefly at Lima, and the government took us on two excursions in the President's private car to the top of the Andes. Physical examinations to determine the condition of heart and lungs were necessary before we were permitted to make the ascent. I know now that we ascended too rapidly. We left the ship at six o'clock in the morning and were at the summit of the mountains at two in the afternoon. There were several casualties, and some of the officers did not fully recover for three months. Some of those in my party, however, felt so well, that when we reached the Galera Tunnel, we had a snowball fight. Fifteen minutes later, I experienced the sensation of seeming to have an iron band across my forehead, from temple to temple, that was crushing my skull.

That night we ran down to an elevation of 11,000 feet, and after I lay on my face in bed for two hours, I recovered. On our train we took up a bridal party whose wedding we had attended. That was a mistake, for the bride did not recover from the mountain sickness until after she returned to the seacoast.

From Callao we steamed on to Valparaiso. The run was made in four days, against the current. The weather was clear and the view of the snowcapped Andes was truly marvelous. I have never yet seen its equal. A heavy wind was blowing at Valparaiso, and I missed my new year's dinner in order to finish mooring to the buoys with the wire hawsers.

We did not see as much of the city and of the country as I would like to have seen. There was a bull fight at Santiago, but I did not attend it. I did not think I would enjoy the spectacle, and I have never seen one.

I consented to let all four watch officers go, while I remained on duty with a few juniors.

A trip to Vina del Mar with Captain Randolph Dickens, of the marines, was most enjoyable. There were very few American girls in Chile, and most of them belonged to families of men who were employed by W. R. Grace & Company. We went on board the fine ships of the Chilean fleet and saw their wonderful electrical equipment, which was quite new at that time.

The *Philadelphia* started north in January, and stopped at Callao only long enough to coal, and then made a straight run for Acapulco. I shall always remember the delightful afternoons on the forward bridge of the old ship where we used to gather in the first dog watch to read or converse.

While on the South American cruise I had instructions to find the location of the guns in a certain fort. I had to go ashore in civilian clothes, register at a first-class hotel, spend money freely, and in some manner get the desired information. I succeeded in having the wife of an official drive me into the fort without knowledge of my purpose, and by the exercise of some tact obtained the facts sought. I have seen pictures of fortifications, taken by a camera concealed among four officers sitting in a carriage, and some of them were very good. I would dislike to perform such a mission again, because if one were caught his government could not well be asked for support.

On reaching Acapulco, we found the *Oregon* there, awaiting inspection. The admiral insisted that it should be done immediately. One of the inspectors was Lieutenant Stoney who had qualified as third vice-president of the fat men's club of the Pacific, and he certainly did perspire when he crawled through the double bottoms of the *Oregon*. I had been on board the battleship in the summer of 1896, had gone over the vessel, and I thought then that nothing larger could ever be built. I was also in San Francisco when she had her final trial trip. Re-

turning to the harbor she carried a big placard telling the speed she had made, which was probably nearly seventeen knots. On her smoke stack was a broom, and a big painted sign which read, "Scott has got the Cramps." Scott was the president of the Union Works where the *Oregon* was built, and the Cramps had constructed the *Massachusetts,* at Philadelphia.

Our families joined us at San Diego, where we had a repetition of the experiences of the winter before, and almost before we knew it, we were ordered to Guatemala. We made the run down in seven days. One night, for the first time in my life, I saw St. Elmo's Fire. The dictionaries say that St. Elmo's Fire appears at the top of masts on a dark, damp, misty night. It looks like fire coming from a wick in a small black ball, and is certainly a ghastly sight. I entered it in the ship's log, and called the necessary witnesses so that I could prove its existence to our navigator, W. P. Elliott, who was a doubting Thomas.

Those who have ever anchored off San José know what making a Guatemala landing means. A huge basket raised by a crane is swung from the sea to the dock, and passengers and supplies are put ashore in that manner. With several hundred men to land, each carrying a rifle and a pack of baggage, it is not a pleasant experience. We enjoyed the trip up from the coast, for, after we left the lowlands, and reached a higher altitude, the weather was cooler and the scenery more attractive. I have forgotten why we went under arms, but we did.

We were quartered in an old building that had once been a jail or a fort, and sleeping accommodations were far from good. The food, after our own gave out, was bad. I remember the great quantities of beans we had and the poor black coffee. For the first time I used a safety razor, and not knowing how to handle it properly I cut a great gash in my right cheek.

We drilled on a broad plain near Guatemala City and all the people, including the Americans, came out to see us

perform. At the conclusion of the drill, with the sun still shining, the band played some patriotic selections, and the crowd was moved to tears. As we were leaving the drill grounds I made the mistake of drinking from an old well which had been opened up by my men before I reached the place. I think I must have picked up cholera germs. We returned to the ship and gave a big party the same afternoon on a very rough sea. The women who had ventured out were violently sick, with two exceptions, and we had large quantities of ice cream and cake left on our hands.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons had their big bout that night in San Francisco. Our ward room mess arranged with an American on shore, named Stewart, to have the returns sent to the ship in a small boat before we sailed at two o'clock in the morning. Just as we were about to start a boat came off with two bulletins. One stated that Fitzsimmons had knocked out Corbett, and the other that Corbett had died in the ring. All the way up the coast this was the chief topic of conversation, and we wondered whether the death of Corbett would prevent prize fighting in the future. We learned later, of course, that this report was false, a little joke perpetrated by Mr. Stewart, but it certainly did cause talk and speculation.

The morning after leaving San José the captain's steward was taken ill at six A.M., died at noon, and was buried at two P.M. He must have had cholera. The doctors said that at the time of his death he weighed only a little more than sixty pounds. As he was in my division I superintended the funeral, and saw his body go down to the depths with a cannon ball at his feet.

I then went down to the ward room and drank a bottle of ginger ale, before I took off my sword. At the table I was seized with violent cramps, and had to be carried to my room by McLemore and George Hayward. I had contracted the dread disease. I remember they gave me straight bismuth, and nothing else. I heard them talk about how ill I was, and how little chance there was of

my recovery. I made up my mind there was only one thing to do, and that was to stop eating altogether, as whatever went into my stomach seemed to aggravate the disease. Thereafter, when water was brought to me I poured it into my basin, and threw the bismuth back of my bunk. I began to revive a little. Others who drank of the spring water were affected, and one man who was ill was so imprudent as to drink a little shellac before we reached San Diego. Naturally he died.

I stood watch at San Diego but had a relapse, and it was decided that I must leave at once for San Francisco and go to the naval hospital at Mare Island. The newspapers printed an account of my condition, and told of the disease on the ship. One of the papers stated that I was dangerously ill, and it fell into the hands of my wife. She telegraphed Winterhalter. It was Saturday and the message lay on his desk until Monday. I was placed aboard a steamer and reached San Francisco safely. My wife met me and I was taken to the hospital. I was there for six weeks, and was given no food except eggs, rice and milk during the entire period. I had excellent care, however, and finally regained my health. Since my recovery I have rarely, if ever, suffered from cramps. Notwithstanding, I do not recommend cholera as a remedy for that trouble.

While convalescing, I enjoyed my stay there, and my walks as soon as I was able to move. I think before I left the hospital I knew every foot of Mare Island. None of the more recent industrial buildings had then been erected. Lieutenant Hodgson, my old shipmate, was a patient, as was also Armin Hartrath, of the class of 1888.

Hartrath was an interesting character, accomplished, witty, and a delightful story teller. He could reel off yarns by the hour. He is long since dead.

XIV

"SEALED ORDERS"

My Son Kenneth Born in San Francisco—To Honolulu—The Hawaiian Islands—To the Survey Ship *Patterson*—To San Diego—The *Maine* Blown Up—A Telegraphic Error—Transferred to the *Charleston*—Raw Recruits—"Sealed Orders"—The 180th Meridian.

In the spring of 1897 my wife and I established ourselves in a boarding house at the corner of Hyde and Pine Streets, San Francisco, where my son Kenneth was born, May 5, 1897. Mrs. Brotherton, the landlady, was a southern woman, kindly and generous, but did not make a financial success of her business.

Once a man and child came to her door seeking a first-class boarding house. He told her that at the last place where they had lived he actually believed dogs' meat was served. Mrs. Brotherton expressed sympathy, and added that she always served Katz meat on her table. The prospective guest did not understand. He stared at her, then took the child by the hand and left the house, not to return. Katz was the butcher from whom Mrs. Brotherton purchased her meats.

Meanwhile the *Philadelphia* was ordered from San Diego to Honolulu, and I was instructed to join her there. The *Naniwa,* a Japanese vessel, was proceeding there at the same time. The *Philadelphia* was the first to arrive. She entered the harbor and tied up, as usual, with two anchors down and her stern secured by wire hawsers to the reef on the beach. This reef is now filled in, and upon it are wharves, warehouses and the quarantine station.

Conditions made it necessary for the *Philadelphia* to remain in Hawaiian waters until the following October.

A few days after my son was born I sailed for Hono-

lulu on the old *Alameda.* This steamer made the trip once a month. The *Philadelphia* was in Honolulu from April until October, and we formed the acquaintance of many of the residents, so that the time was most enjoyably occupied. Several of our officers had their wives in the Islands. Steamers arrived infrequently; there were neither cables nor radio; and thus we settled down and became a part of the town. It took nearly an entire day to go out to the beach at Waikiki for a swim. In recent years there has been a very marked development in the Hawaiian capital, and Honolulu is now a thoroughly cosmopolitan city.

I was one of the founders of the Nuannu Valley Tennis Club, and spent much time there with friends, with the Carters, the Damons and the Eldredges, all of whom lived in the Valley. There were many cliques in Honolulu then, but they all came together at the big social functions given by the Hawaiians, the British, the Americans, and our navy. Baseball was one of our recreations, and having kept in practice, I was a member of the team.

Few of the ship's boats, except those of the admiral and the captain, were used in the harbor. Each officer had his own boatman who slept on the dock and was always within hail day or night.

Sugar was the great commercial product of the Islands. When the newspapers from the States came in, they were eagerly read by all the people, to learn the latest quotations on sugar.

Ammunition was kept alongside the guns of the *Philadelphia,* and a part of the gun crew slept there. This was probably unnecessary, although it did not look so at that time. Only once did our ship leave Honolulu, and that was after the foreign vessels had departed. She then cruised to the Island of Maui, and most of the time we were anchored at Lahaina, which was to become famous, in 1925, as our fleet base. Landing at Lahaina in those days was difficult. The pier was small and the sea

choppy. I did not go ashore myself, as we were getting ready for target practice. Some of the local inhabitants, however, came off to the ship to visit us. The view of the mountains behind Lahaina is superb. One of our officers inquired the origin of the name "Lahaina." He was told that King Kamehamaha who conquered the island and united the Hawaiian group, upon landing there, stepped out of his canoe, took off his head covering, wiped his forehead, and exclaimed, *"Lahaina,"* which being interpreted means, "Hell, ain't it hot?"

On the return of the *Philadelphia* to Honolulu, after the Lahaina trip, we found orders to proceed to Mare Island, transfer our crew to the *Baltimore,* and return with despatch to Honolulu. The orders turned out to be high-up orders, the desire of the President to see how quickly this could be done. We were ready to leave the islands, as the stay throughout the long summer, particularly in July and August, had made us feel the need of a cooler climate. The ship's bottom was foul, and the trip to San Francisco required nine days. I had been absent from home since May, and had left my thirteen days' old son in San Francisco, so, when we anchored, and I learned that we were to remain for a few hours, I asked the captain's permission to go on shore.

We had changed captains as well as commanders-in-chief, at Honolulu, in June. Joseph N. Miller had relieved Admiral Beardslee, and Nehemiah M. Dyer had succeeded Captain Cotton. Dyer had come in from the merchant service during the Civil War, and was a real Massachusetts seadog. I had had no trouble with him, however, at Honolulu, as I was always especially watchful when serving with "sundowners." I was, therefore, much surprised to have him tell me that I could not go ashore until we reached Mare Island. I said, "Aye, aye, sir," and left the cabin.

On the way to Mare Island I thought the matter over and concluded I would leave him if I could. I went on duty the moment we arrived at the navy yard, and had

my friend Lieutenant John B. Blish send a message to Washington offering to do coast survey duty in Alaska. I had always realized that I needed this kind of work, and, as the *Baltimore* was a sister ship of the *Philadelphia,* I felt I could learn nothing new on her. To my surprise and gratification I received orders by wire the next day detaching me, and ordering me to proceed to Seattle to join the coast survey vessel, *Patterson,* just down from Alaska. When the orders came Captain Dyer sent for me. I reported in his cabin where he told me that he wished me to stay on the *Baltimore.* He said he felt that he had been very hasty the day before in not permitting me to go on shore for an hour, and that he had appreciated my services on the *Philadelphia.* I said I was sorry, but it was too late. It did not take me long to pack up and get away from the *Philadelphia,* but I regretted to leave the fine old flagship on which I had had such wonderful and varied experiences. I was to report without delay, but ran down to San Francisco for a few hours, saw my family, and boarded the train for Seattle.

The *Patterson* was one of the famous survey ships of that time. She did a full season's work each year in Alaska, and in time surveyed all those waters. Her commanding officer was E. K. Moore, and her executive, John J. Knapp. I relieved Hoggatt, who later resigned from the navy and became governor of the territory. Gilmer, my classmate, was also detached about the same time. Guy Brown came to her when we arrived in San Francisco and relieved Knapp.

Brown had been with us on the *Philadelphia,* and it was there that he met the young lady whom he married. She was an Oakland girl, young, pretty, vivacious, and a great favorite among the officers, but Brown got the inside track and she passed up all of the others for him. The *Philadelphia* had a poop deck that extended out over the after part of the quarter deck. Leaning on the rail at its forward end one moonlight night in Honolulu har-

bor, while I was below on duty, Brown stood with the girl directly over my head, and I heard him propose to her. It all happened before I could make a noise or move away.

After a short stay in San Francisco Bay the *Patterson* steamed and sailed down to San Diego for the winter. My classmate, Slocum, was on board. His wife, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Coontz lived in San Diego, at that time considered to be a sailor's paradise. The people were genial, kindly, and appreciative, and the climate was excellent. I was friendly with the members of the Zlac Club, and my wife, with the Columbias, and we saw a great deal of the social life in the city.

I had to make a search for a pinnacle rock north of Ballast Point in lower San Diego Bay. Time and again vessels had reported striking this rock, yet effort had failed to find it. Suddenly, one day after a long and extended search, our lead hit something near where we had expected to find the rock. In a short time we had located a sharp pinnacle, which later was removed by the government. Up to that time vessels had to make a sharp turn of ninety degrees to the left at Ballast Point in entering San Diego harbor. Now, they are able to go straight up the channel and into anchorage.

In the course of my survey work in San Diego harbor I had to take up all the main triangulation stones and records that had been buried by Augustus Rodgers in 1852. I found them in the various locations around the bay, and the surveys had been so well made that the stones were replaced exactly where we found them.

The *Patterson* had returned to San Francisco, and the present Rear Admiral Schofield had just reported, when the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor. We received orders to proceed to Oakland Creek across the bay, dismantle the ship and stand by. I realized there was serious trouble ahead and that it might mean war, but did not think it would come as soon as it did.

I asked and received permission to return to San Diego

to visit my family. While there a telegram came to me reading, "Do you want to go east on *Charleston?*"

The *Charleston* was at Mare Island fitting out, and the impression I got from the telegram was that she was going to the east coast.

I replied, "Yes, I do," and soon after went back to San Francisco. It developed that the message should have read, "Do you wish to go east *or* Charleston?"

Naturally my wire was not intelligible to Captain Forse, who, in the meantime, had got his orders. Because of the error in the telegram I went to the Philippines. The result was, I made altogether a forty-three months' cruise, and had the distinction of going from the grade of ensign to lieutenant commander in nine years, without any shore duty.

"All's well that ends well," but I could not foretell that it would end well!

At Oakland Creek, we transferred everything on the ship's books to Mare Island, and stood by for orders. Captain Forse, who had succeeded Captain Moore in command of the *Patterson,* was ordered to the east coast within a month; Brown, the executive was assigned to the *Philadelphia,* and by May 1st, Slocum went to the *Charleston.*

We had news of the Battle of Manila Bay while we were packing up to join our vessel. At Mare Island, everything was in confusion, a condition to be expected when war comes and the nation is not prepared. The *Charleston* was commanded by Captain Henry Glass, with Lieutenant Commander Blocklinger as executive and Lieutenant Braunersreuther as navigator. The other officers were Bostwick, Slocum, Waldo Evans, Moffett and myself, Doctors Percy and Farenholt, Chief Engineer R. W. Galt, Assistant Engineer McKean and Paymaster J. S. Phillips. Among the junior officers, most of whom were in the class of '96, were Marshall, Leiper, and Henry. The others I do not recall. Our marine officer was John T. Myers. There was a perfect unanim-

ity of spirit in the ward room, and everything we undertook succeeded. As soon as she was commissioned the ship quickly fitted out at Mare Island, and we got away for Honolulu on May 22nd, with a crew that had to be whipped into shape before we reached Manila. We had about forty men fresh from the farms of California, but they were the best we could get at the time. We were short of trained men and had no reserves. We encountered a blow, as usual, off San Francisco, and I shall never forget those poor seasick devils lying around forward, while the old-timers of the crew sang, "For when you return to your own native land there'll be no one to welcome you home!" It must have encouraged them!

I had the quarter-deck division with a fine eight-inch gun and smaller battery, and most of those green Californians. I recall a disagreeable experience. I mustered the men on the windward side of the ship one morning, and one of them became ill. Not knowing the weather side from the lee he proceeded to the rail and began to cough and expectorate. Suddenly the head and shoulders of Captain Henry Glass appeared above the hatch, and in a stern voice he said, "Mr. Coontz, teach your people instantly, never to spit to windward. I was looking out my port, and part of that gentleman's deposit hit me in the face!"

I had to explain to the men the terrible crime committed by one of them in spitting to windward and hitting the captain! Perhaps I should have advised the captain not to put his face at the port when he looked out! Captain Glass was a hard driver and was ably seconded by Blocklinger, both of whom had served in the Civil War.

We reached Honolulu about the end of the month and awaited the transports with troops from Oregon, California, Washington and Utah. They came on old-time ships like the *Sidney*. Honolulu did herself proud and overwhelmed us with gifts and attentions. Just before getting into Honolulu I went over my diary to find the

names of the numerous people I had known there, and who had been kind to me. When the committee came on board to welcome us on behalf of the Islands I was able to call every man by his name when I greeted him. They were surprised at my good memory.

At Honolulu we received sealed orders. The term "sealed orders" is more or less of a misnomer. Twenty-four hours out from Honolulu, on our way to join Commodore Dewey, Captain Glass mustered all hands on the quarter deck, ripped off the seal and read his orders. They were, in effect, to proceed to the Island of Guam, capture it in the name of the United States, take the necessary steps regarding its fighting population, and then proceed on to Manila.

Very few of us had ever heard of Guam, except in a vague way. Some had an idea where the island was located, and some remembered that in the early days some American traders cleared for Guam. We got out our geographies and found that the distance from Honolulu to Guam was 3,300 miles. We had coaled to capacity, and the current was with us. Our course was about west by south, but our speed on account of our convoys, was not great. We spent days drilling our recruits, and had the convoy do the same. Once, on the way, the captain left the ship in his gig and inspected the transports. By the time we crossed the 180th meridian, we felt that we were ready for the enemy.

We had three newspaper men with us representing the *San Francisco Chronicle,* the *San Francisco Examiner,* and the Associated Press. They were all good fellows and we introduced them to the navy.

Mention of the 180th meridian brings to mind an incident that occurred on one of the occasions when I crossed this great bug-bear. The navigator had been setting the clock back about twenty minutes every twenty-four hours, and the day we crossed this meridian he advanced it three and a half minutes much to the amazement of the

watch officers with whom he was not on especially good terms. What the captain said to him I never knew.

Some persons cannot grasp navigation, and in this connection I recall another incident when crossing the equator, bound for the South Seas. On the day following, the navigators' morning sight showed a set to the eastward instead of to westward, and his afternoon sight put us away to the westward of our course. Again, the next morning, we had a set to the eastward, and I realized that something was radically wrong. Before taking action I asked the senior watch officer, now a rear admiral, to take a set of sights and report to me. He did and we concluded that when we crossed the equator, the navigator had changed the equation of time, making an error of some twenty-two miles in his meridian altitude. I called him on the quarter deck, and gave him five minutes in which to report his error to the captain, otherwise, I said, I would have to take him in myself. He blustered for a moment, then went to the captain and made a confession of his blunder. These were the only two times I ever saw navigators get confused on the 180th meridian, or the equator.

Here is a good story vouched for by the captain of a Pacific mail steamer. In the old days mail steamers did not stop at Honolulu, but made a direct run across from San Francisco to Yokohama. On one of these trips the captain had a very inquisitive passenger. He was especially interested in navigation, and would make inquiries as to position, speed and probabilities, until the captain became tired of his questions. One day the skipper announced that the ship would cross the 180th meridian about 12:30 the next day. The passenger asked how he could tell exactly when he reached it.

"This way," replied the captain, "we expect to sight the 180th meridian red buoy."

At lunch on the following day the traveler asked the captain if he still expected to sight the buoy at 12:30. Just then the quartermaster came in and reported that the

180th meridian buoy was in sight, dead ahead. The word was quickly passed along the table, and the captain granted the passengers the privilege of the upper bridge. Soon they sighted a red buoy dead ahead, and as they passed it, they saw plainly a big white number painted on its side, "180."

The incident caused a good deal of discussion until the ship reached Yokohama, when one of the passengers mustered courage to ask the captain how he did the trick. He told him that several days before, he had taken one of the ship's spare buoys, had it painted red and marked "180." When all the passengers were down at lunch it was hove overboard, and the ship's course changed so slightly that the passengers were kept in ignorance until she made a complete 360 degrees turn, when she headed back on her course again, and naturally was bound to pass the buoy. How often the inquisitive one told the story, and how many people thought he was a first-class prevaricator, the captain never learned.

XV

THE SURRENDER OF MANILA

The Capture of Guam—On to Manila—Dewey—Foreign Vessels in Harbor—Surrender of Manila—Escape of Spanish Governor—*Charleston* to Iloilo—America a World Power—The Dutchmen of the *Charleston*—Incidents at Manila—Beveridge—Gillmore—Home Via Japan.

The *Charleston* approached the Island of Guam gradually, and we were to sight it about daylight. The encyclopedia fully described it, told of its being garrisoned by Spaniards, and gave the position of the three forts. We took special interest in the fort at Orote Point, and in old Fort Santa Cruz, in the center of the harbor. We reached there about June 20. I had the middle watch and went down at four o'clock for a short rest, as we expected to sight the island by daylight, and the fun would begin before eight A.M. When I reached my room I found two packages there. One was accompanied by a note from Bostwick who had the stateroom ahead of me, telling me that in case he did not come out of the fight alive to send the letters in the package to his wife; the other was from Moffett who had the stateroom astern of me, requesting me, if he were killed, to throw one bundle of letters overboard, and send the other to his sister. Later in the day, when everything was over, I inquired of these two officers why they thought I would be the one to survive.

We sighted Guam as expected near Rota Channel, and headed down the fifteen miles toward the harbor.

Much has been written of the capture of Guam, some of it in a very facetious vein, but it was a real thing to us. We did not know that the old Orote fort had been abandoned, and that Fort Santa Cruz was unmanned.

As we neared the harbor we saw several vessels anchored, and we anticipated some Spanish captures, but they turned out to be Japanese recently arrived from Yokohama. With all hands at general quarters and guns loaded we steamed in under Point Orote.

Had there been soldiers at the fort they could have fired on us and done serious damage before we could have got by, but there was no one there. As we neared Fort Santa Cruz, Slocum, who had the forward battery, fired ten shots, but the only thing that happened was that a couple of men in a canoe quickly paddled away, double time, for the beach! They proved to be fishermen.

We anchored off what is now known as Sumay, and soon a boat put off from the landing place at Pité. The governor's representative, the customs officer and several others were in the boat. When they came on board they avowed knowing nothing of any war with the United States, or any intended war. They had newspapers from Japan, but war had not been declared when the vessels that brought them left there. However, the captain told the governor's representative that he must have the surrender of the island. After some parleying, a meeting was arranged for the next morning, and Lieutenant Braunersreuther, Lieutenant Myers of the marine corps, Ensign Evans and several others from the *Charleston* and the transports, most of which were still lying outside the harbor entrance, went into Pité.

The governor came down, Braunersreuther handed him the captain's written message, and received a sealed reply which was opened in spite of the protest of the governor. Then and there they were made prisoners and taken on board the *Charleston*. The Spanish troops surrendered and were brought off and divided among the transports, and all were taken on to Manila. Portusach and a Spaniard, left at Guam, assumed to represent our government for several months thereafter.

It had been a serious business to the officers and men of the *Charleston,* and to those volunteers on the transports,

although it turned out to be a most laughable affair in the end. At the proper time we raised the American flag over Fort Santa Cruz, and I had the honor of firing the salute to the stars and stripes as they were hoisted over the Island of Guam.

With this done, we started on the final leg of the voyage to Manila, deciding to go around the northern end of Luzon, although the distance was much greater. We had no cable communication, but assumed that a Spanish fleet had probably long since passed through the Red Sea, and gone on to the Philippines. Of course, we all know now that it turned back to Suez, I think in August. As we approached Cape Engano, in day time, we sighted heavy smoke, dead ahead. We cleared for action, but fortunately did not fire at long range. As the ship came down, she proved to be the *Baltimore* from Manila Bay, with instructions for the *Charleston.*

We had a blow in the China Sea, a foreign vessel came out from Marivales and looked us over, and we then proceeded on to Manila Bay, off Cavite, where Commodore Dewey had his victorious ships anchored, and where the wrecks of the Spanish vessels still lay.

Our voyage of thirty-nine days from San Francisco had ended. Commodore Dewey was glad to see us, and anxiously inquired for the *Monterey* and the *Monadnock.* The city of Manila had not fallen at that time, and was manned by a large force of Spanish troops. We took our anchorage in the circle of the seven ships and prepared for further work.

Off the city lay Austrian, French and British vessels, and from time to time a German man-of-war came in. They would anchor off Manila without taking notice of us. In each case, after Commodore Dewey had sent his Flag Lieutenant, Brumby, to them, with his compliments and reminded them of the courtesy they had omitted and what they had to do, they grudgingly got up anchor, came over and saluted us, and returned. At that time we felt that the French, Austrians and Germans did not sympa-

thize with us, but we were more encouraged as to the British attitude, after seeing Captain Chichester.

We were within gunshot of the Spanish forts and fortifications, and kept the strictest kind of watch, day and night—the men sleeping at the guns. The searchlights took turns, and patrol boats ran all night. There were several false alarms. All the time we were expecting the Spanish fleet off our harbor entrance, and maintained a constant lookout.

Commodore Dewey cut the cable, so the only communication we had was by two vessels to Hong Kong—the *Nanshan* and the *Zafiro,* and they did not bring us much news. We did have word of the Battle of Santiago, and knew that the worst of the war was over. The *Monterey,* with Captain Leutze, arrived about August 8th, bringing added forces to General Wesley Merritt. The troops were landed, and the time came to take the city of Manila.

It is all a matter of history now. I remember the morning we cleared for action, hoisted our battle flags and started, in column, across Cavite harbor for Manila. The *Charleston* was number two in line, next to the *Baltimore.* The British had got under way at Manila and steamed over for an anchorage at Cavite. They passed close aboard of us with their bands playing and their men cheering. There was no question as to their sympathies. We should always remember the friendship of the British, in Manila, at that time. We had told the French, Austrians and Germans to shift anchorage and get out of range. My recollection now is that the ships of two nations failed to do so.

We demanded the surrender of the city, and after a time, received it, the army advancing on the land side. The Spanish governor, however, took passage on the largest German ship, and escaped to Hong Kong. Two things have never been made clear to me. One was whether Commodore Dewey and General Merritt knew that the Spaniards would surrender, and the other, how

much of a breach of etiquette it was for the Spanish governor to sail away, on a German war vessel, with his family.

At the end of that long day in August, we anchored at the mouth of the Pasig River, our ship being nearest to the entrance. There was a million dollars' worth of shipping in the river that would have been prizes of war, except for the rule of international law—that, when the land forces co-operate with the fleet, there is no prize money allowed.

The *Cebu,* a small vessel, had been sunk at the entrance to the harbor. Captain Glass was made captain of the port of Manila. He passed that duty on to Lieutenant Braunersreuther, who had become collector of customs, and a severe one, too. Unsuccessful attempts were made by civilians to raise the *Cebu* and thus open the harbor. Finally, Commodore Dewey sent for Ensign (now Rear Admiral) William A. Moffett, and gave him the job of raising it.

Moffett requested certain bluejackets and help from the *Charleston,* and in a remarkably short time rigged up various contrivances that proved effective, and the ship was floated and taken away. She was afterwards repaired and put into commission. Moffett deserves the fullest commendation for his excellent work there, in opening up the entrance to Manila to commerce. Trade was at once resumed. Moffett worked so hard at this undertaking, and for so long a time at Cavite that his health became impaired.

At Manila, the fall weather in the open sea is mean, and the boating bad. I went on shore the day after the surrender with Waldo Evans, and we found shells in the guns in the various Spanish emplacements. We quickly reported the matter, because any one might have gone there and fired the guns at our ships, with results that might easily have been disastrous.

I can recall the whole situation in Manila the day after the surrender—troops marching in, Spanish prisoners

being corralled, great crowds of people surging through the streets, and general pandemonium. Slowly, affairs settled down, and more troops arrived from the United States.

In October the *Charleston* was sent to Iloilo. There, the Spanish were still in force, but the insurgents outside the city were very friendly to us. The next time we were at Iloilo, however, both sides did some shooting. I think we were at Iloilo in November, when word came that it was the intention of our government to hold the Philippines. There was much discussion of this matter, in the ward room mess, as it was felt that if we did retain the Islands, we would become a full-fledged world power, with all of its attendant responsibilities. I saw some officers weep when they learned of this report.

Early in December we returned to Manila, as we had trouble with one of our engines, and the *Charleston* was the second ship to be sent to Hong Kong. All wines and liquors on the various vessels had long since been exhausted, or thrown overboard, and in this connection I recall a circumstance that happened when we arrived at Hong Kong. On the way up, Dr. Percy had warned all hands regarding cholera, which was prevalent in Hong Kong, and special instructions were issued with respect to the use of water. Percy and I roomed together at a Hong Kong hotel. After we had gone to our room the proprietor sent up a bottle of whiskey. Percy opened it, poured some into a glass, and added some water from a pitcher in the room. We drank it. Then we suddenly thought of the possibility of cholera germs in the water! For forty-eight hours Percy watched to see if they developed, but they never did.

We were delayed in Hong Kong, as the necessity for extra repairs became apparent, and did not get back to Manila on schedule. About the time we reached there the *Raleigh* was ordered to return to the United States. She had had an active part in the Manila Bay fight, and was the first to leave for home.

I was a member of a crowd of officers from the *Charleston* who were invited to a farewell party on board the *Raleigh* at which we sang the celebrated song, the chorus of which was,

"He's a rooster from the *Raleigh*
And he'll take away your breath,
He'll turn the Bowery upside down,
And frighten it to death."

Captain Coghlan, of the *Raleigh,* visited the ward room to greet us, and made the famous "Me und Gott" speech that later got him into trouble, when he delivered it in New York. In Manila Bay, however, he was among his friends.

The *Baltimore* had an entertainment one night to which we were invited and in which we were asked to participate. There were a number of officers on the *Charleston* whose names were of German or Dutch origin. In fact, at the time of the trouble with Germany, regarding Samoa, a list was prepared containing several pages of names of supposed German officers in our navy. Mine was one of them, despite the fact that seven or eight generations of each branch of my family were born in the United States, and I expect others on the list could make similar claim. We were spoken of as "The Dutchmen from the *Charleston.*" So that night we went over to the *Baltimore* with a song. I wrote the words and Jack Myers and Phillips composed the music.

The song ran:

"Come, Comrades, gather 'round us
And listen to our score;
We are Dutchmen from the *Charleston*
Come to see the *Baltimore.*
Blocklinger, Braunersreuther,
You have heard of them before!
Evans, Bostwick and Slocum,
And full half a dozen more!

"There is Leiper, and there's Henry,
They will give your ears a jolt;
Marshall, Phillips, Myers,
Percy, Coontz and Farenholt!
So come and gather 'round us
And listen to our score,
We are the Dutchmen from the *Charleston*
Come to see the *Baltimore!*

"And still they piled them on us,
How many, none can tell,
Brinser, Fischer, Hatch, Van Duzer,
Constein and Wettengell."

This song was the hit of the evening, and at any event thereafter where Myers and Phillips were present, it had to be sung repeatedly.

At that time there were very few army and navy women in Manila, as relations between the United States forces and the insurgents, led by Aguinaldo, became somewhat strained, after the fall of the city. On one visit to Manila, Evans and I passed a lady who waved at us from a carriage. We stopped, and I found that she was one of four sisters who had lived opposite my home in Hannibal. She was with her husband who was chaplain of a Kansas regiment. The story is told that in one of the skirmishes when some of the Kansas boys had been shot down, the chaplain seized a rifle from the hands of one of the fallen soldiers and took his part in the fight.

We had the great dinghy race on Thanksgiving Day at Cavite, where incidentally I rowed my last race. It was arranged by Lieutenant T. S. Rodgers, of the *Monterey*. On the *Charleston* we had two dinghys that were exactly alike, and in manning them we started what was presumed to be the "first" crew in one boat and a "second" crew in the other, in order to induce a competition that would make the "first" crew work. I will not name its members, but in the scrub crew were McKean, Moffett, Marshall and Coontz, with Evans as coxswain. In the

initial tryout, the "first" crew was beaten. We gave them one of our men in exchange, and again we beat them. After repeated trials and exchanges, each one of the scrub had got into the "first" crew. It was unavailing, however, except for the personal satisfaction we had, for the *Monterey* won the race and all our money. I did not enjoy Thanksgiving dinner, as I had overworked my heart.

At one of our Saturday night entertainments, Executive Officer Blocklinger narrated an experience he had had as an ensign. He had been on the China station, with Charles A. Clarke, a classmate. On reaching San Francisco, they purchased railroad and Pullman tickets to their homes in Iowa, before starting out to enjoy themselves in the city. After a few days of pleasure all of their money was gone, and they found themselves absolutely penniless. They felt ashamed to ask any of their friends for a loan, and accordingly boarded the train, with not even so much as a penny between them, and started on their four days' journey.

Directly opposite them sat a kindly old lady with a large lunch basket, such as travelers often carried in those days. When she finished her first meal on the train she offered the young men a California apple. They graciously accepted the fruit and it constituted their dinner. The next morning she prepared her own breakfast in her berth, and invited them to have some sandwiches and coffee which she had ordered from the dining car. They ate so greedily that the old lady suspected the truth of their condition, and fed them all of the way to their homes in Iowa. Such are the adventures, at times, of young naval officers!

After some preliminary trouble the situation in Manila culminated on February 5, 1899. The *Charleston* and the *Concord* were lying at the mouth of the Pasig River. I had been on shore that day to see Postmaster Vaill, but had returned on board in time for dinner. Not long afterwards, firing was started on shore. Commodore Dewey

ordered us to assist the army, but we could do nothing until daylight, except watch the burning of Tondo and other parts of the city. We dared not fire for fear of killing our own people. At dawn, however, when we were able to communicate with the army, we started northward, and from time to time fired ahead of the troops, to clear the way. I can plainly recall the battle of Caloocan and other skirmishes in that vicinity. During one engagement which lasted several hours, we picked off insurgents in church steeples. It was a rather exciting experience.

Of course, we went to general quarters wearing our swords, but as the heat increased, we discarded first our swords, then our blouses, shirts, and finally, caps and undershirts, until we had nothing on except lower garments and shoes. Inhaling the fumes of powder is very oppressive, and in time, one ceases to feel like a real, human being.

When the *Monadnock* arrived in September, we worked with her to the southward, engaging as far as Paranaque.

The lists of the dead and wounded were being sent to the United States, by way of Hong Kong, and the papers were filled with the part played by the *Charleston.* We therefore had to send on our own messages to the center, which I think was the *Army & Navy Journal,* to be relayed to our friends and relatives at home. The nearest we could approximate what we wanted to say was a navy code word which meant, "Business is good. Everything and everybody are well."

Congress was in session at the time, but adjourned on March 4, 1899. The Personnel Bill had been pushed along until it looked as if some action must be taken. In spite of the Spanish War nothing had been done with regard to pay legislation or promotion, and officers were beginning to abandon hope. I was always an optimist, and the cable having been repaired, on March 3rd, I sought to collect money from officers on the ships, to send a message to the *Army & Navy Journal,* requesting informa-

tion concerning the Personnel Bill. Only two ships responded, the *Charleston* and the *Concord*. The next day a cheering despatch came, which I still have in my possession. It read, "Personnel passed."

Other ships then offered to pay their share of the cablegram, but I did not take their money. Dewey was promoted, very properly, and as our ship was next to the *Olympia,* we saw his flag raised. I had the deck when the first salute to his stars was fired. We were all very happy over his advancement.

Early in the spring, the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, who, although only thirty-six years of age, had just been elected to the United States Senate, from Indiana, arrived in Manila. We had orders from the commander-in-chief to take him as a passenger, and show him the Islands.

At the Naval Academy I was often called "Senator." That was one of my nicknames. When Senator Beveridge came on board the *Charleston,* I was in my room and did not meet him. He strolled up to the bridge where my classmate, Slocum, was on watch. At four o'clock, when I went up to relieve him, Slocum, who came from the senator's home state, said, "Senator Beveridge, have you met 'Senator' Coontz?"

"Why, no!" replied Beveridge apparently just a bit amazed. "What state?"

"Missouri," replied Slocum.

"What has happened to Senator Cockrell, or Senator Vest?"

"Nothing," continued Slocum, "you know Missouri has three senators!"

Beveridge sat down and watched me, in uniform, take the deck, wondering what he could expect from a gang of naval legpullers in the Philippines.

A few days after his arrival on board we sailed for Iloilo. We invited him to dinner, the first night out, but it was rough, and we had not finished the soup course before the senator arose and sought his bunk. By noon, the next day it was smooth, and he came to lunch. As the

executive welcomed him, Beveridge arose and said, "Gentlemen of the Senate—," and as a howl went up, he attempted to correct himself. "Gentlemen of the ward room of the *Charleston,* I mean—" It was too late. He was so confused that he cut short his address.

The first Saturday night we introduced him to the old gag of "shooting Charley Noble." Being somewhat impressed by our mysterious talk, he approached the captain and made inquiries as to the extent of "Charley's" injuries and the probability of his recovery. For the information of the uninitiated, I will say that in the old navy, each Saturday night, it was the practice of the ship's cook to fire a shot up the galley smoke pipe to shake down the soot. This was called "shooting Charley Noble."

When he left us Beveridge was a full-fledged member of the mess, and told us he would feel hurt if any of us ever came to Washington and failed to look him up at once. John T. Myers did so, but let Myers tell that story.

The *Charleston* was occupied a part of her time in blockading the port of Aparri, at the mouth of the Cagayan River, on the north side of Luzon. Then we had to circumnavigate the island to investigate the insurrection situation. We visited several ports and returned to Iloilo. There, conditions had changed, and the insurgents were no longer our friends. From time to time, we had to fire an eigh-inch shell at designated points to clear out the enemy troops. While we were at Iloilo the *Yorktown* came in fresh from her experiences on the east side of Luzon, and I recall the look of sadness on Captain Sperry's face, when he came on board our ship and reported the loss of Gillmore and the boat's crew at the mouth of the Baler River. He had a terrible experience.

I am going to quote Captain Sperry's message to the Department:

"Iloilo, P. I.
"April 17, 1899.

"Yorktown arrived Baler, April 11, and communicated with insurgent post at mouth of river, town invisible. Insurgents stated that fifty Spanish soldiers, three Spanish officers, two priests still held church; flashed searchlights, hoping Spaniards might communicate, without success. To locate town and church, Ensign Standley suggested and volunteered to ascend wooded mountain at mouth of river. Lieutenant Gillmore went with cutter armed with Colt to land Ensign Standley and Lysaght, quartermaster third class, before daylight April 12, and then take soundings at mouth of river while waiting for Ensign Standley, but Gillmore went up river, and Ensign Standley came on board in another boat at 8 P. M. Ensign Standley reported musketry fire, but no reply from Colt, then cheering and cries in Spanish, 'See that man!' Musketry fire ceased. Kept boats near beach night and day, signalizing location by searchlight, hoping escaped to forest; no success. Insurgents fired upon boats and twice refused to communicate. Lt. Gillmore made heroic effort to communicate with Spanish forces but fell into ambush. Ensign Standley climbed tree and sketched, during musketry fire, town with church flying Spanish flag, at distance of one-half mile from beach on wooded plain with undergrowth and small streams. River is shallow and tortuous, only twenty yards wide, anchorage and landing good. Insurgents reported to be four hundred, have some Mauser rifles; cannot obtain any information from natives. More force required to take town. Ensign Standley and Lysaght, quartermaster third class, displayed great bravery. Missing Lt. Gillmore and fourteen more."

Two men were killed outright; two were burned alive; one disappeared. Months later the survivors were rescued by Colonels Hare and Howze.

After the Personnel Bill became a law the navy department decided, not only to promote officers on their official records, but to examine them physically. Accordingly,

one day I was ordered to appear on board the *Bennington* for medical examination. With me were Commander Henry E. Nichols, Lieutenant Commander E. M. Hughes and Lieutenant, junior grade, George R. Slocum and Lieutenant, junior grade, Waldo Evans. The officer ahead of us came out of the board room and remarked that that body was extremely hard on those with heart trouble or with poor eyesight. My heart had been tested so many times before that I was no longer afraid, but he little knew what consternation his statement caused Nichols, Hughes, Slocum and Evans. Apparently, the hearts of each one of these four officers began to palpitate, and on the first examination, none of them passed. Hughes also was turned down on account of his eyes, but as he wore strong glasses that trouble was waived, as later were the heart troubles of all of them.

Captain Nichols, whom I had known years before in Alaska, died soon after this, while his ship was in battle with the insurrectos. Hughes and Slocum have passed on to their reward, and Evans is governor of the Virgin Islands.

Ships from the states began to arrive in great numbers, and Rear Admiral Barker was ordered out on the *Oregon* to relieve Admiral Dewey. The next two vessels to go home were the *Olympia* and the *Boston.* Eberle was flag lieutenant, and detail officer of the flagship. Slocum and I whose cruises were overdue applied to go home on the *Boston,* and finally received our orders.

We shifted to the *Boston* in the harbor of Cebu, in May, 1899, expecting to reach home within a reasonable time; but eighty-three days elapsed before we reached San Francisco. Captain Whiting was ordered to command the *Boston.*

Most of our remaining officers were real heroes at the battle of Manila Bay—E. M. Hughes, W. H. Allen, Hall, Gibson, Cone, James, Dubois, Magill, a marine, and Ward, a surgeon. Moffett and McCauley, who were ill, were also sent home on the *Boston.*

We made Nagasaki, en route home, June 8th. Moffett and I made a trip from there into the interior to some famous baths. The Japanese there had not seen many white people, and when the time came for Moffett and me to take our first bath, the women of the family of the man who appeared to be the manager, insisted upon bathing us. Being bashful we objected so vigorously that they finally withdrew from the bath rooms.

At Nagasaki, the Japanese lavished hospitality upon us, and it was necessary to return their courtesies. We entertained the missionaries and their friends in the afternoon, and others in the evening. The two elements did not agree and we decided to divide the parties in that way. Through a misunderstanding, a foreign officer arrived about seven o'clock, an hour before the scheduled time. We invited him to the ward room and he sat down beside the bowl in which we were making the punch. Now and then he tested it. After a time he was unable to move, and throughout the evening he sat in a chair, beside the punch bowl, and at two o'clcok was carried to his gig and placed in the care of a coxswain for return to his ship. He wrote us afterwards that he had thoroughly enjoyed the party.

Once more we steamed through the Inland Sea of Japan, but as we left Nagasaki at night and reached Yokohama the second morning, we saw little of its beauties. As we entered the harbor of Yokohama we saw the hospital ship *Relief* ashore. We had raced with her across the Inland Sea, and by some strange error, her navigator had placed her on the wrong side of one of the Japanese beacons, in the channel about ten miles from Yokohama. The wife of our captain was on board the hospital ship, and he was greatly worried. My recollection is that we went out and assisted in pulling the vessel off.

We coaled the ship to its utmost capacity, as the captain decided that we would steam direct from Yokohama to Honolulu at twelve and one-half knots. Coal was piled on the main deck, and as it was old and smelled

badly, it did not improve our living conditions which, at best, were none too good. We purchased seven barges of coal, and on the way down the canal from Yokohama to the ship, one of them disappeared. Although diligent search was made by the authorities the barge was never found, but we had to pay for the coal just the same.

There were some American ladies in Yokohama who wanted to come on board the ship for tea. We informed them that in spite of everything we could do the coal dust would seep through into the ward room, but they insisted upon coming, and we had a coal dust tea party. Their white dresses and faces were black before they went on shore.

The condition of the captain's wife, who was taken seriously ill while we were there, became more alarming, and we remained in port much longer than we had expected to do. We had been away from the United States so long that the delay became irksome. O. P. Jackson, now dead, and I agreed to ask the captain to cable the navy department for permission to send the ship home under the executive officer, while he remained with his wife. It was a bold thing to do, but the captain assented, whereupon we produced the cablegram which we had already prepared, and he signed it. In ten minutes the message was on its way to the department where the request was granted.

The executive was a man who had a superstition against sailing on Friday, and we were forced to remain there until Saturday when we steamed out at four in the morning, bound for Honolulu and native land, with a long "Homeward Bound" pennant floating from the stern.

It had been decided to make the run to Honolulu at twelve and one-half knots. With the engineering skill of Hall, Cone and James, we succeeded. The story is told that during the last two or three hours before reaching Honolulu, we were burning the doors in our state rooms and all other available wood. I shall not admit

this, as I did not actually see the ship's timbers thrown into the furnaces!

The Hawaiian Islands had been annexed to the United States the previous August, and we were received with open arms. It was delightful to meet our old friends, and we very much enjoyed our stay there. We did not remain long, however, before continuing on to San Francisco. I remember how the chill of the weather affected us as we approached the coast. We steamed in late at night and anchored between the Farallones and the Golden Gate. I had the middle watch, and was very cold. The next morning, we made port safely, and weather conditions were soon forgotten in the joy of meeting our families.

San Francisco turned out *en masse* to greet us. We went on to the Mare Island Navy Yard where the ship was ordered out of commission. Vallejo welcomed us as returning heroes and had a parade in our honor. We were through with our work by September 15.

I started east with my family, on the following day, going by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Several officers were with us, and a young lady who is now the wife of an admiral. We were taking her east to visit her future husband. The road was rough and my wife and even some of the sailor men were car sick. I could not induce them even to raise their heads and look at the wonderful scenery of some of the famous canyons along the route, beautiful as they were in the bright moonlight.

XVI

ABOARD THE "ENTERPRISE"

My Duties on the Massachusetts School Ship; Executive Officer—Winter in Boston—Ibsen—Cruise of the *Enterprise*—England—The Paris Exposition—Gibraltar and Madeira—A Tropical Storm—Learning to Dance at Thirty-five.

I had barely reached my home in Missouri when I received orders directing me to report on board the *Independence,* at Mare Island, October 31. My ire was aroused, as I had been at sea since March 3, 1896. I wrote to the Bureau of Navigation, setting forth the facts, and incidentally stating that my baggage had not yet arrived home. The Personnel Bill had shifted to the Army the duty of carrying our effects, and as the old land grant railroads were used transportation was slow.

Return mail brought me orders to proceed to the school ship *Enterprise,* the state ship of Massachusetts, but the date of my return to duty was the same—October 31. That meant more sea service, but as I was to be executive officer, and the state was to pay me an additional hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, I was satisfied and accepted the assignment, for we needed the money.

The winter in Boston was hard and cold. As usual the *Enterprise* had all rigging taken off, the spar decks housed in, and was converted into a school. There were probably one hundred students, some of them taking the line, and others the engineering course. There were only two of us to stand day duty, my friend and old shipmate, Bertolette, and I, but we could leave the ship every second day, from four in the afternoon until the next morning.

Frederick M. Wise was in command of the ship until April, when E. M. Hughes, of the *Boston,* came to relieve him. The school ship system is excellent, and I regret that only the states of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania maintain it. Practically every graduate goes to sea in one capacity or another, and during the World War, and even in the Spanish War, many of them served with great credit. My recollection is that the Massachusetts school ship costs $55,000 a year, and that the federal government then paid, and still pays, $25,000 a year, as its part of the expense of maintenance.

As executive I taught seamanship, geography and English. Bertolette taught navigation, and we had a civilian engineer and some professors for the other branches. When Mitchell joined us as an additional watch officer we hoped for an easier time on the cruises. The old craft needed repairs and it required time to have them made. When these were completed we took the Governor of Massachusetts and the school commissioners, headed by Rear Admiral G. E. Belknap, U.S.N., retired, on a trial cruise.

After we had been in Boston for several months our attention was called to the fact that we must make some social visits. Accordingly, on one cold winter day Lieutenant G. G. Mitchell and I hired a carriage and started out.

At the first place we called the wife sent down a visitor, recently arrived from England, to entertain us. A few formal remarks had been exchanged, when she turned to me and said,

"Mr. Coontz, what is your opinion of Ibsen?"

The question startled and amazed me, for while I had heard of Ibsen, I had forgotten whether he was a prizefighter, a writer or an actor. My brain had to work quickly, and I finally managed to say that I had not fully reached my conclusions regarding

Ibsen, and that authorities seemed to differ. Then a happy thought struck me; I turned to Mitchell and said,

"Mitchell, what do you think of Ibsen?"

Mitchell knew as little about him as I did. He flushed and began to stammer. Just then the hostess entered the room, and the current of conversation was turned to other channels. When we returned to the ship the first thing we did was to find out who Ibsen was.

My wife had been ill during our residence in Boston, and decided to take our son and visit Alaska, while I went on a European cruise on the *Enterprise*. We sailed out of Boston on June 30, 1900, for Southampton, England.

On this trip one of our young cadets perpetrated a trick that might have had serious consequences. Our captain suffered from heart trouble, and one afternoon when he was on deck there was a dense fog. A fog horn sounded close aboard, and sail was shortened and extra lookouts placed. Our horn was kept continuously sounding. After an interval the other horn sounded again, so close that it seemed to be actually on board our ship. Just then one of the mates, upon going to the pilot house under the bridge, found Cadet A. E. Castle hidden there. He had the spare horn and was using it. Castle was quarantined for the remainder of the trip. The boy had plenty of money and when we arrived at Southampton he sent one of his classmates to buy him twelve cans of Eagle brand condensed milk, and according to reliable testimony consumed the contents of all of them. I am loath to ask anyone to believe this story, but it can be proved.

There were three commissioned line officers on board the *Enterprise*. The captain took the middle and afternoon watches, I the forenoon and first night

watch, and Bertolette the morning and two dog watches. We had as mates two old-time sailors, Mr. Tyrrell and Mr. Nelson. They were able men, but very poorly paid. Navigation was stressed on the *Enterprise,* and the second-year men ran the day's work all the way across the Atlantic and back, and became practical navigators.

With favorable winds we made Southampton in twenty-one days, sailed up the harbor and anchored there for a week. Those who had the necessary money went to London. I did not, so I made a trip to the south of England, and looked up the tombs of some of my ancestors who lived at Wiltshire. Others had left there, in 1675, to join William Penn in America. I found I could not get a cup of coffee in that part of the country, and drinking their tea did not appeal to me.

We sent our boys to London in uniform. Mrs. Fiske, the actress, saw several of them, inquired if they were Americans and asked their purpose in London. She provided them with tickets to see her performance. We appreciated her courtesy very much, and a year later, when she was in Boston, she was surprised to see the second and third rows of the theater filled with cadets in uniform. At the end of the first act one of them presented her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and made a short complimentary speech.

Incidentally, while our ship was tied up at Southampton, I visited and inspected the Isle of Wight, where Queen Victoria had a summer residence.

An overnight run from Southampton brought us to Havre, France. A gale of wind drove us to Bassin Bellot, where we tied up and remained for ten days. We divided into two groups, which gave each one five days of leave for trips to Paris. I took the second contingent of fifty boys to the French capital. We traveled third class and were

given a special rate. I registered the youngsters at one hotel and engaged a room for myself at the Metropole.

I did not know a person in Paris. I called upon Lieutenant Sims, our attaché, but he was away from the city, and I spent the entire five days there alone, visiting the great Exposition of 1900, which was then in progress. The August heat was intense, and I usually rested for three hours each afternoon between my trips to the big show. It was the first time I had ever had an opportunity to see real art.

From Havre we ran to Gibraltar, coaled the ship and visited Tangier, before going on to the Madeira Islands. At Tangier I set foot for the first time on the African coast, satisfying a long-cherished desire. Ever since I was a boy and heard Paul Du Chaillu deliver his travel lecture on his wonderful African adventures I had wished to go there.

With a favorable breeze we made the run to Madeira in three days, and prepared to enjoy its scenery and wonders. The *St. Mary's,* the New York school ship, was there with Reeder, George Evans and Wiley among her officers. We had the usual boat races and baseball games between the cadets of the two ships. There was a good hotel at Funchal. I remember the Reed family and the manner in which they entertained us at their beautiful home, LaQuinta. In Madeira one can go up the mountainside either on a cog railroad or on a sleigh-like vehicle. This contrivance is hauled up and down over the cobblestone roads, which are slippery. Either method of travel is exhilarating, and it is delightfully cool on the mountain. We had accumulated much soiled clothing and sent it to the convent to be laundered. Our courtesy to the nuns there was repaid the next year.

We cleared from Madeira on September 6, and slowly ran down under sail to catch the trade winds

for the westward voyage. With light winds it took us ten days to reach 22 degrees north. We practically floated with the current most of the time. Once the navigator declared he could see the peak of Teneriffe on the Canary Islands. Finally we reached the trade winds, which were very light, and began our long and weary passage across the Atlantic. The only dangers on the trip were heavy tropical squalls. We had only eight grown men in the crew and one hundred boys. We diligently drilled each one at his station in order to be prepared for an emergency. They stood watch and watch.

Thirty days passed and food was becoming low. It was not until October that the long looked for blow reached us. Then I realized just what a tropical storm is. The atmosphere became oppressive, the sky lowering, the sea green, and a general feeling of apprehension prevailed. We slowly shortened sail, located the center of the storm and got ready for the wind.

The captain had his wife and daughter on board by permission of the Navy Department and the State of Massachusetts. When the full force of the storm hit us we had to take in all sail, and let the ship roll along as best she could while we tried to keep her headed in the right direction. We ran life lines across the spar deck, fore and aft, but as the storm increased we saw that we were certain to lose some of our boats. The situation, together with the loss of sleep, caused us to get calloused, and I remember hearing one of the wardroom officers make a bet as to which boat would go first. We lost some of our port-side boats, and when they were swept away we had axes ready to cut the after fall in case one dropped by the bow. Our big steam launch was actually lifted up and carried inboard, which was fortunate. We were very much

relieved when the barometer began to rise and the wind shifted, for we then felt that we would weather the storm.

It was hours before we dared to get up a little steam, and when we did we had a terrible accident. A cadet named Quinn, on his first cruise, was heaving coal in the fire room when he backed into one of the air blowers, which cut off his right hand at the wrist. He actually left the engine room, came up on deck, and to the forward bridge, with his hand hanging by a small strip of skin. He cried to me, "Oh, Mr. Coontz, Mr. Coontz, my hand is broken."

The quartermaster and I tied a tourniquet around his arm and carried him below. The surgeon decided that the lower part of his arm must be amputated to save him. In all that rolling sea we strapped him to a mess table, which we lashed in the center of the main deck as securely as possible, and prepared for the operation. I watched his pulse while others of our men tried to give him the chloroform. No less than seven of these strong, able-bodied seamen fainted from time to time and dropped on the main decks as they attempted to administer the anæsthetic. Having had some experience, I gave the boy chloroform myself, at the same time holding his pulse.

The lad eventually recovered, and went ashore at Boston, never to return to the sea again. The State of Massachusetts gave him a pension of $2,500, and a few years ago, while I was Chief of Naval Operations, I received a letter from him, telling me of his success in managing a factory in New Jersey, and saying that he was happily married.

On October 16, forty days out from Madeira, we reached the haven of Boston. We were ten days overdue and the commissioners and our families were much worried. We were glad to reach home safely and to get some food other than old corned

beef and hard tack. The news of our long cruise and the heavy storm off Bermuda served to arouse great interest in our ship and the school. That fall we had an excess of candidates for the entrance examinations, and accepted more cadets than we should for the winter and the next cruise.

A third watch officer, Ensign W. G. Richardson, U.S.N., retired (later killed in an automobile accident), now came to us and our duties the following winter were somewhat lightened. The school was on a satisfactory basis and, educationally, we had a successful winter. Although my time on shore with my family was limited, I enjoyed Boston thoroughly. Through friends I had opportunity to attend all the good theatrical productions, and to see other phases of Boston culture.

At the age of thirty-five years, and after attending many dances where I sat on the sidelines and watched my wife participate in the Terpsicorean art, I determined to learn to dance. I went to the Tremont Dancing Academy and told the director just what I wanted, and that I must have a willowy girl about five feet, seven inches in height as a partner. They furnished me a six-foot Swedish girl at a dollar a lesson, and where she led I followed. How well I learned in six lessons to trip the light fantastic I shall leave to others to say.

XVII

A RECORD VOYAGE

The *Enterprise* Cruise of 1901—The "Flemish Cap"—Edinburgh and the Lakes Trip—To Copenhagen—Sailing up the Baltic—St. Petersburg—Arrest and Release—The Czar, the Kaiser and the King, All in Two Weeks—Antwerp—Through the Kiel Canal—London—Through the British Mediterranean Fleet—Sister Claire—"Man Overboard."

Commanding officer Hughes decided that the 1901 cruise should be a record one. By diligent work, we made the vessel ready for sea at the end of May, and sailed from Boston, June 1. We ran into a heavy sea immediately outside the harbor, and the captain had the misfortune to have a heart attack that night on the bridge. Once clear of the fog, with a fine westerly wind behind us, we made a fast and wonderful voyage by the northerly route, at one time making fourteen knots, and under practically bare poles.

On most maps of North America a shoal is shown northeast of Newfoundland, marked "the Flemish Cap." On one of the annual cruises of the *Enterprise,* we carried by special permission, the captain's wife and daughter, who were en route to Europe. We also had on board a young staff lieutenant, who was very unsophisticated and ignorant of the unwritten laws of life at sea. He became very attentive to the captain's daughter, and we soon found that matters talked of at the ward room table, were repeated in the cabin. It became necessary to teach him a lesson.

One day at luncheon I casually asked the navigator what time we would reach the Flemish Cap.

"Tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock," he replied.

Then turning to the pay officer, I asked him what fresh

vegetables he could purchase, if we stopped there.

"Onions and artichokes," he answered.

Nothing more was said at the time. When I went to the cabin that night to make the eight o'clock report, the captain told me his wife and daughter had been chiding him because he did not know the ship was going to stop for fresh vegetables the next day. They told him they knew it was true because Mr. Blank had said so! Then I had to tell the captain the joke. The next afternoon, much to the amusement of all the officers on board, the young lieutenant was on deck, eagerly waiting to be the first to report to the ladies the news of the sighting of the Flemish Cap. He is still waiting, but not on the deck!

Our cruise this year was to carry us to Scotland, Denmark, Russia, Germany, Belgium, England, Spain and the Madeira Islands. The state board of commissioners had directed the commanding officer to take on board a Mr. Baker who had been an instructor in mathematics on the ship during the preceding scholastic months.

There were no accommodations for Mr. Baker in the ward room, nor in the adjacent rooms, so it became necessary to construct a special compartment for him abreast the engine room hatch on the main deck. At first Mr. Baker was very seasick and used to leave his door open to get more air. The door faced forward, and after his recovery, he would sit on a stool just inside his room with his back against the open door, and read until very late at night, oblivious of the fact that the light from his room shone directly on the hammocks of some of the cadets.

One night, just after I had turned in from the first watch, I heard a rumbling down the deck, the sound of an impact, and then a falling body. The master-at-arms promptly reported to me that one of the cadets had taken a large head of cabbage, and from well forward on the port side, had rolled it down the deck in the direction of Mr. Baker's room where it hit his chair, knocked it from

under him, and precipitated the thoughtless guest on the deck, without doing him any physical injury, but greatly impairing his dignity.

I knew the matter could not be investigated that night, nor the culprit found. I instructed the master-at-arms to endeavor to bring the guilty one before the mast the next day, so that I could handle the case.

Before Mr. Baker could reach my room with his complaint, I turned out my light, and left instructions that I was not to be disturbed until four o'clock the next morning. The master-at-arms reported early that the offender had not been found.

At eight o'clock I reached the mast, where all complaints were reported, and there I found the irate Mr. Baker, still indignant, and pacing up and down the waist deck. I realized that the matter must be handled tactfully, and as soon as I called for offenses committed, and before anyone could respond, I commanded Mr. Baker to appear at the mast. As he stepped forward, I said:

"Mr. Baker, I understand that a very serious charge has been placed against you!"

"Me? Why, what can it be?" he inquired with astonishment.

"Mr. Baker," I continued, "you are charged with the serious offense of refusing to receive a present of fresh vegetables while at sea. In fact, I am told that last evening, even with a shortage of vegetables on board, you refused to accept a cabbage that rolled into your room! What have you to say?"

Mr. Baker gulped, hesitated, finally laughed and walked off, and the case was closed right there.

On June 25, we were at the north end of Scotland, going through the Fairway passage, and on the following day we anchored safely in the harbor of Leith, a seaport of Edinburgh, where later we were allowed to moor along the inner dock. We were a weary outfit and needed rest.

My time to go ashore came on a fine Sunday morning,

so I packed a heavy suit case and walked to a street car line. To my surprise and disappointment, I found that street cars did not operate on the Sabbath, nor could I get a cab. I was obliged to walk all the way up to the town of Edinburgh, where I engaged quarters at one of the Royal Hotels. The word "Royal" so often is used in connection with hotels abroad, that I do not recall its other name. I retired and slept well.

The next morning I started out to see Edinburgh and the surrounding country. I decided to get on top of a touring coach. After I had seated myself in a restful position, a talkative gentleman sat down beside me. After a few attempts to start a conversation, my part being in monosyllables, he said:

"This is a wonderful country, but you ought to see my country!"

"Yes," I replied, "and what is your country?"

"The United States of America."

I wondered if he thought I was an Englishman, a Greek, or a Dutchman. He expatiated on the beauties of America, until finally I said:

"Yes, your country is a great one. How far west have you been?"

"I have even been as far west as Niagara Falls," he boasted.

Then he told me that he was born in Italy, had migrated to the United States some fifteen years before, reared a family and become naturalized. He had saved his money, returned to Italy for a visit and was then going back home. I did not tell him that I was descended from some eight generations of Americans, for fear that I might hurt his feelings.

I saw the principal points of interest in Edinburgh, all the way from the Castle of Holyrood and the John Knox house, and still believe that there are portions of that long, splendid main thoroughfare of the city, that can not be excelled anywhere. I regard Edinburgh as one of the beautiful cities of the world.

A little later, Lieutenant Carter and I took the lake trip across the Trossachs, via Corstorphine, Sterling and Ivermain, ending at Glasgow. Both of us were still tired from watch in three on the twenty-five days' cruise, and finding that the scenery did not compare favorably with what we had known in America and other parts of the world, we dozed off in our chairs about two in the afternoon, and then lay down on the deck benches to sleep. We were awakened by some of the passengers looking at us and commenting with pity, that there must be something the matter with us because we did not stand up and view with wonder our surroundings. However, we saw Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond before we reached Glasgow. We visited the exposition the next day and found it well worth seeing. I returned to the ship and was somewhat annoyed when I found that I had made the run from Glasgow to Edinburgh—from salt water to salt water—in two hours.

From Edinburgh, we proceeded across the North Sea to Copenhagen, and had a good day to see the coasts of Sweden and Denmark. Here, we met the old *Hartford*, again in commission, but now a training ship. An exposition was also being held in Copenhagen. We saw the art galleries, zoos, and points of general interest, and Munroe and I had one pleasant trip to Hillerod or Fredericksborg, in the center of Denmark. The old moat surrounding the castle was still to be seen. I noted a long and wonderful frieze in this castle. I think it began with scenes from about the time of William the Conqueror. We followed it from room to room, and much to our surprise, we suddenly found ourselves in the dining-room where the prince was having a luncheon! Our apologies were accepted.

We also went to Helsinger in the northeast of Denmark, directly opposite Sweden.

From Copenhagen we had the remarkable experience of sailing up the Baltic. I shall never forget the happenings and my feelings on that trip. We had to anchor,

first at Kronstadt, and from there proceed under steam up the Neva to St. Petersburg. We were obliged to take a pilot because the channel stakes were so placed in the river that they could be easily moved, in the event of the appearance of an enemy. The ship was honored by being allowed to go close to the Nickolas Bridge and tie up to the buoys. The current is strong and in winter when the river freezes, the street car rails are laid on the ice.

The usual calls were exchanged and I remember particularly we were told when we called at the American Embassy that the salary of Ambassador Tower was $17,500 a year, and that he paid $24,000 a year out of his own resources for the rent of his house. Conditions have been somewhat improved since that time.

The Czar, who looked very much like a German to us, came up the river from his summer palace to visit the *Charlotte*. There were three torpedo boats ahead of him and two behind him, to protect the monarch. We saw everything of interest there was to be seen—the parks, St. Michael's and St. Peter's Museums, the wonderful art galleries, the great palace of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Winter Palace with its one hundred rooms. Munroe and I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a British gentleman, Captain Byron Mallory, who had been wounded in the Boer War. He took us to the Summer Palace where we saw some wonderful Van Dykes and Rubens. We also went to Peterhof, where the Czar and his family were living, as it was in the month of July.

We saw, too, the Nevski Prospect and all the beautiful churches, and visited the great ship building plants.

The lower classes among the people lived in brick houses with long skins dividing the interiors into rooms. We saw the *droshky* drivers with their great black bear coats which they sleep in during the winter. Their pay was four dollars a month.

Traveling was slow. There was a policeman in the

center of the street on each block, who stopped vehicles and took their numbers. We eventually hired a German guide from Riga. He spoke the Russian language fluently, and as he knew just what fees to give, he saved us more than the ten dollars a day which we paid him for his services.

I was invited by Mr. and Mrs. David Bell McGowan, newspaper writers, to visit them at their country home northeast of St. Petersburg. Dr. Gregory, of the *Enterprise,* accompanied me. We went by train and left it at the railroad station where we had been instructed to stop, and following the directions that had been given us, we got into a *droshky.* There were three of them at the station, and we happened to get into number two. Nothing happened. After waiting a proper time, we endeavored to get the driver to start. He shook his head, and said what we understood to mean "No!" A gentleman who spoke English chanced along at that time, and told us that we must get into the first *droshky,* or we would not be taken from the depot. The gentleman proved to be the great writer on Russian matters, Mr. George Kennan. He was also on his way to visit the McGowans. The occasion was a wonderful revelation for us.

I had expected to find the serfs, who lived on the land they did not own, a morose and solemn people, but on the contrary they appeared to be as happy and free as little children.

At the conclusion of our visit we started back to St. Petersburg with Mr. Kennan, and were surprised to see a large number of armed Russians in the car which we occupied, and in which, apparently, we were the only civilian passengers. When we reached St. Petersburg, we were all placed under arrest. The doctor and I told them that we were American naval officers, and after a short time, we were released. Mr. Kennan, who had written several articles exposing conditions in Siberia, was detained for two weeks, at the end of which time he

was deported from Russia, with instructions never to return again. I admired his bravery, for I had read the stories of his travels in Russia and Siberia. Personally, I had had enough adventure and did not leave the ship again while we were in Russian waters.

At that time, one could not register at a hotel in Russia, without a passport. Several of our officers made an overnight trip to Moscow, remaining for a day and returned to St. Petersburg on the night train. We left the Russian capital about July 25, having had beautiful long days and short nights while we were there.

The day before we reached Kiel, we passed the royal German yacht, and standing on the quarter deck was Kaiser Wilhelm II. With our glasses, we had a good view of him. We considered it a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that upon our arrival at Flushing, from Kiel, the newly crowned King Edward, of England, was there on board a vessel in the harbor. Thus, within two weeks, we had the privilege of seeing three European monarchs, the Czar, the Kaiser and the King.

From Flushing, owing to the strong tide, our pilot advised us to club down to Antwerp on the flood tide. It was one of the best experiences I have ever had in this line of work, and it kept us on the alert, amid all the shipping, dropping the anchor, clubbing down, sheering with the helm, and finally, reaching the good berth reserved off the Antwerp dock.

I enjoyed Antwerp thoroughly, and when my time came to leave the ship, I stopped at the Hotel Antoine, almost opposite where our ship lay. From there, I made a trip to Brussels and to Waterloo. At both Antwerp and Brussels I saw the art galleries, and the wonderful Weirtz Museum in the latter city. I was particularly interested in the skeletons of the Iquanodons.

Gregory and I climbed the steps of the cathedral in Antwerp, and when we reached the top found a lone woman there who had fainted. The doctor revived her,

and we carried her down that great flight of steps to *terra firma.*

We took an afternoon to visit Waterloo, leaving the train at Braine-Lallaud station. We saw the huge British lion and thoroughly explored the battlefield.

Diphtheria broke out on the *Enterprise* while we were at Antwerp, but the local authorities were kind enough to take the patients ashore and hold them there until we left the port.

Returning with our Massachusetts cadets we decided to pass through the Kiel Canal, and accordingly made the trip by way of the extreme southern part of the Baltic Sea. We remained twenty-four hours at Kiel and obtained permission to make the canal passage. It was a slow, all-day trip, then, and still is. Unfortunately, the first night out our commanding officer became ill, and remained in bed practically throughout our homeward voyage. He died a few years later.

We had the pleasure of going up the Thames River and tying to buoys at Gravesend where there is always a very strong current. Mr. C. J. Pethrick, of the United States Despatch Agency, at London, well known and well beloved throughout our navy for his helpfulness to officers during many years, met us and outlined an interesting program of events both for officers and men, while we were in British waters. He died in March, 1929. I saw him in London in September, 1928, and endeavored to induce him to write his memoirs. He had had more than sixty years of service, from messenger boy to despatch agent.

In those days the navy always had quarters at 41 Craven street, London. Room and bath, with breakfast of beefsteak, ham and eggs and coffee, was only five shillings—one dollar and twenty-five cents in American money.

While in London, on two days' leave, I made the

usual purchases of English clothes. This being my first visit there I wished to see some of the clubs and the life of the metropolis. I went up with Ensign Richardson, who had a friend there. This friend advised him where to take me to dinner and what shows to see. We went to the dining place, and made the expensive error of ordering dinner *a la carte*. The bill was something astounding—about five times what we would have had to pay for the regular dinner.

I forgave Richardson for this, and we went to see a double bill, entitled, *The Man From Blankley's* and *A Previous Engagement*. Because of the cost of our dinner experience we purchased front row seats in the first balcony. At the end of the first act Richardson and I went out into a small vestibule where he could smoke. In the corner was a bar, and behind it an English barmaid. We were walking up and down when the girl set three glasses of English ale on the counter. There was no one else present, and as she kept looking at us Richardson said to her,

"Who are the drinks for?"

"One is for you," she replied, "one is for your partner, and the other is for me, and you are going to pay for all three."

He did.

Stories of English barmaids are unreal. I never saw a good-looking one during all the time I was in England, nor a young one. If there are any of either, we must have overlooked them.

We saw the British Museum—a place where I would like to spend months—the Tower, London Bridge, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Late in August we left Gravesend, and started, under sail, for Gibraltar. The captain went on the sick list, the navigator became ill, and Richardson and I were left to run the ship, with watch in two watches, under canvas. We sailed across the Bay

of Biscay safely, but Richardson had not navigated for years and we almost ran down Corunna, Spain. From Cape Finisterre we hugged the shore all the way to the south end of Portugal, and were so close in at Lisbon that, with powerful glasses, we could see the entire city and the mouth of the Tagus.

At St. Vincent we headed east for Gibraltar, and after narrowly missing three sailing vessels in a "levanter" we encountered the British Mediterranean fleet, and actually passed through the center of a squadron. The men on deck, being inexperienced, were not aware that the ships were men-of-war. However, we reached Gibraltar in good condition, and waited there for the full recovery of our navigator. We found the *Saratoga* and the *Castine* in port, with Captain W. J. Barnette and H. P. Jones on the former, and Werlich and Dinger on board the latter.

The British had the usual *gymkana* for us at Gibraltar. We enjoyed going up the Rock as far as permitted, and looked for the "Sign." We met the third generation, I believe, of the Sprague family, whose members have been United States consuls there since the foundation of our government. Our stay at Gibraltar was not long.

We laid in the usual supplies of whiskey and wines at both Sacconi and Speeds, and left the Rock on September 1, anxious to get our sick captain home. We drifted along the coast for several days. The wind failed when we left the northwest coast of Africa, and varying steaming with sailing we were longer than usual in reaching Madeira. Here we had the news of the assassination of President McKinley.

Sister Clare came on board the *Enterprise* on the first boat and told me that the money we had paid her for the laundry work, the previous year, for the one hundred and fifty persons on our ship, had actually saved the

convent, and that the Mother Superior invited us to come ashore and visit the place. I made extensive purchases of the laces they offered for sale, and divided them among the officers. I have often wondered what became of that sweet-faced nun, Sister Clare, and what her story was and her life before she entered the convent. She was English, or part English, and I could not understand how she came to be in a Portuguese convent.

We had a good run from Madeira to Boston, making the voyage in thirty days, with only a few incidents.

Gilson, one of our cadets, had a narrow escape from drowning at sea, September 2. Going over my diary I find the following:

"September 24. Tuesday. A rough and horrible night. No restful sleep. Rolling and hot, but a good run under sail—143 miles—latitude, 23-42, north, longitude, 44-47, west. At 10:25, during my watch on deck, Cadet W. B. Gilson, who was foolishly out on the whisker boom, holding to the grab rope with one hand, was washed away when the vessel pitched. The cry 'Man overboard,' went from one to another. I gave the order 'Starboard, and clear away the port life boat.' Soule, the cadet at the wheel, obeyed the order like an old timer. The wind was aft on the port quarter and we were under square sail. Gilson, by remarkable luck, caught on the sea painter of the whale boat (life boat), and gradually slipped aft each time he went under. The ship answered helm promptly, sail reduced, and hands got in the main chains. A sea finally brought Gilson alongside and he was grabbed and hauled on board. He had a death grip on the sea painter, and we had to cut it both sides of his hands. He was unconscious, but finally came to. Our starboard lifebuoy was let go, without order, in the confusion, but it was deemed inexpedient to

beat back against the strong trade winds, or to send a boat to regain it."

On October 5 many of us had ptomaine poisoning from eating canned clams. I held up as long as I could in consideration of the other sick officers on board, but finally went under. When the doctor examined me he said I had no pulse, and that it was all over with me. I refused to take that view of my condition, and in about ten days I was much improved.

I had written from Madeira to Captain Nicholson, the detail officer, asking if I could continue on at sea after our arrival in the United States. It was then the fall of 1901, and I had been on sea duty since March 3, 1896.

When I reached Boston I found a letter stating that, as I had never been assigned to a battleship, I would now be ordered to the *Wisconsin,* the *Iowa,* or the *Oregon,* stationed on the Pacific. That was agreeable to me and as soon as I found my wife and family well and safe in Boston I wrote Nicholson that my first choice would be the *Wisconsin,* my second the *Oregon* and my third the *Iowa.* In about four weeks I was advised that the *Wisconsin* had sailed for Samoa, that the *Oregon* was in ordinary at Puget Sound, and that the *Iowa* had started for Panama en route for the east coast. My orders read to the *Philadelphia,* and bore the appearance of having originally been made out for the *Iowa,* with the name of that ship erased and the word *Philadelphia* substituted.

It was hard luck not only to miss one of the battleships, but to have to go back to the old *Philadelphia,* no longer the proud flagship of the Pacific, but just one of the vessels of the fleet.

Among our civilian officers was one who, although somewhat advanced in age, was nevertheless a gay gallant. In the course of his adventures he met a young lady who desired to learn typewriting, an art

in which girls were not so proficient as they are now. He gave her lessons at her home, and was indiscreet enough to let some of his fellow-officers know what he was doing. One morning, while at breakfast, he was called to the telephone, and a gruff voice told him that the person talking was the father of his pupil, and that he had learned that the officer was married. He said he was then within two blocks of the ship, and was coming to kill the man whom he accused of paying unwarranted attentions to his daughter. Being afraid to go ashore, the officer rushed about the ship seeking a hiding place. He found one under the bunk of the master-at-arms. The space was only about eighteen inches deep. He told his story to the master-at-arms, who helped him to get under the bunk and concealed him behind a piece of oilcloth. He remained there without food or water until eleven o'clock that night, when he gathered enough courage to emerge and hasten home. It developed later that a fellow-officer had called him on the telephone, disguised his voice and represented himself as the irate parent. The typewriting lessons, however, were discontinued.

My wife had an old-time Alaska and Virginia friend, Miss Sallie Ball, as her guest, and for the next few weeks we had a round of parties and entertainments. I was getting the most I could out of Boston, as I knew that soon I would be detached from the *Enterprise*. There were several Missouri girls at the Boston Conservatory of Music, and among them our friend, Miss "Tommy" Ely. I invited all of them to a tea on board the *Enterprise* one afternoon, and had some of the young officers of the ship present. In return they asked my wife and me to dinner at the Conservatory. I learned that upwards of seven hundred girls ate in the dining-room and that I would be the only man there,

but I accepted, with the proviso that I be given a seat within ten feet of the door, so that I might have opportunity to escape in case the young ladies attempted to haze me.

With my family I left Boston on November 23, and once more visited my home in Missouri. When a naval officer lives in the middle west he is at a distinct disadvantage, as compared with those whose homes are on the seaboard, because it is much easier for the latter to reach their domiciles.

XVIII

BACK TO THE "PHILADELPHIA"

Made Senior Water Officer—Panama Revolution—Our Consul at Guayaquil and Four Barrels of Whiskey—Winning in a Chinese Gambling House—The Dead at Panama—An Unpleasant Cruise—Return to San Francisco—Dinner Party Tricks—Magdalena Bay—The *Adams*—We Win a $5,000 Boat Race—The Glory of San Diego.

Upon reaching San Francisco I learned that the *Philadelphia* was under orders to sail within a few days for Panama, where another revolution was threatened. I decided that my family should go to Olympia, Washington, and then return to Missouri, as I had only recently received word that my sister was engaged to be married and that the wedding would occur in April.

It was rather a gloomy crowd that started from San Francisco on December 20 for Panama. We did not know how long we would be gone, and as far as we could see there was no ship that would be likely to relieve us for many months. Panama was the old mosquito and yellow fever-infested isthmus. We stopped at Pichilinque to take on a further supply of the miserably poor coal left at that station, and then moved on to our destination, arriving January 6, 1902.

The captain of the vessel was William W. Mead, still living, the executive W. S. Hughes, and the navigator, R. M. Hughes. When I reported aboard the ship at San Francisco the captain informed me that he had some unexpected news for me. He said he was in urgent need of a senior watch officer to straighten out his ship, and that he knew from

my reputation that I was the man to do it. Therefore, he had telegraphed the Department for permission to have me as his senior watch officer. I said I was thirty-seven years old and had been standing watch for fifteen years, that I could still stand it, as for the past two years I had never stood less than three watches in crossing the Atlantic. One officer, named Hand, was invalided the day I joined the vessel, and died shortly thereafter of appendicitis, at Mare Island. The other watch officers were Scales, my old friend, Macy, Stitt and Forman. Burd was chief engineer, Leeds Kerr, pay officer, and Kavanagh was doing engineering duty. The doctors were Drake and Morgan, and Bradman was marine officer. On the way south we had target practice, which was not very successful.

Upon arriving at Panama I was sent to pay a call on our consul, Mr. J. M. Gudger, of North Carolina. In the troublesome times that followed, Mr. Gudger was aboard our ship many times. The revolutionists were active and matters much unsettled. We soon got under way and circled through the waters south of Panama, seeking information regarding certain ships, and then returned to a good anchorage, not far from Dead Man's Island.

At times both British and French vessels came into the harbor of Panama to observe the progress of the revolution. I find in my diary that the culmination of the revolution was as follows:

"Morning watch. Sent steamer in at 5:30 with Defrees. At 6:05 sighted three steamers to the southward. The leading one, *Almirante Padilla,* passed in board of us, and when ahead went to quarters, broke the Columbian flag, and commenced firing on the *Lantara,* the seized Chilean transport, anchored about one-half mile ashore of us. I informed the captain that we were in the line of fire, sent six

pounders to quarters and then, about 6:35, went to general quarters. After fifteen minutes firing joined it in by the *Chicuto* (Government), and *Darien,* revolutionists, the *Padilla* and *Darien* drew off to westward, followed by *Chicuto.* The third steamer was English, the *Quito of Guayaquil,* and her captain came on board here. The firing was carried on by six pounders, twelve pounders, one pounders, etc., and Colt or Gatling. At 8 the *Lantara,* being on fire, Stitt was sent in one launch to the wounded, and I went with the executive officer to the other. I picked out one wounded officer from the port side. He was gritty! He had been shot through both buttocks. We put him in the bottom of the launch, stuffed his wounds with waste, and tied him up. We could see the shell in him. The other launch got another badly wounded man, who died on board at 10:45. General Alban, the Governor of Panama, was wounded on the *Lantara,* and died on board before noon. At 11:00 the *Padilla* and *Darien* withdrew. They were warned not to bombard Panama. The *Chicuto* was warned not to get in line with us."

We sent our wounded man to the hospital and he had a remarkable recovery. While I was on board the *Lantara* the shells were still exploding from the heat of the burning vessel, and the executive and I wasted no time in leaving. I have always regretted that we did not know General Alban's body was locked in one of the staterooms.

Insurgent rumors continued and we kept very strict watches. Captain Mead was relieved by Captain W. W. Reisinger about the end of January. Thereafter I was on shore in Panama only three times. There were still swarms of mosquitoes. The channel to the steamer wharves had filled, and the commanding officer directed me to make a survey, which I did with the assistance of Macy and Kava-

nagh. In some places there was a showing of only eleven feet at low water.

About the end of February we received orders from the Department to proceed to Guayaquil, Ecuador. We hove up anchor March 4, and started south across the equator. The ship's bottom was foul and our speed was slow. Vessels quickly become foul in Panama Bay, and stories are told of ships remaining there that stalagmites and stalactites connect the ship with the bottom of the bay.

We crossed the line without incident and with no exercises, as the *Philadelphia* was termed a dead ship. We anchored at Puna, thirty miles down the river from Guayaquil. The tides in the river were strong and could not be bucked by small boats. We went up on flood tide and came down on the ebb.

I remember my visit to Guayaquil with Paymaster Kerr and Lieutenant Kavanagh. We left the ship at four in the morning and reached the city at eight. The heat was intense, but we saw much of the town and purchased some Panama hats. I bought a very handsome one for four dollars. Beside it were some hats that were apparently similar, and Kavanagh said he would take one. When it was rolled up the proprietor of the store demanded twenty dollars for it. Kavanagh hesitated a moment and then paid the amount. He said no sport would make a purchase and then back out of it. That night we slept at the best hotel, or tried to sleep. The mosquitoes came through the nettings and feasted upon us.

The next morning the captain asked me to accompany him to see the consul. When we arrived it was still early, and there was no one in sight at the consulate, but beside the door were four barrels of Maryland rye whiskey. Soon our consul came down dressed in a smoking jacket, and as soon as

he greeted us began to explain how he happened to have so much liquor. He said that being a southerner he had always been accustomed to good whiskey, and that for a time he had lived in Baltimore. There he had acquired a taste for Maryland rye, and when he came to Guayaquil he found that he could not drink the "rot-gut stuff" sold there, so he had written to Baltimore and ordered four *quarts* of rye whiskey. Being advanced in age, he said, his penmanship was not good, and the word "quart" was mistaken for "barrell!"

The railroad to Quito was under construction at that time, and the inhabitants arranged an excursion for us to Victoria, the terminus of the road. Nine officers went on the trip. Our hosts invited some ladies who could speak a little English, and we also had some music. We rode sixty miles before we started to climb. As we turned and looked back along the railroad, the view became more beautiful with every mile.

At one o'clock we reached Duncan where we met more Americans and some Englishmen and their wives. For two or three hours we had a wonderful time. We returned to Guayaquil about seven o'clock and reached the ship at half-past one in the morning. Some of our hosts expressed a desire to visit the *Philadelphia,* and we invited them to come aboard the next day. Kerr and I telegraphed to the ship that they were coming, but when I arose in the morning, I found that no arrangements had been made for their reception, so Kerr and I hurriedly prepared some refreshments. Our guests arrived at 2:30. They were quite hungry and ate the baked beans and hard tack and prunes, and drank the coffee placed before them, and pronounced it a first-class meal.

From Guayaquil we returned to Panama and settled down. The department had informed us there was no relief ship in sight. On the Atlantic side of the Isthmus were various small vessels such as the *Castine* and the *Marietta,* and their officers exchanged visits with us.

I made one trip to Colon with Kavanagh and went with him to a Chinese gaming house. He lost steadily, and I attempted to give him advice. He said I had better try the game myself. I did, and much to my surprise, began to win! By ten o'clock all of my pockets were filled with silver dollars, and it was with difficulty that I was able to walk. Kavanagh followed my betting and partly recouped, when suddenly the bank closed. We managed to get back to the hotel safely. I tied my winnings in a cloth and placed them in the center of my bed. We left there the next morning and returned to Panama. It was not necessary for me, after that, to draw any money for some time. I had had the luck of a novice, and I have never since gambled.

Our apprentices won a three-mile boat and a good sum of money from the British. The British led at the outset, but the strength of our young apprentices lasted longer than their rivals', who were older, and to the surprise of everyone, we won the contest by forty-one seconds.

We heard that the *Ranger* was expected to relieve us. I cabled my friend, E. M. Burbeck, at San Diego, to get authentic information as to the date of her sailing, and in reply received the one word, "seventh." We were all very tired of Panama and the Isthmus. Our captain was socially inclined and knew all of the prominent Spaniards there. He was entertained lavishly and on Sundays always had a gathering of them on board. All the time, however, he was suffering from fever which he kept down by heavy doses of quinine. Some of our men died, and one of my jobs was to bury them on Dead Man's Isle. Every time I dug a grave on that island I came upon human bones. In times past thousands had died and been buried there, hence its name. The remains of many worthy United States naval officers, bluejackets and marines lie there. The most imposing spot in the cemetery was that surrounding the Tennessee monument. While we were in Panama, Lieutenant Commander Charles Laird came to relieve his classmate, Lieutenant Com-

mander W. S. Hughes, and brought a new tombstone for his father-in-law, whose body had been interred on the island.

The *Ranger* came into port on June 27, and we lost little time in making the necessary transfers and giving her our captain's instructions; then we headed north. Because of the foul bottom of the ship, our speed was reduced one-half. At Cape San Lucas, Lower California, we ran into cooler weather, and were glad of the relief from the terrible heat from which we had suffered for seven months. I had the middle watch, and just as I reached the deck, was informed that Captain Reisinger had fallen dead in his cabin. The sudden change from the tropical heat, together with the great quantities of quinine he had taken, was more than he could withstand in his enfeebled condition. As there were no ice machines or other proper facilities for preserving the corpse, we decided to bury him on the shores of Magdalena Bay. We made him a coffin of lead and zinc, and placed it in a pine box. The next afternoon we entered the harbor quietly and placed him at rest with full military honors. We erected a cross at the head of his grave, and sadly resumed our voyage. Congress subsequently appropriated money for the removal of his remains to his home in Maryland.

After one of the most unpleasant cruises I have ever made, we reached San Francisco, about July 16, 1902.

My family met me in San Francisco, having returned from a visit to Missouri where they attended the wedding of my younger sister. We found orders to put the old *Boston* in commission and have her accompany us to Puget Sound where the *Philadelphia* was to go out of commission.

I was made temporary executive and navigator of the *Boston,* and given the duty of getting the stores on board. We made the voyage to Puget Sound with Laird commanding; Defrees, as assistant navigator; Winchell, as engineer, and several other officers. We worked like

beavers and succeeded in getting away from Mare Island in eleven days. In the meantime, Charles P. Perkins was ordered to command the *Philadelphia.* He was an expert on compasses, and I had to adjust ours in San Pablo Bay. I did my best on their compensation and received his commendation.

The *Boston* was to convoy the *Philadelphia* to Puget Sound, but as conditions showed, each of them really needed a convoy. Our steering gear would not work, our engines were in trouble and the entire voyage was a nightmare. The cabin table which had not been secured, caught the commanding officer when the ship rolled and pinned him to the side of the vessel, crippling one of his legs for months. We reached our destination at the end of nine days. The department ordered an investigation of the condition of the *Boston* and decided to send our officers and men to the *Concord.*

Fortunately, just at that time, I received my orders as navigator of the *Adams,* then fitting out as a training ship at Mare Island. I went to Olympia for a four days' visit to my brother-in-law, Dr. Wyman, and to rest before going upon my new assignment. In those days we used training ships to advantage. I have often wondered why we are not able to do so today. We took the raw apprentices from Goat Island and made cruises down the California coast as far as Lower California, and in three months turned out good, practical seamen. Of course, our ship organizations called for good petty officers, and that was the best part of it. Those petty officers taught the recruits quickly.

After spending twenty-four hours at home in San Francisco, I reached Mare Island, in August, 1902, and reported on the *Adams* one Sunday afternoon. John S. Graham, an ensign, had the deck, sized me up for a recent graduate of the naval academy, and told me I could sleep that night in the starboard after stateroom of the ship. I said nothing, but a little later, Guy Brown came on

board and greeted me as lieutenant and navigator, and Graham "took to the woods."

Charles E. Fox was the commander of the *Adams,* Guy Brown, executive, and our watch officers Standley, Macy, Schofield, John Graham and George P. Brown. Our surgeon was Parker, our paymaster Hagner and our pay clerk Chas. A. Davis.

Hagner, who was only twenty-one years old, had just been appointed as assistant paymaster by President Roosevelt, and came west with several officers. They made the acquaintance of a dapper stranger on the train, who left them at a small station in Nevada. As the train was pulling out young Hagner happened to look up the street and thought he saw his new found friend carrying his suitcase. In it were all his uniforms, pay accounts and civilian clothes. An examination of the bag left by the stranger showed that it contained only a soiled white shirt! When Hagner reported aboard the *Adams,* Guy Brown pretended not to believe his story, and for a time would not give him a stateroom, or allow him to be served.

The *Adams,* when commissioned and outfitted, was sent down to Goat Island for inspection by Captain Glass. We knew how strict Glass was and put forth our best efforts to have the ship in good condition. The young paymaster, hearing our discussion, and not getting any instructions himself, inquired what his duties would be at the inspection. He was referred to Standley. Two hours later, I happened to be going forward on the main deck and saw a crowd of bluejackets about the galley. I quickly realized what they were doing there when I heard these unusual orders given, "Out skillets," "Return skillets," "All cooks coal the galley." I did not interfere with the proceedings.

When the *Adams* first left Mare Island we stopped for a short time in San Pablo Bay shaking down the apprentices and seamen, correcting the compasses and having boat drill. At the end of three days, fresh provisions

began to get low, and as we had no cold storage, the paymaster inquired at the mess what he should do. He was told by one of the watch officers who was a Californian to buy vegetables from the "hay" boat. He asked what that was and they told him that schooners went down regularly from Petaluma Creek, carrying fruits and vegetables for the San Francisco market. One afternoon the officer of the day was startled when the paymaster, from the port afterside of the quarterdeck, hailed a passing schooner and when it came alongside, said he wished to purchase some fresh vegetables. The captain of the schooner told him to go to the devil; that they had no fresh vegetables and carried only hay.

We passed the inspection all right and soon headed for San Diego which was to be our home port for nearly a year and a half. Brown, our executive, wanted the ship to make a good impression there, and asked me to perform one of my "tricks" at a dinner party he intended to give on our arrival. In my earlier days, I had been a ventriloquist, but after having a corpse demand to be let out of a coffin, in a railroad station, at Decatur, Illinois, I abandoned the art for life. I was still able, however, to tell the date of a person's birth, by looking at the finger nail of the third finger of the left hand. Accordingly, on the night of Brown's party, he called upon me to do my stunt, and tell the birthdays and ages of the ladies.

I was able to work the trick successfully, until all save one lady of uncertain age, had had the correct finger nail examined. She was nervous and not at all desirous of having her age revealed, but the other ladies insisted. I took her hand and after studying it a moment gave the date of her birth and added that she was just twenty-three years old. She nearly fainted, but recovered sufficiently to compliment me upon my accuracy and to express great wonderment as to how I was able to tell her exact age.

About a month before we arrived in San Diego Brown had written to his wife and asked her to obtain, tactfully,

and without revealing her purpose, the information which I later so mysteriously imparted to the ladies. When it was sent to me all I had to do was to memorize it. Anyhow, it was a nine days' wonder, and the *Adams* became a very popular ship.

The ship was a long time in getting ready for her work, but when we made the first southern voyage we were in shape for anything. Magdalena Bay was then at its best. It had not been ruined by people coming in and hunting and fishing. One could still kill deer in the mountains forty miles north of Magdalena; birds, particularly snipe, were plentiful; the waters were full of fish and turtle; and oysters "grew on the trees." I do not ask anyone to believe this last statement, but refer them to Rear Admiral Standley who was with me on many expeditions.

Our various trips to Magdalena Bay were of about the same character. We anchored not far from the wharf and at daylight began the drills in seamanship and ordnance, and in the handling of boats under sail and oars, and worked diligently until two-thirty in the afternoon. After that, all boats were rigged out and volunteer crews sailed them until four-thirty. In each boat there were trolling lines. The Spanish mackerel were excellent. We had our own private clam bed which we used for years, and which was still there as late as 1908. We could eat all the ducks and game we killed—in fact, everything except the coyotes which no one seemed to care for.

Executive officer Brown left the ship only once on all of our Magdalena cruises. As navigator I accompanied some of our officers on several hunting and fishing trips which were generally taken each Friday afternoon. As a rule, the wind was generally from the north. With rare exceptions it was easy to get a beam breeze, coming and going. We carried tents, bedding and provisions, and explored every part of the north side of the vast expanse of Magdalena Bay.

Our first expedition taught us a lesson. We had allowed the paymaster who was new in the business to look

out for provisions. At the first dinner we found he had taken only twelve potatoes for the entire trip, and there were twelve officers and men in the boat. We wondered how much game and fish we would have to eat without potatoes. One afternoon when we returned to camp, we had a sad disappointment. A big crock of baked beans had been taken along and placed by the edge of the fire to warm. As we approached the place and could smell the beans, there was a terrible explosion and beans flew through the air and were scattered all about the camp. It seems to be a law of physics that if one side of a crock is heated, while the other side is cold, it will burst.

One of our men had been told that the warmest place to sleep while on camping trips was in the sand. He therefore dug himself a grave-like bed, lined it with newspapers, unrolled his blankets and turned in. Actually, the sand is cold and damp, especially along the seashore. The next morning when he awoke, we had to haul him out from his blankets and newspapers, and it required two stiff drinks of whiskey to revive him. Apparently, the experience did not injure him, for he is still living.

The tides in the eastern part of Magdalena Bay are very high. On one trip a member of our party hung his hammock in one of the oyster trees. About two o'clock in the morning we heard a cry, waterward from us. The man in the oyster tree called that he had been awakened by the sea seeping in through the bottom of his hammock. We rescued him and after that he was willing to sleep in a tent with the rest of his shipmates.

In December, 1902, by permission of the department, we had a wedding on board the *Adams*. Miss Helen Ray, daughter of a deceased naval officer, came out from Washington, D. C., with her mother, to marry Assistant Paymaster I. T. Hagner. He was twenty-one and she was twenty. We gave them a pretty wedding on the ship, with the captain attending the ceremony, and started the happy couple off for Los Angeles.

The *Mohican,* another training ship, relieved the *Alert,*

and whenever she and the *Adams* met there was great rivalry between their officers and crews, in all sports, from boat racing to baseball. We had three big boat races with the *Mohican,* winning the first and the third, and the *Mohican* winning the second. The last and decisive race was most exciting. The ships' crews bet all the money they had, and the *Adams* men won $5,000. The result was that the *Mohican* which sailed the next day for San Francisco carried some very sad sailormen. They had no money to spend when they landed.

I look back upon the *Adams* cruise, and the good times in San Diego, as among my pleasantest experiences. I recall an unfortunate, but amusing experience one evening at the home of Mr. U. S. Grant, a son of President Grant. The hostess expressed a desire for welsh rarebit, and asked if any one of the officers present could make one. Macy said that he had learned how back in the days when he lived in Missouri. The ingredients were compounded and soon he had turned out as appetizing a dish as I had ever seen, but in bringing it into the drawing room, cook, rarebit and platter fell to the floor when Macy stumbled over a rug. Of course, the platter fell upside down. It was late at night, there was no more cheese in the house, and we were obliged to forego our delicacy. Macy was greatly embarrassed, as it was our first visit at the Grant home; yet notwithstanding, he afterwards married Miss Miriam Grant, the daughter of the household.

In December, 1902, my old friend and shipmate David Peacock died in Los Angeles, of Bright's disease. The captain held the ship at San Diego for one day while I went to Los Angeles and attended his funeral.

We usually spent six weeks on the trips to Magdalena, and with a good breeze could make the down voyage, under sail, in four days. Returning, there was never much breeze, and as we had to contend against the northwest current, we always steamed, and we were six days on the way.

U. S. N.

Battle practice

U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Nebraska*, holder of many records

Between the Magdalena trips on which we made seamen out of the youthful apprentices, we often cruised in Santa Barbara Channel. At Mare Island we usually spent six weeks in light repairs, and on our return south, took another set of recruits from Goat Island.

Never again will there be such days as at San Diego! The city was not too big then to appreciate the army and navy. We were given the privilege of the country club for one dollar a month, and had special rates at all the hotels and boarding houses, both in San Diego and Coronado. It was the heyday of girls' boating clubs, and the orange and fruit ranches around the city were just being developed. We had a free tennis court at Fifth and E Streets, within a short distance of where most of us lived.

With a set of youngsters in the crew, we had various children's diseases, such as measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria. We lost a few from diphtheria. When quarantined, the entire ship's company occupied the city's big quarantine station buildings near where we were anchored. Only the captain, the executive and four quartermasters remained on board. When the boys were stricken they usually died quickly. I became an expert in examining throats, as we had only one doctor. Even though we were in quarantine and our spirits at a low ebb, we nevertheless celebrated Washington's birthday. We found a remarkable amount of talent among the officers and crew, and with nothing but the clothes we had brought with us in the ditty boxes and bags, we managed to rig up costumes and had a four hours' entertainment, which restored the morale of both officers and men.

There was only one stove in the entire building, and that was the cook stove in the kitchen. It was the only place to get warm. It was in February, and even in San Diego at that season of the year the air is chilly after the sun goes down. Usually we retired at eight o'clock.

While anchored at Prisoner's harbor, we had an amus-

ing experience which I shall relate as it was told by Colonel Washington Meeks later on in Guam.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago, a large sign hung above the entrance of a building on Market street, about four blocks from the ferry. It read "Justinian Caire," and being an unusual name, it always attracted my attention. Mr. Caire owned an island in the channel across from the city of Santa Barbara, which he used as a sheep ranch and a winery. The *Adams* was anchored there in 1903.

Captain Fox detailed Lieutenant W. H. Standley and Surgeon E. G. Parker to go on shore, see the manager of the ranch and make arrangements for target practice. Inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Caire's manager was four miles up the mountain trail at a sheep ranch. The two officers engaged horses and after a beautiful ride up the mountain side to an altitude of two thousand feet reached the ranch. The advent of the ship and the coming of the two officers had been telephoned to the manager, but he did not know the nature of their business. When Standley and Parker arrived they dismounted and Standley introduced himself. Then turning to Dr. Parker who bowed low he said: "And this is the ship's doctor."

"But," protested the ranch manager, "I do not need a sheep doctor, for none of my sheep are sick!"

In September, 1903, John Schofield was detached from Mare Island and relieved by Ensign H. H. Evans. Ensign I. C. Johnson, recently graduated, joined us at San Diego, in February, of the following year, and G. P. Brown went to the *Petrel*. The morning that Johnson came on board the *Adams* to report, the diphtheria quarantine had just been lifted and the crew moved to the ship. The vessel was in a fearful condition from being fumigated, and the decks had not been scrubbed for eight or ten days, and our freeing ports were still closed. When Johnson, fresh from the naval academy, got out of the steam launch and came up the starboard gangway

ladder, in full uniform, he stepped into a pool of water. I had him come up and report on the bridge, where, as executive officer, I was supervising the cleaning, and then directed that he be carried aft to the ward room hatch before he got into any more water. It was a poor introduction for a new officer, but it did not discourage Johnson. He has always made good.

Later on, Ensign Frederick J. Horne joined us and sailed on our last southern cruise. While we were in quarantine in San Diego, we had orders, unexpectedly, to proceed to Mare Island and outfit as a station ship at Samoa. At the same time the *Mohican* had orders to outfit as a station ship at Cavite. This ended the training voyages, as the *Alert* had already gone out of commission. Brown was detached and ordered home. I became the executive officer, G. L. P. Stone came to us as navigator, and Standley, for a time, was chief engineer. After we left San Diego in April, 1904, the old *Adams* never saw the port again. In San Francisco, we detached our apprentices, and at Mare Island proceeded to lay in stores and provisions and take a crew of bluejackets. Outside of a new paymaster, we went to the South Seas practically intact, as to officers.

XIX

THE TRIP TO HONOLULU

To Samoa Aboard the *Adams*—To Bremerton Yard via Honolulu—*Adams* Out of Commission—A Keg of Nails—Navigator of the *Buffalo*—The Governor of Lonely Komandorski—"Land Ho"—Midway Islands—Promoted to Lieutenant Commander—From Hannibal to Honolulu to Testify.

Our families came north to see us off, and those of the officers who were to remain in Samoa followed by a mail steamer. The *Sierra,* the *Ventura,* and the *Sonoma,* of the Australian line of steamers, stopped at Samoa.

We left San Francisco Bay on April 24, 1904, and proceeded under sail to Honolulu. My recollection is that it took us fifteen days to reach the Hawaiian Islands. The biggest day's run under sail was two hundred miles. We had six days at Honolulu with the opportunity of greeting old acquaintances, and noted the great improvement in the city since we last visited it.

Among my friends there were Mr. and Mrs. Lake who managed the Alexander Young hotel, and Mr. and Mrs. Pond. One night I had both families on board for dinner. About half-past ten while we were sitting on the quarter deck, the captain came on board. I introduced him to my friends and he asked if they would remain on the ship for a half hour. They assented and I next heard the popping of corks in the pantry; shortly afterwards we were invited to his cabin for champagne punch. The captain said that whenever the Lakes and the Ponds were together, the occasion should be properly celebrated.

Our voyage from Honolulu to Samoa was mostly under sail. It was a long, hot trip, and I recall that when we were near the Equator, the pitch in the seams of the

Adams oozed out, especially when there was no breeze. Our only diversion was shuffleboard. The ship had no electric lights, no ice plant and no fans, and we had to make the best of things as they were. We reached the harbor of Pago Pago, Samoa, about June 1, where we remained for several days, transferring most of our officers to the *Wheeling* which had been ordered home. I swung a hammock on deck, and although we had specially rigged double awnings, the rain came through.

I had an amusing experience in Samoa. I purchased a *tapa* in a small store, paying four dollars for it. A few hours later the dealer came alongside the ship and said that when he sold it to me he thought I was the paymaster, and as he was anxious to curry favor with that officer, he had let me have the *tapa* cheap, but as he had learned that I was not the paymaster, he wanted me to give him four dollars more. I declined, but kept the *tapa!*

In our honor old Manga called a gathering of his chiefs of the tribe, at which I represented the captain. They brought me a gourd of native drink, called "Kava," which the women made by mashing the fruit with their feet. I attempted to drink all of it, but was stopped and told that I must take only one draught of it, and then pass the gourd.

Commander Underwood was Governor of Samoa at the time of our visit. He and Captain Fox had been cadets together at the naval academy. The Governor's new house had been completed, and Samoa had an ice plant. We saw the Fita-Fitas in all the glory of their uniforms. They are the natives who act as the island constabulary. We were glad, however, to leave the island, as the rainy season was on at the time.

Loading heavily with coal, we started the *Wheeling* on her trip homeward. Lackey joined us as chief engineer; Goodhue, as pay officer; and Whitten and Blackburn, as watch officers. Two pay clerks also came home

on the ship. Standley, Spear and Stone remained in Samoa.

When we left San Francisco, we had orders to bring back Ensign R. A. Koch, but we were unable to find him in the island. On reaching Bremerton, we had instructions to detach him, yet we had not seen him. To solve the problem of Koch's whereabouts the captain telegraphed to the department, and then learned that several months before, during some quick transfers at Honolulu, the missing ensign had been ordered to China. We felt much relieved when we found that everything was all right with him.

On the way north we carried one hundred and sixty-four men—many more than the ship could accommodate comfortably. The galley was small and the men had to eat in two shifts. The cook, Amos Kinnard, a colored man, was reported by the master-at-arms, Geneau, for slovenliness, and his action afterwards caused much trouble. The day after we arrived in Honolulu, Kinnard had shore liberty, and Geneau was on shore at the same time. The cook, who was not possessed of much intelligence, picked up a colored prize fighter in the city, and knowing that Geneau was also in the town, started out to look for him. When they found Geneau they proceeded to beat him without mercy. In the fight they threw him upon a stone sidewalk, and while one held him, the other jumped on his head. When he was rescued Geneau was half crazy. He obtained a pistol and went in search of his two assailants. He found the prize fighter first, and shot him dead. We had, of course, to leave him there under arrest and in jail; but of this more later.

From Honolulu to Bremerton is 2,400 miles and we did not reach there until toward the end of July. The families of some of our officers were in Seattle. We knew that the ship was to go out of commission in August, and as I had been at sea since March 3, 1896, and it was then August, 1904, I thought myself entitled to shore duty. I had been asked to go to the naval academy,

and applied for that assignment. My friend Russell, then in Washington, sought to help me out, but the Bureau of Navigation was adamant and telegraphed that I was to go as navigator on the *Buffalo,* then at Mare Island, and proceed with that ship to New York. I thought it unjust then, and still think so.

August in Bremerton is hot, but the nights are cool. We lived at a navy boarding house, known as the Anderson, in Charleston, the town adjacent to Bremerton. It accommodated about ten families and the rate was five dollars a week for adults, and less for children. We were happy, however, and I only regret that the cost of living has advanced since that time.

The *Wheeling* was to go out of commission on August 12. The ship had her inspection and passed creditably, especially respecting her double bottoms. Late in the afternoon of the 11, the yard constructor told us that all stores were checked in as correct, except that ten pounds of brass nails were missing. We asked what could be done, and were told that they could be purchased at Schwabacker's in Seattle for about ten dollars. The captain was greatly annoyed, as he had long been away from his home and family, and wanted to start east the next day. He requested me to put the ship out of commission at ten o'clock, and said that he would pay for the nails. A carpenter who had been left on board by the constructor came to me and told me not to worry about the nails; that we would go out of commission on time the next day. I was awakened that night by a small box being shoved under the curtain of my stateroom. I guessed what it was. The following morning I found it was addressed to me, and that upon one corner of it was the name "Schwabacker." I unwrapped it and told the captain that everything was all right. When the constructor came down at nine forty-five, I handed to him ten pounds of brass nails. He seemed surprised, but turned them over to an assistant who took them to the construction department and poured them into the same box from

which they had been taken during the night! Twenty-five years have elapsed since that incident. Some of the participants are dead, and I no longer hesitate to tell the story.

Disappointed in my orders, I gathered my family and went to San Francisco, and then to Vallejo, where, late in August, I reported on the old *Buffalo*. She was then a training ship, and her orders were to proceed to the Bering Sea to visit the Komandorski Islands, thence to Midway Islands, thence to Honolulu, and back to San Francisco. The statement in my telegram from the Bureau of Navigation—wherein the destination of the ship was given as New York—was evidently an error.

I was back in San Francisco in time to attend the wedding of John S. Graham and Miss Frances Moore. I acted as best man.

The *Buffalo* was like a big barn. She had 710 men on board. W. H. Everett was captain; Griffin, executive; Robertson (later relieved by Casey Morgan), engineer; and I relieved Valentine S. Nelson, as navigator. Nelson must have been one of the best of navigators. His books were filled with star sights, and of his sun navigation.

At four o'clock, on the first morning at sea, a burly negro mess attendant woke me and brought in a cup of strong coffee. I protested, but he said Mr. Nelson was in the habit of getting up at four in the morning, and took coffee before his star sights. The boy waited until I drank the coffee. I told him that thereafter he need not bring it until five o'clock, and often I did not drink it.

Navigating on the *Buffalo* from San Francisco to Alaska was not easy. The variations change fast, and the ship made fourteen knots, an exceptional speed at that time. The government had a new lighthouse at Unimak Pass, and the old volcano Shishaldin was belching forth red fire, so that we could see her for a hundred miles or more off the coast.

We made Unalaska safely, late in October. There we

coaled, and met many Arctic ships including the *Petrel,* the *McArthur,* the *Thetis,* the *McCulloch,* and the *Shearwater* (British), and had an opportunity to straighten out our large number of apprentices. It was a mistake to send those boys to Alaska in the *Buffalo,* and expect them to learn much.

Each ship in port insisted upon having an entertainment.

On leaving Alaska we passed close by Bogoslov Island which had appeared out of the ocean, only a short time before, and was still hot and steaming. Even its color was unreal. We made a direct run west across Bering Sea, and I rarely saw the sun at meridian—I got a forenoon sight about nine forty-five, and an afternoon sight about two fifteen, and by bringing the two together for noon, got a noon position.

Our diversion was a coal bunker fire. We had to run through a fog, for the harbor of Nikolski, Komandorski, but fortunately made a good land fall. Using ninety fathoms of chain, we anchored off Toporkat where the Russian governor came on board and gave us all the information the captain desired regarding pelagic sealing which he reported was still carried on by the natives of a certain unnamed country. The governor drank everything we placed before him, and when the time came for his departure, he still wanted to remain aboard the ship. We pitied him in that terrible out of the way place, dismal, damp and dark, as it was, but we were obliged to place him in a boat and send him ashore with Ensign Fowler. Fowler was an ex-football player and had instructions to land his passenger on the beach at all costs, and to get away quickly with the whaler. He executed the orders given him.

Once away from the Komandorskis, which we circumnavigated during one clear period, we saw the barren Kamchatka coast mountains of eastern Asia. Of all the views of waste and desolation, this was the worst; it looked like another world.

Midway Island is almost due south of the Komandorskis, and we practically ran down the 180th meridian, going so close that I did not use the extra twenty-four hours' time in my navigation. The sea was rough and rather disagreeable during the entire voyage. I was new to the captain and he had had such a competent navigator in Nelson, that he was a little watchful of me. Midway is a very small island and quite flat. Strong currents surge about it, as was shown in the 'seventies, when the *Saginaw* went ashore on Ocean Island nearby. The morning we were to pick up the island I was fortunate in getting sight of three stars, and in locating the ship's position accurately. After that the weather got thick. The captain repeatedly asked me what time we would sight the island. I finally told him at ten o'clock. We were running due east at ten o'clock, but could not see land, and the captain again asked me what to do.

I answered, "Run on this course for five minutes, and if we fail to sight the island, head due south until the weather clears."

Just then, the man aloft sang out, "Land ho!"

He had sighted the windmill on the island, and my reputation as a navigator was safe.

At Midway, we sent cables, took on nine passengers, and gave the islanders all the newspapers, magazines and food we could spare. We landed our passengers at Honolulu, and awaited orders. Niblack was in naval command there. I had the pleasure of meeting Captain Bowes of the *Amoranth,* whose ship I aided off Sitka, in 1889. The island railroad was in operation to Haleiwa, and I spent a day there and had a good swim in the surf. On October 11 I had a cable from Russell, reading *"Midway Island, then San Francisco,"* and on the 20, we again headed west, with stores for Midway.

Our instructions were to communicate with and bring home one of the cable operators on the island, as well as to land stores. We anchored in the open to the west of the island, and did not have much lee. When the cable

operator came out to the ship, he brought his wife with him, much to our surprise. We had never heard of her, and the captain had no orders to bring her home. We held a conference and decided to allow her to come on board. The captain cabled his arrival and departure at the same time, and when we left Midway, the quartermasters were instructed not to look aft toward the island, until it disappeared below the horizon.

The lady had to live below in the ward room with all its attendant inconveniences, but she accepted the situation gracefully, and having three dresses in her wardrobe, all of which were much out of fashion, she alternated in wearing them at dinner.

Our run from Midway to San Francisco was wonderful. We made it in nine days, using the great circle course. I was able to get Jupiter at sunset each night for a sure check on longitude, and had the sun for the latitude every day. We entered a fog as usual between the Farallones and the Golden Gate, and fearing to turn back, made our way to a point near Alcatraz, and anchored. A few days after landing our passengers, we went on to Mare Island, and I found orders there for my examination for promotion to the grade of lieutenant commander. I was then forty years of age.

I still remember the board, comprising B. F. Tilley, F. J. Drake and C. B. T. Moore, with A. N. Mitchell as recorder. These officers were all busy men and anxious to conclude their work. My record was read to them by Mitchell. The senior member told me they intended to pass me anyhow, and that all I should write in answer to the questions was for my own information. That did not satisfy me, however, and at the end of the day the Board met again and asked Mitchell how many pages I had written. He told them thirty-eight, adding that I wrote an extremely fine hand. They closed the examination right there.

I was detached and ordered home, December 8, and on December 14 left San Francisco for Hannibal, accom-

panied by my family. It was one of the coldest winters which had ever been experienced in that part of Missouri. I was anxious to see some country relatives, and shortly before Christmas my Uncle John and I drove to Ralls County to visit the Robinsons, Spaldings, Harts, Bells, Coontzes, Smiths and Nortons. We were surfeited with honey, sorghum molasses, buttermilk, cider, ham and chicken.

We were driving from the home of my cousin Ruth, to the old town of Cincinnati, Missouri—or what remained of it—when I noticed that Uncle John seemed to be a little nervous.

"What's the matter, Uncle John?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "it seems to me that they have changed the road a little since I was along this way the last time."

"When was that?" I asked, as a matter of curiosity.

"1854," he replied.

That was fifty years before.

We arrived home Christmas Eve, very cold from the last twenty miles of the drive. When I entered my sister's house, where we were staying, my wife met me with a telegram ordering me to proceed to Honolulu, by the steamer *China,* sailing from San Francisco, January 10. I was wanted there as a witness for master-at-arms Geneau who was to be tried for murder in the first degree, for having killed the negro prize fighter who assaulted him. This was a keen disappointment, but I was obliged to go.

We had a good Christmas, notwithstanding, and enjoyed seeing all our kin and old friends, including the Joneses, Mahans, Pettibones, Loudons, Knotts, Schofields, Browns and others.

I went west over the Wabash and the Santa Fe to avoid all possible snow. I had as a fellow traveler Mrs. B. G. Rector, of Ralls County, Missouri, who was going to San Francisco. My time there was brief, and I was able to see only my sister-in-law, my friends, the Arnolds and a few others.

The old *China* encountered a heavy gale just outside the Golden Gate, and it continued with us most of the way to Honolulu. I attended meals, simply to show that a naval officer doesn't get seasick.

Reporting, on my arrival, I found Geneau's situation rather serious. There had been several recent murders in Honolulu and in other parts of the Islands, some of them of an atrocious character, especially the killing of young Mr. Damon, by a Japanese. Geneau had as his attorneys Douthit and Watson, able young men, just starting to practice law in Honolulu. We decided to seek an all-white jury. We were successful in this, and the foreman was G. P. Wilder. We fought the prosecution's case stubbornly, and even had the members of the jury feel the depression in Geneau's head made by the negro prize fighter when he jumped on him. I testified for two days. We placed Geneau, himself, on the stand, and also produced papers showing that he had served aboard the *Oregon* during the Spanish War. The case went to the jury on January 23, and they returned a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree, with a strong recommendation for mercy. The judge imposed a fine of one dollar and costs which amounted to eighteen dollars, and Geneau was released on January 25. My recollection is that the judge paid the fine, and that the jury paid the costs.

I stayed at the Alexander Young Hotel, and slept under a sheet. It was, as I have said, in January. My old friends entertained me outside of court hours. I made a special report on Pearl Harbor.

My parting with Geneau was very affecting.

I returned to the States on the *Korea,* having as my roommate, Assistant Paymaster Emmett C. Gudger, of whom I was to see much in later years. The *Korea* was a large ship, and I was surprised to see that there was dancing on the upper deck every night.

Gudger and I continued on east after spending one day in San Francisco. We traveled via the Santa Fe, and

south of the Mojave desert, in California, we ran into floods. At Drake, Arizona, we were held up for several days; in fact, so long, that the passengers organized a town site on the waste lands, covered with cactus, and sold lots.

When I reached home I found a message from the Bureau of Navigation inquiring why I had not reported my return. I explained that I should not have been expected to report before my arrival!

In a few days, orders came directing me to proceed to Newport News, Virginia, for a month's instruction, and from there to Schenectady, New York, for another week of instruction. I was then to go to Seattle as inspector of equipment at the Moran Brothers yard, where the *Nebraska* was being built.

It had been very cold in Missouri during my absence in Hawaii, and both my mother and my wife had been and still were quite ill. My diary says that the thermometer registered thirty degrees below zero on February 13, and that despite the fact fires were kept burning all night, all water pipes were frozen.

XX

EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "NEBRASKA"

Instruction at Newport News and Schenectady—The Moran Yard at Seattle—Building the *Nebraska*—The *Valencia* Disaster—Board of Inspection and Survey—Executive of the *Nebraska*—The Battleship a Winner in Sports—To Magdalena Bay—Start of the Round-the-World Cruise.

Always desirous of traveling new routes, we went east via St. Louis and over the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. At Newport News we stopped at the old Warwick Hotel, and I had four weeks of instruction on the equipment of battleships, particularly with regard to interior communications. The senior officer, John T. Newton, was called to serve on a board, and I was left in his place, and was in the position of having authority, without knowledge. I kept silent on all electrical matters, and as far as possible looked wise. Incidentally, I learned all about testing dynamos—especially those of the old *Maryland* and the *Virginia*—and it developed later that it was lucky that I had that knowledge.

After a month in Newport News and a few days in Washington, I left my family in Brooklyn while I spent a week at the electrical works in Schenectady. There I was the guest of Lieutenant Commander Harry A. Field. My family and I ran up to Boston for a few days to see old friends, and then went west over the Delaware & Hudson and the Great Northern roads.

At Seattle, we stayed at the old Washington Hotel, then at the top of a hill and accessible only by tramway. Since then the New Washington Hotel has been built in the heart of the city.

I found the Moran Brothers a strict concern with which to deal. My predecessor had had many disagree-

ments with them, and finally had to be detached. I endeavored to be pleasant. From time to time, our dealings, even to the smallest detail, were in writing. The naval officers associated with me were Ruhm, the constructor; Crenshaw, engineer, who relieved Potts and later Knox, ordnance. Lieutenants W. F. Hamberger and J. H. Aigner were towers of strength. For my own protection, it became necessary to have every blueprint and every plan signed by all four of us, before they were forwarded to the department.

Work on the ship was delayed, yet the Moran Brothers were excellent boiler builders, and did good work in the engineering department of the *Nebraska.* Robert Moran was a sturdy character and strong in his opinions. He is still living.

My family had a home at Broadway and Jefferson street, then a very good part of Seattle, and we had many relatives and friends there, to say nothing of the Alaskans who stopped to see us. We had an enjoyable time socially. On November 5, 1905, my daughter Bertha was born there.

In 1905, Naval Constructor Ruhm and I assisted in the formation of the Aero Club of the Northwest. W. E. Boeing was the promoter of the organization. I was chosen vice-president of the club, and we furnished the money to start it. Our efforts have borne fruit.

In the early spring of 1906, occurred the great disaster of the sinking of the steamer *Valencia* on the Canadian side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, north of Cape Flattery, with the loss of one hundred and forty-seven lives. A great cry went up from all over the country, and a board of investigation was appointed, of which Rear Admiral Burwell was chairman. Later an auxiliary board was named, consisting of Crenshaw, Hamberger and me, to inspect all vessels on the Pacific Northwest coast, flying the American flag. It required several months in which to complete this work, and I regret to say that our report, so far as I know, has never been

U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Wyoming*, flagship of Admiral Coontz both in Atlantic and Pacific waters, 1919

U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Iowa*, flagship of the European cruise, flagship as well of Sampson and Evans

made public. Certain influences must have been too powerful to allow it to come out. Fire hose, life preservers, boats, boat falls, water tight bulkheads and other equipment were all examined and reported upon.

Incidentally, there were many other poorly equipped steamers on the ocean at that time. On one of the Alaskan steamers, I casually kicked the bow of a lifeboat, and my foot went through its side! Accidents and disasters like the *Valencia* and the more recent *Vestris* cause great indignation and protest, at the time, but they seem to be soon forgotten. Seamen, who are boat handlers, are becoming extinct. There will be a big shakeup some day, resulting in greater attention to the safety of passengers on all ocean ships.

In the fall of 1906, I was made recorder of the Pacific Board of Inspection and Survey, and not only had the pleasure of seeing vessels like the *California* and the *South Dakota* tried out, but learned much more of my profession. First runs were usually held in Santa Barbara channel, or in the open sea, and we had several trials of the *California* before she passed her requisite speed test.

The department granted extensions of time to the contractors for the completion of the *Nebraska,* and sent out a board of inspection, headed first by Captain Clover and then by Captain Southerland, with Eberle as recorder in each case. Incidentally, in their reports they approved of every action taken by Ruhm, Knox, Crenshaw and me.

The *Nebraska* had her engine trial run in Puget Sound off Vashon Island, in July, 1906, and the only noteworthy trouble experienced on the trip was the loss of both bower anchors, let go in the windlass house by some one unknown. At the high speed the battleship was making, the noise of the chains running out the pipes was so great that many aboard thought that one of the boilers had exploded; an amusing incident occurred in the lower pilot house, where two officers attempted to get through one door at the same time. Their bodies were jammed

together, and after the excitement was over, it is said to have been necessary to pry them apart.

I had received advices from Washington that I was to be the executive officer of the *Nebraska*. This pleased me very much. Outside of having been on the *Oregon* in 1896, I had never but once even visited a battleship. The *Nebraska* new and clean was towed over to the Puget Sound Navy Yard on May 31, 1907, and lay there for a month while the Bureau of Navigation was endeavoring to assign officers and crew to her.

While making out station bills and other accounts, in June, I lived in Bremerton, and paid two dollars a week for a room. I had my meals at the town's only restaurant, in what is now Pacific avenue, at a cost of twenty-five cents each. The general public was served breakfast after the navy yard workers had finished their morning meal, and lunch before the same crowd came out of the shops at noon, and dinners after the workmen had eaten. Patrons entering the restaurant were required to lay their quarters beside their plates, on the oilcloth table cover, before they could get service. The management was taking no chances. The first time I went to this eating place, I was given a seat at a long table, at which sat two ladies, Mrs. James Wickersham, the wife of Alaska's delegate in Congress, and Mrs. Alexander N. Mitchell, the wife of a distant kinsman. From that time on I had some one with whom to converse.

The *Nebraska* was placed in commission July 1, 1907. She had a full marine guard, a complete band, a few men in the engineers' department, and only two on deck—a quartermaster and a seaman. Most of her officers had already reported, and she had an excellent personnel. Laning was navigator; Crenshaw, chief engineer; Knox, ordnance officer; and John Halligan, Abele, Kimberly, Soule, Caffee, Carter, Wickersham, John Rodgers, Beall, Page, Graves and Pond were watch officers. Abele, unfortunately, was soon detached. Her surgeon was Berry-

hill and his junior was Baker. The paymaster was John D. Barber, and Andresen was marine officer.

Our experiences were unusual. We started to coal the ship the morning after she was commissioned, having only the musicians in the band to do the work. We greatly needed men to man the ship, and to keep it clean. After some delay, fifty apprentices were sent us from Mare Island. We had further instructions to enlist our own force. We elected to get them from Washington and Oregon and sent out recruiting parties. John Rodgers had charge of one such party in Portland, and he almost denuded the sailor boarding houses of firemen and seamen. They were a hard looking crowd when they arrived, but once in a bluejacket's uniform, each man soon took hold, and with their knowledge of seamanship and engine room work helped the *Nebraska* make the wonderful record she did. Incidentally, they also helped in football.

Captain Nicholson was assigned to command the *Nebraska,* and he arrived at the yard about August 10. Boarding houses were opened in Bremerton and in Charleston to accommodate our families. The old Anderson house was closed because of a disagreement between the owner and the woman who managed it. In the emergency of the demand for accommodations, my wife interviewed the two separately. After hearing their grievances, she got them together and they agreed to reopen the old hotel. This was the salvation of the families of the officers who wanted quarters. To aid matters, I found a small partly furnished cottage close to the Anderson house which I leased for a small rental. I also retained my quarters in Seattle while the *Nebraska* was on her cruise around the world.

Soon after we went into commission, an additional number of midshipmen, of the class of 1907, reported for duty on the battleship. They were an excellent lot of young officers. I recall Page, Ingram, White, Heim, Smith, Jewell, Montgomery and Dichman. We were very short of officers at the time. That situation had long

prevailed, and even today we have not reached our 5,499 line officers allowed by law.

We decided to make the *Nebraska* a winner in sports, and started with baseball. We had a pitcher, a catcher, three basemen and a short stop, but no outfielders, at first, so we used dummies. All they could do was to muff a ball, pick it up and throw it in.

According to the yarns told by our rivals, when we needed a catcher, we used a boy who worked in a saloon owned by his uncle in Bremerton. The uncle refused to allow him to enlist, as he said he needed him in his business. The story goes that in order to get the services of the lad as a catcher on our team, the crew of the *Nebraska* bought the saloon. This was what was said when we won the championship of the fleet, but there wasn't much of truth in it. The boy, however, became a big leaguer, after his discharge from the navy. When he played in the east his old shipmates used to attend the games, and noted how well he had developed.

Two of the men on our team were McCrary and Butler. Both of them are now lieutenants in the navy. McCrary was a remarkably good pitcher and Butler was nearly as good. Our first big game was with the New Jerseys. In the series with them, we won the first and third games and lost the second. We also organized a football team under the leadership of Jonas Ingram. In the course of many months of playing this team never lost a game.

In the fall of 1907, the University of Washington challenged our team and the challenge was accepted. The game was played on the grounds of the State University at Seattle, and the newspapers announced that so far as the university was concerned it would be merely a practice game. On the way to the grounds I saw bluejackets making bets on our boys. I sought to stop them, but they wagered every cent they had. A few minutes after the contest started the university team was on the defensive, and we beat them 19 to 5, before thousands of students,

bluejackets and the general public. Our reputation was made and we kept it for several years. As late as 1911, when I was in command of the *Massachusetts* in New York harbor, I attended a game between the *Nebraska* team and one from the *Idaho,* at one of the baseball parks. It ended in a tie. That was the last big stand of the *Nebraska* team. It played for four seasons without a defeat!

We had a wonderful cheer leader, Calvin P. Page, who subsequently died after a long illness. On board ship, or alongside the dock, Page could get up enthusiasm at any time.

The ship started off well socially. Through the kindness of Captain Cottman, we had the use of the sail loft at the navy yard, once a week, and there we gave dances and receptions and parties. The *Nebraska* was another of those ships where the officers and men worked hard and played hard. I have learned during my experience that these are the successful ships. All kinds of games were played at one time or another. I recall a peanut race, where the contestants had to lie on their stomachs on the floor, with their hands tied behind them, and blow a peanut forty feet. Soule was generally the peanut race winner.

Another time we had a canvas curtain stretched the entire length of the ballroom, the lower edge being about two feet above the floor of the sail loft. The men stood on one side and the girls on the other. The girls placed their feet under the canvas, and each man grabbed the ankles of the girl he wanted. The curtain was raised and he then danced off with his choice. One set of legs was false. John Rodgers chose those good-looking ankles, and was made to dance with the dummy.

Our recruiting parties gradually increased the size of our crew, but it was many months before the *Nebraska* was completely and properly outfitted. In November, 1907, on the last day of grace, we fired our big guns off Fort Worden, and a little later were ordered south for

a shake-down cruise, going as far as Magdalena Bay. The *Tennessee* and the *Washington* were there, and as usual we had boat races. The many ships that had visited Magdalena Bay since we were there on the *Adams* had scared away practically all the game, but much to our delight we found our old clam bed still intact. We had certain ranges on shore that told us where the clam bed was located.

We were working hard to get the *Nebraska* ready to join the Atlantic Fleet. We wanted her to be one of the ships chosen to make the trip around the world; and once more back at Puget Sound we put forth every effort to gain what we were after. By great exertions, we got her away in sufficiently good condition to take part in that extended cruise. It was decided that the *Nebraska* and the *Wisconsin* should relieve the *Maine* and the *Alabama,* which were great coal burners. They were given a special trip home, around the world by way of the Philippines and Suez.

Most of us left our families in Seattle when we started on the long voyage. We met the big fleet outside San Francisco, and took our place in the line. There were eighteen battleships, eight armored cruisers, and many auxiliaries.

While anchored in the harbor the Governor of Nebraska and a party came to the city and presented us with a Bible and several beautiful gifts, on behalf of the state. The Governor had never been on salt water before, and as San Francisco Bay was choppy, he became quite ill. He had a speech to deliver, and it was necessary to get him in condition in time for the ceremony. Our surgeon Berryhill did so. When he arose to make his address he repeated, time and again, his opening statement, that Nebraska was a place of homes. We forgave him, however, and the festivities continued. It was at a late hour that the Governor waved a feeble farewell from the steam launch, as it left the gangway for the San Francisco dock.

I have met people from my home city of Hannibal,

in all parts of the world, and strangely enough, with one exception, never one who was in any trouble. One day while we were in San Francisco harbor, I was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Fee and family in the cabin of the *Nebraska.* Mrs. Fee, as a young girl, had lived less than three blocks from my own home. A message was sent down to me from the deck, stating that a young man wanted to see me on a most urgent matter. I excused myself, went on deck and asked the young man his name. He gave me a name, and then said,

"Of course, Mr. Coontz, I am from Hannibal, and you know that is not my real name, but I have been in serious trouble. In fact, in southern California I had to serve a term in jail for horse stealing. I have just been released, have no money, no clothes and no friends, but I am anxious to make a new start. I have a sister in the city, who does not know of my imprisonment, and when I saw your name in the papers I decided to come to you for help."

The boy was so ragged that I did not wish to embarrass him by asking him to go down to my cabin; so I had a good square meal sent to the pilot house for him, and ascertained that for ten dollars he could get a fairly decent suit of clothes on the water front, a shave and a bath.

As he left the ship he handed me a small pocket knife and said,

"Mr. Coontz, this is the last thing I have in the world, but after what you have done for me, I want you to take it."

As he felt that way, I accepted it.

The mentioning of that knife reminds me of another incident that happened several years prior, on one Independence Day, when I was in one of the South Sea Islands. I had been invited to take luncheon with the German Vice Consul. Finding that I was about ten minutes ahead of time in going to the consulate, I sat down on a bench and accidentally dropped my knife to the ground. I picked it up, and as I turned I saw,

"W. H. H., Hannibal, Missouri" cut in the back of the bench upon which I was sitting. It struck me as remarkable that anyone from my home town had ever been in that faraway place, and I began to think of all the people I knew there whose surnames began with the letter "H." I was unable to recall any with the initials "W. H. H.", and it worried me.

One day, twelve years later, in Seattle, I told the story to Stanley Clark, of Hannibal, and he suggested the name "Will H. Hays." The reason I could not remember it was because Hays lived in Hannibal with his uncle whose name was Munger, for only a few years, and that during my absence from there.

In July, just as the fleet was about to leave San Francisco on its voyage around the world, diphtheria broke out on board the *Nebraska,* and we were hurried off to quarantine. Unfortunately, many of our best men had to be left there. The fleet sailed without us, and later we made our way, as best we could, to rejoin it at Honolulu. When we reached there the disease reappeared, and we were compelled to tie up at the new quarantine station, and abandon thought of seeing our friends in the city. The men on the other ships were having a good time. Only once, and that on the last day we were there, did we get on shore.

XXI

HONOLULU TO SAMOA

Auckland — The Docks at Sydney — Melbourne — "Flag Officers Ashore"—Albany Farthest Point From Home—Learn Public Speaking—Ship Pets—Typhoons at Manila—Japanese "Banzai"—Return to Manila—Coaling and Target Practice—Colombo—The Elephants' Lunch—Christmas Aboard Ship—The Red Sea—Dinner in Tangiers—Roosevelt Meets Fleet at Hampton Roads.

We started south from Honolulu in July, and made the run for Samoa. This was our chance to get the crew in shape, and to make the *Nebraska* a good ship once more. We made ready for the crossing of the equator. The *Minnesota,* which had been left at Honolulu for the mail, overtook us before we reached Samoa, and there, in a smooth sea, stopped in the center of a battleship formation and delivered it to us.

The ceremonies attending the crossing of the equator on this occasion were the most interesting I have ever seen. The men, as usual, put their time and their money into the preparations, and everything functioned to perfection. Of the nearly one thousand persons on the ship, probably there were eight hundred who had never crossed the line.

The *New Jersey,* commanded by Captain W. H. H. Southerland, was astern of us. He had instructed his officers of the deck never to be outside of distance in a formation, and, if anything, to be inside. They executed this order to the letter, and very often loomed up close astern of the *Nebraska.* On one occasion they got a little too far ahead and had to steer out to starboard—so much so that the quartermaster on the bridge suddenly cried out, "*New Jersey* coming alongside the starboard gangway, Sir!"

One officer who particularly objected to the proximity of the *New Jersey* was Surgeon Berryhill, who had a room well aft. It was the irony of fate that when the *Nebraska* was rammed the bow of the rammer went through the side of the battleship and into Surgeon Berryhill's room.

At Samoa, unfortunately, the big ships did not go inside the harbor. When we steamed by along the southern side of the island the people, both whites and natives, came out in their small boats and accompanied us to sea, as far as they reasonably could, and then, with sadness, turned back.

We were now well into the southern hemisphere, and our first port of call was Auckland, New Zealand, where we spent approximately six days. The chief reason for complaint on this cruise was the limited time that we remained in the big ports, and that too great attention was paid to the ranking officers, compared with that given to the others. When we went into port the signal would go up, "Flag Officers and Commanding Officers, repair on shore." The unfortunate executives were obliged to remain on board ship, and had opportunity only infrequently to go ashore, and possibly see the captains for a few minutes at some important function.

I was ashore at Auckland only once, in addition to an official visit. The governor's house could not accommodate a large crowd. At the entertainment which I was ordered to attend we were able to get inside the front door, but then the crowd forced us into a small side room. We stood there for thirty-five minutes without receiving any attention. Then some of the officers discovered that there was a window which looked out upon a greensward about six feet below. Through this window, one by one, we quietly leaped and made our escape.

Most of the officers had little money to spend in New Zealand, but some very beautiful rugs were purchased

by those who could afford the expenditure. I have never regretted spending the money for those that I bought.

Auckland impressed me most favorably, and I foresaw then the great possibilities there for the development of the New Zealand colony.

Clearing away from there, we made the run for Sydney, New South Wales, and bucked the usual westerly breeze for four days until we reached the famous Sydney Heads. Sydney does not belie its reputation of being one of the best harbors in the world. The weather was wonderful the day we arrived there. Great crowds of people lined the shore all the way to the inner harbor. We were anchored by divisions in proximity to the landing, off Sydney, and everything was done that would add to our pleasure and comfort. Both officers and men thoroughly enjoyed themselves at Sydney. Unfortunately, being executive officer, I was on shore only three times while we were in the city. Once I attended a party given by Mrs. Dixson, the mother-in-law of Captain Chester Wells, of the Navy, at her country place, and once I went to the bathing beach at Manly where I visited W. F. Brown, who had come out from Hannibal in 1871. He had been associated with Mr. Charles S. Fee in the office of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. Brown married an Australian lady and they had two daughters. He was still living when the fleet made its second trip to Australia in 1925.

My third occasion on shore was to see an open-air entertainment given for our benefit by the school children in a large park. Later I went to Botany Bay, a place well known in historical annals.

From Sydney we journeyed by easy stages to Melbourne, and on the way brought the ships' companies back to normal by steady and frequent drills. I recall our entrance through the Heads at Fort St. Philip and steaming up the bay, the shores of which were crowded with people to welcome us.

Numerous small craft, from time to time, came along-

side, or ahead or astern of us. The laws limiting the number of people to be carried on these boats must have been violated on that day.

Melbourne harbor was not then equipped with the spacious docks it now has. The fleet attempted a spectacular mooring, but our speed was too swift and four of the sixteen battleships carried away the first mooring anchors dropped, and sheered out to starboard, then coming back into column. Before we could pick up the lost anchors, the signal was flashed, "Flag Officers and Captains report on shore!" For the remainder of the time we were in Melbourne I saw our captain only once.

I was on shore twice at Melbourne. Once I went to Ballarat, the historic old mining camp northwest of the city, accompanied by a party of bluejackets, commanded by Commander Wilson Buchanan, and we were driven about the place. Aside from the eating and the speechmaking, I only remember meeting Brigadier General R. E. Williams, of the Australian Army, and John Gaven Reilly, an old friend of Mark Twain. I enjoyed Reilly's reminiscences. General Williams accompanied us on our return to Melbourne, and we became well acquainted. I was glad to find him still alive and well in 1925.

My other trip ashore was with Crenshaw. We went to a dinner and to a theater, where we saw the first two acts of *The Red Mill.* We were obliged to leave the theater after the second act to attend the Newsboys' Ball. I always wanted to see the rest of *The Red Mill,* and when I went back to Melbourne many years later I asked if it were still running, but it was not.

The Newsboys' Ball was the best attraction in Melbourne. It was not what its name would imply, but rather a benefit and social affair. I put myself down to attend because I could not get any of the younger officers to go. We detailed officers for each function in order that we might be properly represented.

When we entered the ballroom we found large flags

draped about the walls, with the names of our ships painted upon them. As each officer wrote his name upon a lady's program for a dance, he added the name of the ship to which he was attached. When it became time for a particular dance he would stand under the flag of his ship and call the name of the girl whose partner he was to be.

With Bertolette, I left the ball at half-past three in the morning and walked to the wharf, where a steamer from the *Vermont* waited to take us out to our ship. We had much overtime among the men. They had been treated too well at Melbourne. The Admiral directed the *Kansas* to remain and pick them up, and rejoin us at Albany.

I found that the stories of the high westerly winds in that quarter of the globe, along the fortieth parallel of latitude, and of the great Australian bight, were true. We bucked stronge westerly winds all the way to Albany, a flourishing city in the southwestern corner of Australia. There I felt that I was farther away from home than I could be in any other place in the world! Our colliers were slow in reaching us, and we were obliged to purchase any kind of coal obtainable.

In Albany I first determined to learn to deliver a public address. At a banquet there our Commander-in-Chief made an awful fizzle of his remarks, and two other admirals whom he called upon were still worse. When the bluff old British Admiral arose and stood foursquare on his feet and made a ringing and eloquent speech I felt that some of us ought to learn how to do such things properly. Since then I have sought to have elocution and speech-making taught to all midshipmen at the Naval Academy. It is merely a matter of practice and good voice. Any old-time officer who has served on sailing ships where he had to throw his voice to the fore royal yard and call men by name, can get away with it. Nowadays, I am glad to say, the Navy has some real orators

who can get up without a moment's notice and talk on any subject.

At Albany, after collecting some native bears and wallabys, and sending several officers to represent us at Perth, we started north for Manila. The voyage was about 2,000 miles and we were due there by October 1. The sea was smooth and the weather very hot at first. From time to time a wallaby died, or jumped overboard and tried to swim back to Australia, or a bear breathed his last. Personally, I am opposed to having pets on board ship, and this means pets of any kind. It is very hard on them, and I have seen so many animals suffer and die in their confinement that I would not have even a canary on ship.

After a few days out it became doubtful whether or not we would be able to reach Manila, burning the poor coal we had been compelled to buy in Australia. The fourth division was therefore told to drop out and proceed slowly. Owing to bad weather and to some error in navigation we lost about fifty miles in finding the entrance to the Straits of Sunda. When we found our location we proceeded north through the Sea of Macassar, and at one time saw the mountains on the Celebes.

It was exceedingly hot again and everybody kept in the shade, except at drills and when on watch. The fourth division took a shorter route and made greater speed out of its coal than was expected, and to our surprise caught up with us. We ran close by Zamboanga and gave the people there an opportunity to come out in their boats and greet us. For many miles, we ran so slowly that they could parallel us, close aboard, and speak to their friends. It was really quite affecting to be down in that part of the world, and to talk with the homesick Americans there.

We reached Manila Bay on time and had a disagreeable stay there. We experienced at least three typhoons, one of them so heavy that some of the squadron had to put out to sea. There was much sickness, probably cholera,

and the men were quarantined. The merchants, who had anticipated heavy sales, were disappointed and cabled to Washington, and, all in all, things were not happy. The *Nebraska* started to coal from a big collier, when a typhoon came, and the collier had to leave us and put to sea, to await more favorable weather. Our ship was in soiled condition for many days. We had occasion in the northeast part of Manila Bay to have our first target practice, and for a new battleship it was most successful. The turrets, in charge of A. F. Carter and A. G. Caffee, made remarkable scores. With an eight-inch turret, Grafton A. Beall made fifteen hits out of sixteen shots. The result was that we became a star ship in gunnery, from the start.

We were twice at Manila during the cruise round the world, and when leaving there the first time en route to Japan we encountered a heavy storm, shortly after we had got outside the harbor. It continued all the way to Yokohama, and during a part of the time the vessels were battened down fore and aft. Boats were washed away and men were swept overboard from the deck. Some were picked up by battleships astern, but others were lost, and altogether we had a rough voyage. The only amusing incident was a disagreement between Admiral Wainwright and Admiral Schroeder as to whether the storm was a typhoon or simply a heavy northeast gale. The question was never decided, but those of us who experienced it knew that it really made no difference what the storm was called.

Captain Nicholson, Lieutenant Laning, the navigator, and I spent our nights in the pilot house of the *Nebraska* throughout the storm.

We reached Yokohama a day behind our schedule, much to our annoyance, and anchored off the city, in column, with a Japanese vessel to port of each of us. The *Idzuma* had a position opposite the *Nebraska,* and fifty or a hundred Japanese bluejackets and several of her officers came aboard, to be our guides and preceptors during the

time we remained there. Everything possible was done by the Japanese to add to our enjoyment. They brought us large quantities of food, provided a series of entertainments, and arranged for short railroad trips. Everywhere we were greeted with the familiar Japanese word of welcome, *banzai*. As executive, my visits on shore were few.

The first mail brought me news of three deaths in my family, one being that of my only brother, aged thirty-four, who died suddenly at Parsons, Kansas, where he was engaged in the railroad business. When I opened the third letter and found that it contained report of the third death, I wrote our captain a note and locked myself in my stateroom for forty-eight hours.

I made one trip to Tokio. There I attended some lavish entertainments and saw exhibitions of the *jiu-jutsu*. Baron Mitsui gave a party in our honor at his home. I remember three things about it: first, that as senior officer present, I had to make my first speech; second, that we sat on our feet, with our legs crossed under us; and third, that I was able to outstare the champion starer who was a geisha girl. I have always had remarkably good control of my eyes, and good vision. At the age of sixty-five, I can still get 20-20 on each. The staring game was this. The geisha girl and her partner stood facing each other and looking directly into each other's eyes. The first one who flickered an eyelid was the loser. Suzuki, the girl opposite me, had been so accustomed to having her opponent fail after a few seconds, that when she saw I could withstand the stare for several minutes she became nervous and blinked her eyes, thus losing the prize which the baron had offered. I recall that Andrews and McVay were at this party.

I took the trip to Mississippi Bay, saw the rice paddies and recalled my visit of nine years before. We walked up one hundred steps to a tea house in Yokohama, and the proprietor said he remembered that I had visited there before, but in this he was wrong, and he was unable

to find my name on his register. We enjoyed the experience just the same.

Our return voyage to Manila was uneventful and quite in contrast to the trip up to Japan. We had a race between two dinghies of the *Vermont* and the *Nebraska.* With our powerful men we had hoped to win, but instead those on the *Vermont* beat us badly.

We spent practically the entire month of November in target practice, drills and coaling in different parts of Manila Bay. The weather was very bad and we had hard work carrying out our program. When we finished our practice we had made a score of sixty-five, and thus became a star ship.

The fleet left Manila Bay for home on December 1, and we settled down to the work of getting the various ships in condition before reaching the States. We knew we would have to buck some mean weather all the way, but we did not anticipate the big storms we encountered. We passed Singapore, close aboard, five days out from Manila, and ran in near enough to have a good view of the city, through powerful glasses. We sailed along the various passages made famous in the stories of the East, and reached Colombo, Ceylon, about December 9. We rolled terribly before we could get a safe anchorage inside the breakwater.

Colombo is a made harbor and what has been done there is an excellent example for the construction of harbors in other parts of the world. The usual coaling and cleaning occupied our time for the first forty-eight hours, and I then had an opportunity to go with A. F. Carter up the mountain to Kandy. The trip by rail was remarkable, and as we climbed the mountain we were able to look back and have a wonderful view of the sea. The air was much cooler in the higher altitude, and a great relief from the intense heat of Colombo. We registered at the Queen's Hotel, and hired the only automobile in the city. The way the native driver swept us

along the narrow roads overhanging the precipices gave us many a thrill.

We saw the Temple of Tooth, and asked to see the sacred white elephants. As it happened we arrived at the elephants' quarters a few minutes after noon, and made known our wishes to the attendants. After a short delay one of them came back, and in all seriousness, told us that the elephants were having lunch and begged to be excused! We had to accept the situation, and the result was that Carter and I never saw the sacred white elephants. We had a ride on the little lake close by, and returned to Colombo that night. We had good opportunity to observe the caste system, and were not favorably impressed with it.

The ship teams played baseball while we were in Colombo and the boys on the *Nebraska* won easily. By defeating the *Missouri,* the *Kentucky* and finally the *New Jersey* nines, we won the fleet championship.

The governor gave a reception on December 20, and seven officers were detailed to attend. When we arrived at his palace we found there about one hundred and eighty British and American officers, and one lady —the governor's wife. It was desperately dull, and finally one of our officers discovered a rear entrance from an alley and bribed one of the attendants to let us out that way. I regret to say that, although the executive officer of a battleship, and forty-four years old, I yielded to the temptation to escape from the function. Six of the *Nebraska* officers, each in full uniform, made their exit, by way of the alley, and went to see the final game of baseball. Executives, of course, would not be guilty of such an offense at the present time!

I had dinner at the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo with Admiral and Mrs. Nicholson. The weather was very hot.

Leaving Ceylon, the next leg of the journey carried us across the Arabian Sea and up to the Red Sea. We spent Christmas in Arabian waters. The ward room had a special dinner and a Christmas tree and invited the

captain. In the evening the crew gave an entertainment, but the heat was intense. Nevertheless, we were in good spirits and made the best of it.

John Rodgers, whose death I so much regret, was dressed to represent Santa Claus, and his impersonation was excellent. We made a sort of powder to look like snow, and this Rodgers attempted to scatter from the ward room trunks above the mess table. In the midst of the merry-making he dropped the sack of "snow" and it fell upon the head of poor Soule and dazed him as if it had been a block of ice rather than "snow." Rodgers delivered the Christmas presents, and everything was all right until he came to the seniors. Taking a toy horse from his satchel, he started down the long table, stopped and looked directly at me. He said he hoped the gift of a horse would stop the constant "horsing" of the officer of the deck. Thereupon, he suddenly turned from me and presented the horse to Captain Nicholson. It was a somewhat bold thing to do, but John was always bold and daring. Captain Nicholson entered into the spirit of the joke and the occasion and delivered a speech.

While we were on the Red Sea the temperature dropped to 69 degrees, and after what we had experienced in Colombo, it seemed like winter.

Seamen tell some wonderful yarns. They say that the red sand of the desert is blown by the wind, more than one hundred miles from Arabia to the Red Sea, and falls upon the decks of ships, sometimes getting into the machinery and causing the engines to stop. Many people do not believe the statement. My wife and daughter were doubters until they made a trip through the Red Sea themselves, and the captain of the *President Hayes* verified the story.

Ward room officers are always on the lookout for "suckers," as is evident from the story of the Bombay duck hunt in India. Shortly after we left Manila I chanced to ask Dr. Berryhill if he had ever been in India before, and knowing his reputation as a mighty hunter,

if he had had any luck in hunting Bombay ducks. He told me he had once before been in India, had not succeeded in his Bombay duck hunt, but intended to try again, in case he could get the necessary leave of absence. I expressed the opinion that it could be arranged, and that he should take a couple of our young officers along in order that they might have a new experience. Volunteers were called for and one young officer promptly came forward. It was necessary to have a third officer and I nominated Ensign Beall to assist on the expedition.

Beall and the doctor succeeded in arousing the interest of the victim, told him at length how the ducks were hunted; discussed what kinds of guns and ammunition were needed, and the necessary equipment for the undertaking. The captain was let into the secret and several times gave suggestions as to the care which must be exercised in hunting Bombay ducks.

By the time we reached Colombo it had become a serious matter with the young officer, so much so that after the captain's first trip ashore he called the hunting party on the quarter deck and told them there would probably be some objection on the part of the civil authorities to the Bombay duck hunting expedition. Thus it was called off before the young officer had a chance to kill either Dr. Berryhill or Ensign Beall.

On December 31 we had the first annual signal contest. Each of the four contestants had previously settled on its best signaling ship, and then the two squadrons, of eight vessels each, made their choice. It narrowed down to the *Nebraska* in one squadron and to the *Kentucky* in the other. The final contest was very interesting and not a little thrilling. We beat the *Kentucky* thirty hoists to ten, and felt that for a new battleship joining the fleet, the *Nebraska* had established a reputation.

Before the final contest the *Kentucky* signalled to Ingram asking if he could raise five hundred dollars to bet on our team. Ingram said he could and asked how much more the *Kentucky* would wager. When they

brought over the money it was a motley assortment of foreign coins.

I saw, at long range, the accident to the *Illinois* whale boat off Aden. A man fell overboard and in lowering the life boat the forward fall carried away, throwing the crew of thirteen into the water. Seven of them were drowned.

Some of the officers who could afford the trip went to Cairo by way of Ismailia, but I did not go. The journey through the Suez Canal was monotonous, as there was nothing to be seen on either side but stretches of sand. It was very disappointing.

At Port Said we coaled the ship and made a good start across the Mediterranean. It was a rough, uncomfortable trip for us. The destination of our division was Marseilles.

The *Illinois* of the fourth division and the *Yankton* were ordered to the assistance of the survivors of the Messina earthquake disaster.

At Marseilles we moored inside the breakwater and went through the usual coaling and cleaning. The scenery at Marseilles is not especially attractive, but there are some interesting ancient ruins and historic spots. With several officers from the *Nebraska* I visited in Avignon at the home of the DeLeon family. We were royally entertained and shown where the popes lived from 1195 to 1360. They also gave us a tally-ho ride along the old road over which Napoleon rushed back to Paris when he was recalled to take the throne. Along the way we saw some very old Roman amphitheaters.

Several of the ships of our division were sent from Marseilles to Tangier. Tangier had no attractions for me, however, as I had been there before, but I had to attend the big banquet given by the government. My dinner partner was the wife of the Danish Minister, and fortunately she spoke English. At about the seventeenth course she turned to me and asked if I could find her a place where she might smoke. When I escorted her to

the smoking room she quickly lighted a cigarette and offered one to me. I recall the look which came over her face when I told her that I had never smoked.

The fleet made the voyage across the Atlantic south of the Azores. It was one of continuous horror for captains and executives. Boats were carried away, men were washed overboard, and things were most discouraging to the officers who wanted the vessels to look their best upon reaching Hampton Roads. We anchored at night in a fog outside Cape Henry, on February 21, 1909. During the darkness we slung men on stages over the side of our ship, and they painted her hull.

On the following day the fleet entered Hampton Roads. There were thousands of people on shore and in small craft out to see us come in, and we were reviewed by President Roosevelt. The fleet had been absent from Hampton Roads since December, 1907, and had circumnavigated the globe. It was a great day for the families of the officers and men, and also for President Roosevelt. He visited the *Georgia,* which was in our division and was Admiral Wainwright's flagship. Each vessel sent its quota of officers and men to the *Georgia* to meet him, and when he had greeted them he climbed on the after turret and delivered a patriotic address. Incidentally, he said he was himself half Georgian, as his mother, who was a Miss Bullock, was a native of that state. We enjoyed the whole ceremony, and at night a banquet was given at the Hotel Chamberlain.

One Sunday afternoon at Old Point Comfort I was suddenly summoned to the deck, where I found that either the *Kansas* had drifted over and hit us or that we had accidentally collided with her. We had swung in opposite directions on the tide. I exchanged compliments with the officers of our sister ship until the tide was good enough to separate us.

One by one the battleships were ordered from Hampton Roads anchorage to their own yards. The *Nebraska* was assigned to New York for repairs, and about the

end of the month we arrived there for a stay of three months, and a change of many of the officers and members of the crew. We were overwhelmed with invitations to social functions. Among them was one from the Lambs Club, which was giving a dinner to which we were expected to send two officers. I wished the *Nebraska* to make a good impression, and after consultation with the captain we selected two representatives who we thought were men of sufficient capacity to hold their liquor without exhibiting any evidence of intoxication.

On the morning after the Club function I was having breakfast in the ward room when one of them came down dressed in his evening clothes, and took his place at the table. He looked very sad.

"Have a good time last night?" I inquired.

"Yes sir," he replied.

"Where's your companion?" I asked.

"Stayed at the club all night."

"What's the matter?" I persisted. "You look so depressed."

"Well," he said, "Mr. Coontz, I am depressed, and I want to tell you why. I left the Lambs Club at five o'clock this morning, took a subway to the Brooklyn Bridge, came across the bridge and boarded the Sands Street car for the Navy Yard gate. All of these cars were crowded, and I want to tell you that every man, woman and child in them was drunk, except me."

"That's too bad," I said, "and I feel that as acting commanding officer, I must excuse you from quarters. I shall ask you to turn in until some time late this afternoon, and then we shall see what can be done about this terrible situation, especially the condition among the children."

He went to his room and did not appear again until dinner that night. The subject was never referred to thereafter.

XXII

PROMOTION TO COMMANDER

Twenty-three Applications for War College Fail—Continue as Executive of *Nebraska*—Commandant of Midshipmen at Annapolis—A Fifty-Mile Walk—Twenty-fifth Class Anniversary—Improvement in Athletics—Successful Cadet Season, 1910-11—John Paul Jones' Body.

Early in March I went to Allentown, Pennsylvania, to see my mother, who had come east to visit my younger sister. When we retired on the night of March 3 the weather was fine, but on the following morning, when we awoke, the snow was already several feet deep, and still falling. I was obliged to remain for several days and on returning to the ship found my orders to Washington for examination for promotion to the grade of Commander. A vacancy had occurred while I was in the Mediterranean. The great blizzard had passed, but we still could see its effects along the railroad en route to Washington. My examination lasted only twenty-four hours, and I returned to New York. Each officer was given thirty days' leave, if he wished it, and toward the end of March I made a hurried trip to Seattle to bring my wife and son and daughter to New York.

I made application to go to the War College, and expected to be sent there in July. Captain Nicholson was detached from the *Nebraska* early in May, and made chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and Captain John T. Newton ordered as his relief. Captain Newton informed me that the Department had acquiesced in his request that I remain as executive of the *Nebraska*. He said it would be well for me

to finish a year as executive of a battleship, with the rank of commander. Thus I failed to make the War College. My record shows that I applied for the War College twenty-three times without result.

I had been on duty with Captain Newton twice before and found him a capable and just officer, who expected his subordinates to do their duty; when so done he gave full credit for it. The *Nebraska* changed many of her officers, and early in July started for the southern drill grounds. I sent my family to a little place on the Pemigewasset River near Woodstock, New Hampshire, and settled myself down for the routine work of the Navy.

Our stay at the navy yard in New York was long and hot. Money came slowly, and consequently the repairs lagged. There was no hope of beating the ship back into shape until we could get away from the yard and go to the open sea.

We had a young officer, who, to use an expression common in those days, thought himself a "lady killer." One day at the Waldorf two of our juniors —Ingram and Page—were strolling by the dining-room and saw their fellow officer seated at a table with two ladies. A few minutes later a waiter handed the officer a note. When he looked at it he was surprised to read, "Here we are again! Meet me at the elevator in five minutes. Christine."

The two youngsters concealed themselves behind some palms and saw the officer go out and walk up and down in front of the elevator and carefully scrutinize every woman who passed. The incident would have been closed if at the lunch table on the following day the "killer" himself had not boasted of having received a flattering note from a girl whom he had apparently forgotten.

Two hours later he was called to the telephone, and a sweet voice told him she was Christine, and wanted to know why he had not come out to see

her. He insisted that he had done so and explained that he was on a tour of duty which would not end for a day or so, but invited her to come on board ship for tea at three o'clock the next afternoon. The young lady consented and asked the privilege of bringing a friend. As there were only a few officers on board, the young man invited me to have tea with them.

The next afternoon one of the most costly limousines I have ever seen drove up to the starboard gangway, and two attractive and well-dressed young ladies got out. As they came up the gangway, the "lady killer" met them, and Miss Christine calmly told him that she had known him in Bremerton. I was walking up and down the port side of the quarterdeck while he was welcoming them and trying to remember who they were, when suddenly the girl looked over at me and said, "Why, there's Mr. Coontz! I haven't seen him since he was in Puget Sound."

I feigned surprise, but said, "Yes, I remember you now. You are Miss Christine Hall, but who is your friend?"

She introduced her as Miss Vade Mecum. The officer took charge of Miss Hall and walked with her to the far end of the quarterdeck, while I sent for a young man to entertain Miss Mecum. Miss Hall confided to her host that she was a southern girl who had come to New York to go on the stage; that she was at the Blank Theater doing a small part, but soon hoped to be a star. She said she did not know many people in New York and was lonely and glad to come aboard the *Nebraska* and see all the other officers whom she had previously known.

We went below for tea, and before she left the ship Miss Hall had promised to see the young officer at her home on 88th Street the following afternoon at five o'clock, immediately after the matinée. He

stayed aboard ship until the next afternoon, but reached 88th Street in time for his appointment. The address given him, he found, to his disappointment, was a vacant lot. He made inquiries, but in vain.

We sailed the next morning at ten, and while we were at luncheon word came down to the ward room that the "killer" was wanted at the telephone. Although we were at sea he rushed on deck to the telephone house before he realized that we were not running telephone wires from the sea to the shore. The two girls were friends of Ingram and Page, from North Carolina. One of them was a Miss Duke, who could afford a limousine, but the name of the other girl I have forgotten. They enacted their part of the little joke perfectly.

On the way south, while firing at night, two barrels of alcohol on the quarterdeck were set on fire by concussion. I remember the bravery of Ensign Arthur G. Caffee who, with one other man, rolled the blazing barrels over the side into the sea, exposing themselves to instant death from explosion.

One night while I was on the quarterdeck watching the towing of the target the hawser parted, and the inboard end, after hitting me several times, lifted me high in the air and dropped me just inside the after netting. These few inches saved my life, for had I gone overboard the port propeller would have struck me. I was badly bruised for a long time.

The weather in August and September was what we termed "rotten" for the drill grounds. There were numerous delays and plenty of trouble with drill practice. Late one afternoon a *Rhode Island* boat, which was many miles from her mother ship, came alongside the *Nebraska*. We hoisted her up with a crane while the ship was rolling heavily, and landed her on our upper deck, with all her crew

alive, but not without some damage to the boat. The *Rhode Island* was very happy when she received our radio and learned that her crew and boat were safe.

While we were in New York Captain Bowyer, of the *Illinois,* was ordered to the Naval Academy as superintendent and in conversation with me one day asked what positions I could fill at the Academy. I enumerated about six from Commandant of Midshipmen down. Early in September I received a letter from him stating that he wanted an officer to take charge of buildings and grounds at the Academy and inquired if I felt qualified to undertake it. I was surprised, but answered that a Line Officer of the Navy should be qualified for any position, afloat or ashore, and that I was willing, if he wanted me, to make the effort. About the middle of September my orders came. I hastened to New Hampshire, got my family, stopped at Allentown to pick up my mother and niece and went by way of Washington to Missouri for a few days, leaving my wife and children at the Ebbitt House in Washington to await my return.

I reported at the Naval Academy September 30, 1909. I had never been on duty there before, and in the twenty-eight years I had been in the Navy had never lived in a government house. I assumed the new job and evidently made good.

Those were the days when an officer had to ride a horse one hundred miles in three days, a bicycle ninety miles, or walk fifty miles as a test of his physical condition. While in 1896 I could ride a bicycle I had not mounted one since that time; and although I was familiar with horses and mules in my early childhood and had ridden bareback and without a bridle, I could not qualify as a jockey thirty years afterwards. Therefore, I elected to take the fifty-mile walk. Bullard and I tramped the

distance, had our physical examination and three days later walked another fifty miles, imitating the man who was willing to wager that he could drink a gallon of beer. Before he made the bet, he excused himself for a moment, went to a nearby saloon and drank that much beer to see if he could do it; then he returned and made the wager. Of course, he won.

The third day after we had completed the last of our fifty-mile walk I discovered a large egg-like swelling on my right shoulder. I learned later that it was the result of the blow I had received at sea, from the heavy hawser. Doctor Riggs, the present Surgeon General, operated upon me and removed the tumor. I remember sitting up in bed a few days later and watching the Thanksgiving Day football game which was played on Worden Field in the snow.

Captain Bowyer was seriously injured by the hundred-mile horseback ride and never fully recovered.

One morning in December the Superintendent sent for me and said a decision had been reached in Washington that morning to appoint me the next Commandant of Midshipmen. I was most agreeably surprised, because, in those days, to be selected as Commandant at the age of forty-five was unusual. The promotion was to take effect the following summer, and I proceeded happily with the remaining work on the buildings and grounds, that had to be finished. We were fortunate enough to arrange for Commander W. C. Cole, as my relief.

During the graduation period at the Academy, in July, 1910, my class of 1885 had its twenty-fifth anniversary, and we wished to have as many members as possible present at the reunion. Being Commandant of Midshipmen, I was able to be helpful in making the arrangements. Twenty-one officers responded. We had our meeting at the

Maryland Hotel, and together visited every familiar spot in the Academy grounds and in Annapolis. Our house had eight bedrooms and five baths and I was able to accommodate many of my classmen. We hope to have a fiftieth anniversary in 1935.

There was one incident at the reunion and annual dinner of the graduates that was very affecting. The formations were held in front of the chapel and while we were awaiting the arrival of representatives of various classes, a feeble old man tottered down the path leading to the Superintendent's office and gazed intently and affectionately at some of the old timers. Finally one of the officers said to his neighbor, "Isn't that ———— walking down the path?"

"It certainly looks like him," replied his classmate, "but he has been dead for years."

The first officer was not satisfied and approaching the old man he said, "You can't fool me! You are ————, but how have you arisen from the dead?"

The poor fellow burst into tears, and said that after the disgrace of several courts-martial, when he was dismissed from the service, or resigned, I have forgotten which, he concluded that the best thing he could do was to announce his death. He did so, but when he read of his class being represented at the dinner, the desire to see them drew him back to the Academy once more, where he sought to look at his former comrades from a distance, hoping that none would recognize him. He was taken in by his classmates and made happy, at least for a day.

Judging from its effects on one of my classmates, Annapolis at that time must have sold very bad whiskey. Evidently, he had not been away from home alone before, and needed the guidance of someone. Twenty-four hours after he left our reunion I received a telegram from him which read,

"Hackensack, New Jersey. Please express a regular navy watch to Mr. ——, Morristown, New Jersey."

I saw no reason why I should not comply with the request, and promptly sent the timepiece. Two days later another telegram came saying, "Please express one of the navy watches to Mrs. —— at New Haven, Connecticut." I sent the second watch, but on the third day my curiosity was aroused by another telegram, "Please send one of the same watches to Miss ——, York, Maine."

I again complied, but not without thinking that there must be something wrong with my classmate's mind. There were, however, no further orders for watches. Four weeks went by and not hearing from him again, I wrote, "Dear B.: In accordance with your request by telegraph, I sent watches to the following ..... The amount is $42.50. Your classmate."

In nine days I received the money, and the subject was never referred to either by B. or his wife.

I had an experience that showed me the influence of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs who at that time was George C. Perkins, of California. Our new power house could not be used, as it needed repairs and there were no funds available for the purpose. The Superintendent sent me to Washington to see Senator Perkins, and somewhat hesitatingly I laid the case before him. He listened to me and then said, "Your arguments are convincing and you will have the money."

"Whom else shall I see, Senator?" I asked.

"Nobody," he replied. "I have told you that you will get the money. Take this House bill, and write in the proper places the amount of money needed."

I did as he told me. The appropriation went through the Conference Committee and Congress without a change, and we got the money.

The summer cruise of the midshipmen, in 1910, was commanded by Commander (now Rear Admiral) George R. Clark. Three battleships were used. Gove, the preceding commandant, had been ordered to the *Delaware* in April. I moved to the Commandant's house in May, 1910, and when Clark left I became Acting Commandant for the summer and in August full Commandant. I had the efficient aid of Commander McVay as assistant commandant.

The midshipmen of the fourth class—the class of 1914—began coming in on June 10. They were a fine set of boys and were put through the various drills and exercises and taught French during the summer. The class made a good start, produced some remarkably fine football players and has always been known throughout the service as a steady and reliable list of officers. It is necessary to sustain the interest of cadets, and that summer we had swimming races, boat races and baseball games among the different divisions.

Several of these youngsters I knew very well. One, in particular, Homer Ingram, was a brother of Jonas and "Bill" and lived at our house much of the time while he was a candidate and was nursing a broken arm.

Captain Bowyer was ill much of the time that year and I was practically in command. With his permission I instituted several reforms which I believed had long been needed. We stabilized the times of recitations and drills and, by changing the routine, I managed to give the youngsters an added half hour of sleep in the morning, remembering how I, myself, had longed for that extra thirty minutes when I was a midshipman many years before. Jenson, our athletic officer, was injured while horseback riding and while not fully recovered he wanted to go to sea. In his absence I selected a former shipmate and tried officer, Harris Laning, to come

to the Academy and work out my ideas regarding athletics. I am amused when I read that the improvement in the Athletic Association was started by someone else. The records show clearly that Laning was responsible for it. It was following his work at the Academy that we entered upon a period when we won football games.

The 1910 game was the more exciting because none had been played for two years. About two weeks before the Army-Navy game was scheduled to take place an epidemic of dysentery broke out in the most peculiar manner among the midshipmen. At first a few of the mess were affected and then others and finally the players themselves began to succumb to the disease. The situation was desperate, because even with two of the good football players out of the game we were certain to lose. In the circumstances we took the team, with all its substitutes, and put them in the Officers' Club where everything they ate was cooked by one of the professors, Arturo Fernandez, who is still living. They were all in condition when the time arrived for the game. Some of the midshipmen, however, were too ill to see it.

We made a most thorough investigation. We had officers Jessop, Steele, Poteet, Enochs, and Buchanan go to the various messes and eat only one kind of food. Finally the doctors discovered that the trouble was due to croton oil. It was disclosed that some of the mess attendants were betting on the Army team, and the only sure way to win their wagers was to see that the Navy team or some of its players were incapacitated and to make them so they had resorted to the use of croton oil.

By authority of the superintendent I arrested three men at the same time in various parts of the building. My recollection is that at least one of them confessed. All three were placed outside the

walls and not allowed to re-enter the Academy grounds. Subsequently, I believe an attempt was made to bring an action in court, but nothing came of it.

We beat the Army 3-0; the next year we beat them 3-0 and the year after that 6-0. Colonel R. M. Thompson gave the midshipmen team and the West Point boys a trip to New York in 1910 to enable them to fraternize and become better acquainted.

Custom decreed one fancy dress ball at the Academy each winter, but gradually it came to be the practice that most of those who attended sat in the gallery and watched the few on the floor who had gone to the trouble and expense of getting costumes. Something had to be done, and the following year when we sent out the invitations, we added a line saying that only ladies over forty years of age would be allowed in the gallery. The result was that the number of gallery spectators was remarkably small, and we had an extraordinarily large crowd on the dance floor. My wife and Mrs. Jessop represented "Old Dutch Cleanser," and were unrecognized until the time came for unmasking. I appeared as a foreign naval attaché who spoke English only with difficulty. A lady, now living, was wholly deceived and corrected my English and helped me to converse. Unfortunately, when we were told to unmask she was with me, and has never spoken to me since.

While I was a member of the Academic Board we had some very difficult problems to handle. One of them was the situation presented by the class of 1908 whose final examinations were in 1910. The tests were so severe that two-thirds of the classmen failed in navigation the first time and a part of them the second time. In the end, after the examinations were changed, all the cadets passed. In the handling of humans, whether candi-

dates or midshipmen, the greatest care must be taken to see that justice is done and sometimes cast-iron rules have to be violated.

Senator James P. Clarke, of Arkansas, came to Annapolis one day with a letter of introduction to me. He interceded on behalf of a youngster who had been rejected because he had made a "one" out of a possible "four" points in spelling, although he had passed in all the other subjects. I introduced the Senator to the five members of the Academic Board and the case was given careful consideration, with the result that the boy entered, graduated well and is still in the service.

There was also the case of another young man, a first classman, who was unsatisfactory in navigation and was to be given a re-examination at the end of the year. The matter was forgotten until May. In the meantime he went through the second and last term satisfactorily but failed on the re-examination for the first term. It was a troublesome proposition, but we exercised a little common sense and gave him another examination on his early work, which he passed. He was graduated and did efficient work in the service for many years before he died. The Academy at that time had not grown unwieldy and did not require such a large staff of officers as it does at the present time. We had a most successful academic season, 1910-1911.

The body of John Paul Jones was in my care for nearly a year, beneath the main staircase in Bancroft Hall. We were waiting for an appropriation to build a tomb under the chapel where his remains could be suitably interred. The Honorable George A. Loud, a Representative from Michigan, sponsored the necessary legislation which provided the funds. It seemed a sacrilege to keep the corpse of the great naval hero in so undignified a place for

so long a time even though there were many visitors who journeyed to Annapolis to do him honor.

During my incumbency in charge of buildings and grounds the question of saving the historical flags came up for consideration and with the aid of Mr. Beekman Winthrop we raised three thousand dollars for the work which was done by a Massachusetts lady. Later my successor, Cole, was given $30,000 to complete the work. It was money well expended.

Mr. Winthrop was also responsible for the preservation of the old trees on the grounds. He procured the services of a tree specialist, who came to Annapolis and instructed our head man, Casey, in the care of the trees. We paid him three thousand dollars. As a result the trees on the grounds are in good condition today.

In May, 1911, Captain Bowyer had to leave the Academy and go to the Naval Hospital in Washington. Later he died in Florida. If there ever was a man with an iron will to hold off disease and death, it was John M. Bowyer. He came from a staunch race of mid-westerners who went from the Carolinas to Indiana and then on to Iowa. He was succeeded by Captain John H. Gibbons. The day Captain Gibbons reported I took command of the practice cruise trip. I was just finishing my second year as Commandant of Midshipmen, and Captain Gibbons told me he had selected George W. Logan as my relief and wanted him to assume his duties on September 1st.

An itinerary for a practice cruise was submitted to the Superintendent by the department. It was to extend north as far as Halifax and south to Trinidad, but most of the time was to be spent in the Caribbean. I had had wonderful cruises in Northern Europe while on the *Enterprise,* and as I knew what it meant to the midshipmen to have cool

weather at the end of their year, I submitted a proposal that included Ireland, Germany, Norway and Spain. The Superintendent allowed me to go to Washington to discuss it with the Bureau of Navigation. I was successful in my efforts and believe that the cruise of 1911 has not been surpassed.

XXIII

A FOREIGN CRUISE

Iowa Flagship on Voyage—Queenstown—George "V" or "VI"—Twelve Aldermen of Cork—The Blarney Stone—Guest of the Kaiser—His Interest in World Affairs—Stout German Admirals—The Naval Academy at Flenburg—Bergen, Norway—Home From Gibraltar—The Berth in which Sampson and Evans Slept.

My flagship was the *Iowa,* commanded by Captain Benjamin F. Hutchison, and the remainder of the fleet comprised the *Massachusetts,* commanded by Commander George R. Marvell, and the *Indiana,* under Commander Louis M. Nulton. My aide was Lieutenant Commander Allan Buchanan.

With the graduation exercises over, we wasted no time at Annapolis, but got under way one morning early in June and by night had reached the Capes of the Chesapeake and started on our 2100-mile voyage across the Atlantic. The weather soon settled. The midshipmen recovered from their seasickness and were given daily instructions and drills; each day was fully occupied. The first class was taught practical navigation daily, and I believe what they got out of it has helped them ever since. On a long northeast run, and then on a north and south run a mariner gets practical knowledge of a day's work.

Two members of one of the Junior classes were in search of "adventure" according to the diary of one whom we call "A." Several of their escapades are worth being recorded.

On the way across the Atlantic, the Commodore (myself) had a birthday, and Lieutenant Commander Earle invited the captain, Commander Hutchison, my aide, Buchanan, and me to dinner. He had a large birthday cake with candles in my honor, and it was on exhibition

throughout the day, in charge of the ship's cook. About four o'clock in the afternoon we passed a British cruiser. We had sighted it ahead, some time previous, and much interest was shown. A's diary stated that all that day, he and B had longed for a piece of that birthday cake. When the British man-of-war passed on the port side, close aboard, the two youngsters came up the starboard side of the galley and shouted to everyone that there was a British cruiser passing close aboard on the port side, and advised all hands to see it. As a result, the starboard side of the deck and the galley itself, were left practically deserted. The midshipmen rushed into the galley, took the cake, pan and all, carried it below to their locker, which happened to be big enough to hide it, and presumably had a feast. A's diary commented, "We wondered how much Commodore Coontz and the wardroom mess missed that birthday cake." Of course, the officers never saw anything of it again.

We reached Queenstown in about fifteen days, entered the harbor, and were in time to represent the United States in Ireland at the coronation ceremonies of King George V. I had a narrow escape from a great embarrassment at the dinner where I spoke for the United States. The Admiral commanding the Irish coast had made some preliminary remarks and the time came for me to reply and to propose a toast to the King. I arose and started to talk, when I suddenly realized that I had forgotten whether the monarch being crowned was George V or George VI. It had been a long time since I had studied history and the reigns of the various Georges. I could not remember whether another George or two of them had intervened since George III of our revolution. I was floundering along in my address when the thought occurred to me that the wife of the British Admiral who sat at my left was an American woman. I feigned a case of hiccoughs, and while taking a drink of water I leaned over to her and whispered, "Madam, I have forgotten which George this is. The next time I

lean down, tell me whether he is the fifth or the sixth."

I again essayed to speak and had another coughing spell. When I leaned toward my dinner companion she held up five fingers and said, "Fifth, of course."

I concluded with the peroration and toasted the right king.

Various trips were arranged throughout Ireland, one by special train to Killarney to see the lakes. We found Ireland cool—55 degrees—and as green as we had expected. Strangely we seemed to see no men of middle age. There were only men and boys. Our consul at Queenstown told me that the money orders sent from the United States to Ireland contributed largely to the support of the people.

We had several colored lads from Annapolis with us as mess boys. They were given shore leave and went in a body to Cork. I was surprised to learn that negroes were seldom seen there. A large crowd followed them throughout the city, and the next day I had a request from the municipal authorities not to allow these boys ashore there again as they feared a riot.

I recall the visit of the twelve aldermen of Cork, who came with the mayor to see me. I invited them to the cabin and had several bottles of sherry opened. After the first drink the mayor arose to present the greetings of the city of Cork. He made an eloquent and flowery speech, and at its conclusion toasted the United States. This required another drink of sherry. I sought to reply, when he said that Alderman McGillicuddy desired to present greetings also. When Alderman McGillicuddy had finished his remarks I again arose to respond, but the mayor said that Alderman O'Higgins likewise wished to extend a welcome and again there was a glass of sherry. In short, every alderman in turn, and there were twelve of them, presented greetings and extended welcome to the city of Cork and when at last I had an opportunity to express my appreciation my speech was a fizzle, either because everything that should have been

said had been said already, or, perhaps, because of the twelve drinks of sherry which I had to imbibe out of respect to each alderman. Anyhow, we surely were welcomed to the city of Cork!

I experienced the pleasure of going through Blarney Castle while in Queenstown. While Hutchison, Buchanan, Jessop and I were discussing the trip in a club, a gentleman who was reading a newspaper nearby came over to us and said he had heard our conversation. He said that the present owner of Blarney Castle was his cousin and he would like to have the honor of escorting us there. We gladly accepted his offer and the next day he drove us in his car to the castle.

I saw the Blarney stone and kissed it, too. Hutchison and Buchanan held me by the feet while I hung head down over that ninety-foot drop to perform the stunt. It is a dangerous procedure, especially unpleasant for ladies, but it is said that only one man was ever dropped and that even he was caught in the branches of trees below and saved. We were admitted to the private grounds near the castle. They were mysterious and spooky with the mold of centuries. Our host and guide then took us to the new castle where we were delightfully entertained by the present titled proprietor. His gardens were lovely and extensive. We had a day full of enjoyment and wishing to return the courtesies of our host, invited him to bring his family and spend the following day aboard ship. He had married a lady from Buffalo, New York. Hence he was very friendly toward Americans.

Ireland has a lure for the traveler. Our trip was the usual one by rail to Killarney, and then by the famous little jaunting car, down to the lakes. We had an appetizing lunch there, but as rain began to fall we returned by boat. The oarsmen were not very competent, so Brown and Ingram and Weems and some of the other midshipmen who belonged to the crew or to the football team, volunteered to take the oars themselves. With a full

crew of youngsters who had stripped off their blouses, we made fine time on the way back and escaped part of the drenching storm.

Some of our boys went to Limerick and to Dublin. I always like to leave such trips for a time when I have more leisure.

Midshipman Dalton, the famous football player, was attached to the *Iowa,* the flagship of the squadron. While anchored in Queenstown the ship had many visitors, and the midshipmen who were on duty on the quarter-deck were assigned to show them about the vessel.

One particularly inquisitive lady had been escorted by Dalton for two hours, and her questions touched every phase of navigation and ship construction. They stopped for a moment near the dynamo room hatch. The visitor looked down some fifty feet at the engines and asked what the place was.

"That," said Dalton politely, "is where we generate the ship's electricity."

"But," said the lady, "you should keep the hatch closed, for anyone falling down there would be killed."

"Oh, no," replied Dalton, "it used to be that all who fell down there would die, but now they dynamo."

"Why?" persisted the inquisitor, but Dalton's further comment is not recorded.

At Queenstown, as later discovered, Midshipman "A" continued his diary and told that his friend was on the first liberty party list to go ashore when the vessel reached Queenstown. He went on deck when they were mustering the party, saw the beautiful green hills of Ireland, and the desire came to him also to go ashore that day. The desire was overpowering. He rushed to look at the sick list, and found that the name of Cadet Blank was on it. Thereupon, he hurried below and donned his best liberty clothes. Then he returned to the deck, and when the name of Blank, the cadet who was ill, was called, he stepped forward, saluted the officer and said, "Midshipman Blank, ready to go on liberty," and as he ex-

pressed it, "marched boldly down the ladder to the boat, under the watchful eye of that vigilant officer, Lieutenant C. C. Soule."

At the expiration of their liberty in Queenstown, the two companions found they would be late in reaching the ship unless they took a short cut to the dock. In their desperation they jumped over a rock fence, and started across an Irish gentleman's estate. On their way they ran into a pergola, where the two beautiful daughters of the household were sitting. Naturally the two midshipmen stopped and talked for a few minutes, even though there was grave danger that they would miss the boat.

Midshipmen work fast. As soon as they had made themselves known, they asked the girls if they were going to attend the Commodore's party on board the *Iowa* the next afternoon. Of course, the girls wished to attend, but they had not been invited. "A" was quick-witted, and arose to the emergency.

"Have your father go on board and call on Commodore Coontz early tomorrow," he advised. "Tell him to invite the Commodore to meet his wife and two daughters, who are very good dancers and would help out at his party."

Then they made a hasty departure, and fortunately for them caught the boat.

Promptly at ten o'clock the next morning a very dignified Irish gentleman came on board the *Iowa.* He accepted a drink of sherry, welcomed me to Ireland, told of his beautiful place on the hill, and invited me to call. As he arose to go he told me of his two daughters. The ruse worked; I invited them as A had expected. They came, of course, and it was amazing to see how their attention was monopolized by Midshipmen A and B throughout the afternoon.

We had the usual bad weather in the English channel and the North Sea, but it cleared enough for us to see the Goodwin Sands close aboard, and we also had a glimpse of the white hills of Devon. I had read all of the sea stories of W. Clark Russell that I could possess, and

in 1901, when I was there, had expected to see Mr. Russell at his home in Devon, but he was too ill to receive visitors.

As we headed eastward toward the Cattegat, we passed and exchanged signals with a squadron of vessels under Rear Admiral Badger. They were just returning from the Baltic Sea. Bound south through the little belt, we expected to pick up a pilot, but as none showed up at any of the expected points, we continued our voyage without one, and made the somewhat dangerous passage very creditably.

Some miles outside of Kiel, three German destroyers joined us and sent an officer on board each of our vessels with a full programme for our entertainment in Germany for the next two weeks. Kaiser Wilhelm, we were told, was in the harbor on board the *Hohenzollern,* and in all there were thirty-three German ships and many admirals. We were assigned to our positions for anchorage and made the usual preliminary calls.

The following morning, accompanied by three battleship commanders and my aide, I called on the Kaiser. He came out on the quarterdeck to shake hands with us and extend his greeting. He was not as tall as I had expected to find him, nor did his moustache turn up at the corners as it did in his pictures, and he was not nearly so fierce looking as he had been represented to be. He wore a blue sack suit. We entered at once into an animated conversation which must have continued for nearly an hour. When we were about to leave he declared his desire to resume the talk and wished to see as much of us as possible. Accordingly he asked us to lunch with him on board his yacht the following day at one o'clock. We accepted and, greatly to our surprise, found some thirty at the table, including the High German Command and three of the Kaiser's sons.

I recall that Admiral Von Holtzendorff, who commanded the High Seas Fleet, was present, and also Rear Admiral Schroeder, then commanding on shore at Kiel.

The latter, whose name was the same as that of our own Admiral Schroeder, was quite anxious to learn about his namesake. The conversation at the luncheon was general, but interesting. Whenever the Kaiser stated his opinions, which he did in a very emphatic manner, they were not disputed. After the repast the Kaiser walked up and down the starboard side of the quarterdeck with me and talked of America and public affairs in general, and particularly of the "Freedom of the Press" in Germany.

Amidships on the quarterdeck of the *Hohenzollern* was a small portable house, about eight feet square. The Kaiser asked me if I knew what it was used for. I told him I did not and he took me to the door and we looked inside. It contained a small square table with chairs on each side.

"When I wish to discuss any particular business with one of my ministers or admirals," he said, "I send for him and have him sit in a chair on one side of the table while I sit opposite to him. Then we look each other in the eye and proceed to handle matters."

As illustrating his control over his officers, I noted that while we were walking up and down the deck, some question came up, and he suddenly saw Admiral Von Holtzendorff forward and called out, "Von Holtzendorff." The admiral ran to him as fast as he could and saluted.

The Kaiser said he would remain in Kiel over July 4, and wanted to start our celebration with the national salute. He spoke at one time of firing thirty-three guns, but I thanked him and told him my opinion was that twenty-one guns would be proper, and the salute was fired by all the German ships, as well as by our own.

I was impressed with the Kaiser's desire for world knowledge, and the information he had gleaned from the recent visit of his brother, Prince Henry, to the United States.

At the time we were in Kiel the Morocco incident was causing some uneasiness. The Kaiser said he had been only to three foreign countries—to Turkey, as a youth,

to England later, and that he visited Norway every summer.

For a week my senior officers and I dined with the German admirals afloat and ashore. It seemed strange for a set of young men such as Nulton, Hutchison, Marvell and me to be dining with these officials who looked very old to us. Practically every one of them was a large fierce looking man, and they were all heavy eaters. Their wives, also, were large and ate heartily. After the third day of banquets I reached the point where, in order to keep company with them, I did not eat a morsel of food on my own ship.

I was invited by the Kaiser to review his troops. He asked if the midshipmen were going by special train to Berlin. When I told him they were, he said,

"Are they allowed to smoke?"

"They are not," I replied.

"Are they allowed to drink?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want them to be wild?"

"No, sir, I do not," I told him.

I found when I reached Berlin that our youngsters were allowed to enter any of the dance halls and to talk to the girls, but that was the extent of their indulgence. They were not permitted to have any hard liquor, nor could they buy anything to smoke. I can imagine how such an order would result if it were to be attempted in the United States!

I was also invited by the Kaiser to visit the German Naval Academy at Flensburg. He gave us a special train and requested me to take two hundred midshipmen. We started from Kiel early in the morning, and as the boys went ashore upon arriving at Flensburg, each one of them was linked up by arm with a German midshipman who looked after his welfare throughout the entire day. I learned that at the German Naval Academy one of the entrance requirements is ability to speak the English language, also, there is a certain cash fund necessary for

each entry. They told me that the Kaiser, out of his private funds, paid the expenses of seven midshipmen.

Our youngsters did not expect any games, but we found there were four scheduled. We won two out of the four, one at tennis and the other at Rugby football. We were shown throughout the Academy and partook of three meals there. The institution was much inferior to our own. When the time came for us to leave, the superintendent asked if it would be proper for him to visit our Academy the following year. There was only one reply to that question, and I unhesitatingly assured him that we would be most pleased to receive him.

On my departure he gave me a copy of the German Naval Register. Later I shall tell something regarding this Register that happened several years afterwards in the western Pacific.

En route home on the *Iowa,* Midshipman Homer Ingram said to me, "Mr. Coontz (the name he never ceased to call me), what do you think happened to me? The German midshipman who had charge of me at the Academy was Prince 'So-and-So', and when we were hurrying to get ready to play football he stooped down, unloosed my shoes, and took them off."

"Fine, Homer," said I, "guess you're glad you came."

The Kaiser had ordered Princess Irene, of Hessen, the wife of Prince Henry, to give a luncheon in my honor at their castle on July 4th. Three captains, my aide, the wife of one captain, and our naval attaché and his wife were also invited. On entering the castle we met the ladies, and a great tall fellow, much over six feet, who looked out for the affairs at the palace when the Prince was absent. I think they called him a *seneschal.* He sat at the head of the table, but took no part in the function, as I recollect, except in the eating. The Princess was a very charming woman. She spoke English fluently, and her first, second and third ladies-in-waiting also rated very high in my estimation. They told me that the only naval officers with whom they could converse freely

were the Americans. We had a delightful luncheon, and the Princess brought in her two sons, one of whom was named Waldemar. After the refreshments were served we conversed in the drawing room for more than an hour.

I noticed that our naval attaché seemed a little nervous when I moved about the room, speaking to the Princess or to one of her good looking ladies-in-waiting. I had scarce got outside the castle when he said,

"Commodore Coontz, don't you know that when you are in the presence of royalty you must stand still and permit them to come and talk with you?"

"Heavens, no, I didn't," said I, "and the worst of it is that I invited the Princess and her ladies to come to the ship for tea tomorrow afternoon, and they have all accepted!"

Prince Henry was attending the automobile races in England at the time we were in Germany.

Because of the many dinners on board the German vessels, and the return courtesies which were necessary on our own ships, I had but one opportunity to go to Berlin. On that occasion I was accompanied by Buchanan and two of the captains. We went and returned by way of Hamburg, so as to see some of northern Germany. I was surprised to find that part of the country not thickly settled.

The afternoon before we sailed from Kiel I asked the sixteen daughters of sixteen German admirals to come on board the *Iowa* for a dance. I also invited fifty good looking young midshipmen from three of our vessels. I had the wife of Admiral Koerper as chaperone. When the young ladies came aboard I was interested in learning that "Dorothy" was the given name of twelve of them. They soon became proficient in dancing like the Americans, and in making themselves understood in English, either by the use of words or signs.

At the last luncheon given just before we sailed from Kiel I invited Admiral Von Holtzendorff and Admiral Schroeder on board. The usual toasts were drunk and

speeches made, and I expressed the hope that Germany would send a squadron over to America to make a return visit.

Von Holtzendorff arose at the conclusion of my remarks and said, "Commodore, do you mean that invitation?"

I was taken a little by surprise, but said, "Yes, of course, I do."

"Well," he continued, "I shall speak to the Kaiser this afternoon and repeat your invitation."

"Certainly," I replied.

As soon as they left us we cabled the State Department and the Navy Department suggesting that the proper thing to do would be to send them a formal invitation. The visit was made later.

Our next port was Bergen, Norway. I myself had listed it on our itinerary instead of Christiania. We had a good run until we encountered a heavy fog off the coast of Norway. It was necessary to take some chances, which I did not like to do. When I thought we were abreast the entrance to the fiord that runs up to Bergen, I asked for an accurate position from each ship, took a mean and headed directly toward the rocky beach. By good fortune we came within two hundred yards of the entrance, where we picked up the lighthouse close aboard and ran in safely.

Conscious of our troubles at other ports, as a result of not getting acquainted with people until we were about to leave the country, I telegraphed to our Consul General that I purposed entertaining a party of five hundred people on board the *Iowa* the afternoon following our arrival, and requested him to issue the invitations. On reaching Bergen and anchoring in their small and too deep harbor, the Consul General came on board and informed me that many of the Norwegians had gone to their summer places, but he believed they could come back for our event. We wondered about the word

"summer," for the temperature was then about fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

They returned, however, and had a good time, and our contacts were made at once. The Norwegian girls are the best looking and have the best figures of any I have ever met. They very quickly learn to speak English and to dance. At the first big entertainment on shore the mayor stated that half of the people of Norway were already inhabitants of the United States.

We made a trip by rail to Finse and the glaciers, and had opportunity to see the mountain scenery of the fiords. In my opinion it is not quite equal to the scenery of Alaska, but I may be prejudiced.

It was at Finse on one of the excursions that two midshipmen disappeared. The event caused great excitement in Norway and in the United States. After a first search, without avail, the Squadron, less the collier *Brutus,* sailed for Gibraltar without them. I left Lieutenant W. R. Van Auken in Norway with orders to find the two young men, dead or alive. Van Auken performed his duties most thoroughly and eventually found them. His adventures on the expedition make a wonderful story.

I stopped at Vass overnight, and then went due north to the Sogne fiord. I enjoyed everything except the return trip by automobile along the high roads that skirted the lakes. The driver of my car was determined to reach his destination on time. I sat in the rear seat between two fat Germans trying to decide what I would do if we rolled over and were pitched into the cold waters of the lake.

At Bergen we were shown the fish packing industry. Strong women cooper the barrels. These women were as broad as they were tall, and seemed to be quite as strong as men.

When we left Bergen the *Indiana* had trouble on account of the great depth at which she had to anchor in the harbor. I think it was forty-five fathoms. She could not rejoin us for several hours. The squadron went a

little north by west between the Orkneys and Faroe Islands which I knew I would never have another opportunity of seeing.

Once to the westward we made a direct run for Gibraltar to give the midshipmen a chance to work out navigation problems, running down a meridian. We passed the Isle of St. Kilda, which is several miles off the Irish coast, and ran so close that we could see the few inhabitants working in their fields or tending their sheep. It was a desolate place.

We made Gibraltar in good condition and found several of our vessels there. The commanding general gave several entertainments for us, which were particularly appreciated by the midshipmen. I went to Algeciras and attempted to get cool on the front porch of the beautiful hotel there. Returning to the ship we passed a gambling place, and I looked in for a moment. One of our officers, in citizen's clothes, was there. He had won in the neighborhood of $1,300, and the money was piled up on the table in front of him. Apparently, all the other players had lost. He was a young man from my state, and I urged him to quit and leave the place while he was far ahead of the game, suggesting that if he remained he would be likely to lose.

"No, Commodore," he said, "I am going to win a little more before I quit. Luck is with me."

I left him there and when I made inquiry the next morning I learned that he had lost not only all of the winnings which I saw piled up before him, but all of his own money and more that he had borrowed from his friends.

From Gibraltar we started homeward and had a fair westerly passage for the month of August. Upon reaching the Chesapeake, we made the usual stop at the mouth of the Patuxent River to get mail, and to send home the sick, to inspect the ships of the division, to be inspected by customs officials, and to make recommendations as to which cadets should be made officers of the

battalion for the ensuing year. We had a fine set of midshipmen, and made some excellent selections.

At the Patuxent we were able to get fresh milk and vegetables, and the seniors attended a dinner given by Mrs. Carroll, of Baltimore, who had a summer home on the banks of the river.

The customs officers from Baltimore made the usual inspection of the *Iowa,* the *Massachusetts* and the *Indiana.* They had to remain on board over night and we put them up. As I was busy with a vast accumulation of mail during most of the night, I gave the senior inspector my berth. When he came to breakfast the next morning, he said,

"Commodore, was this vessel the flagship of Admiral Sampson and Robley D. Evans?" I said that it was.

"Did they sleep in the same berth that I slept in last night?"

"Well, they must have done so," I replied, "it is the only one here."

"Now," he exclaimed, "My ambition is satified! I intend to have the fact that I slept in the same berth once occupied by Sampson and Evans engraved upon my tombstone."

He was very magnanimous toward our boys, respecting the few articles they had brought home, but on the *Massachusetts* an officer I knew made a *faux pas.* He had purchased a wonderful ring in India and paid $300 for it. When the customs officer valued it at $100 he became highly indignant and declared he had paid $300 for it and that it was worth the price.

"Very well, then," said the customs man, "I did not think it was worth so much, but I shall put you down for duty at $300." And he did.

On reaching the Academy we sent the midshipmen ashore for their September leave. I made my annual report about the last of August, was detached and proceeded to Washington, and then to the White Mountains, where my family was spending the summer. After join-

ing them I took my annual test walk. I used the main highway and as I jogged along one motorist after another passed me and invited me to ride, but each time I was obliged to decline their kindness. Everyone in the White Mountains rode in automobiles, even our laundress.

My family boarded at the home of Almus Sawyer, an old man who lived near Woodstock, on the Pemigewassett River.

One day my wife received a telegram from Hon. George A. Loud, a member of the House of Representatives from Michigan, and a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs of that body, stating that he and his family would motor through the town the next day and would stop and call upon her. Mr. Sawyer was very much interested and begged to be allowed to meet the congressman. Mr. Loud arrived on Sunday and old man Sawyer, dressed in his Sunday best, was sitting in the woodshed, which was his favorite retreat. Mrs. Coontz found him and introduced him to Mr. Loud.

This old man was much impressed as he shook hands with the visitor.

"Mr. Loud," he exclaimed with a voice filled with emotion, "This is the happinest day of my life. I have shaken hands with a congressman. The ambition of my life has been fulfilled, and I can now die happy."

While I was at Kiel, Rear Admiral Nicholson had offered me, through Russell, the post of Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. This was quite to my liking, and as I was waiting for a promotion to a captaincy I accepted. One night later, when I was in Bergen, Buchanan, my aide, came on board with a cablegram stating that Admiral Nicholson had suffered a stroke of apoplexy on the Chevy Chase Golf links, in Washington; that he had been carried to the shade of a nearby tree where he died immediately. This was a terrible shock, not only to me who had served with him at various times since 1885, but also to his friends in the squadron.

When we reached Gibraltar we read the obituaries in the Army and Navy papers, and thought it strange that the death of a man so prominent as Admiral Nicholson was not mentioned. When Russell received my message he made inquiries and found that Nicholson was out of the city. He did not send him any flowers. Now, eighteen years afterwards, Nicholson is still living, hale and hearty. We never learned how the mistaken announcement of his demise came to be made.

When I returned to Washington, after a short visit to my family in New Hampshire, I reported to the Department as relief to Henry B. Wilson. Nicholson told me that a new deal was going into effect in the Bureau, on January 1; that he would be sent to China; and that Philip Andrews was to be made chief of the Bureau. He also stated that the plan contemplated making the Bureau of Navigation a subsidiary for the aid for personnel. I expressed my absolute disapproval of the scheme, and told him I was ready to go to sea, but he insisted that I act temporarily as a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, of which Rear Admiral Fechteler was senior member. I acquiesced and served on the board for six months. I shall always remember the good it did me professionally.

XXIV

IN AUTHORITY AT GUAM

Board of Inspection and Survey—Mr. Gumbo—A Submarine Sinks—Governor of Guam—Spanish Laws and the Governor's Decrees—Typhoons—Eradicating the Hook Worm—Life on the Island.

Soon after I became a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey it was decided to hold a naval review in New York harbor. The *Massachusetts,* the *Indiana,* and the *Iowa,* in reserve in Philadelphia, were ordered into commission, for temporary duty. It fell to my lot to command the *Massachusetts.* C. S. Williams was assigned to command the *Indiana,* and E. A. Anderson the *Iowa.* We had to go to Philadelphia, organize, get our crews quickly, take the officers who had been sent to us, and get into condition for New York, within a very few days. We succeeded in accomplishing the task.

While we were awaiting the arrival of the Secretary of the Navy, at the mobilization in New York, several of the battleship commanders, including besides Williams, Anderson and myself, Benson of the *Utah* and Kellogg of the *Maine,* Anderson told us this story.

"In the class of '81 or '82 there was a cadet midshipman from Kentucky whom we will call Mr. Gumbo. He had managed to get through two years at the Academy and was studying White's Astronomy and the rudiments of navigation, but was making rough weather of it. His instructor was Lieutenant T., one of the leading officers of the class of 1867. Mr. Gumbo had been posted the preceding week in navigation and had come up

Monday morning without having looked at his lesson. He therefore knew that he must proceed with caution. The subject for the day was 'Tides.' Lieutenant T. propounded this question,

"'When the latitude of the place and the declination of the moon are the same, do you expect to have the higher or the lower of the two highs, next after the Greenwich upper transit?'

"'Yes, sir,' answered Mr. Gumbo.

"'You do not appear to understand the question, Mr. Gumbo,' said Lieutenant T., and he repeated it.

"'Yes, sir,' repeated Mr. Gumbo, now at a total loss to understand.

"'The question requires a categorical answer, Mr. Gumbo; you know what that means, don't you?'

"'Yes, sir,' persisted the confused youth.

"'You don't know much about tides, Mr. Gumbo?'

"'Oh, yes, sir.'

"'Do we have them all over the earth?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Where do you live, Mr. Gumbo?'

"'In Kentucky, on the Kentucky river, right on the bank.'

"'And you would expect tides there, Mr. Gumbo?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, what kind of tide would you expect to find in your yard, on the Kentucky river?'

"Mr. Gumbo hesitated a moment, and then said, 'I would expect to find a dog tied there.'"

On the Inspection and Survey Board were Rock, Williams, Smith, and T. J. Senn, as recorder. The Board inspected battleships, such as the *Utah,* and many destroyers and submarines. While testing out one of the early submarines off Provincetown, Massachusetts, in December, 1911, the first time we attempted to submerge the vessel the depth control failed, and we all went to the bottom of the bay. I was given credit for being very cool during this

accident, but I admit I was too frightened to move. Fortunately, we hit the bottom in less than two hundred feet of water, and on settling down the craft remained upright. After what seemed hours, we tried our third method of getting to the surface, and were finally successful. When once more we saw the blue light of heaven through the periscope, it was a most gratifying sight.

At Charleston, South Carolina, where we were testing out the destroyers at thirty-five knots, I went aft just before we reached this speed. When I attempted to return forward I was caught abaft one of the smokestacks and held there for an hour, while the sea washed over the deck. We lost one or two of our beam boats, but having started on this speed in rough water the Admiral would not slow down just for the loss of a boat or two. Around the smokestack was a brass rail about four feet high, and I held on to that whenever the rushing waters lifted my feet from the deck. It was an interesting and hair-raising experience. I saw nothing of Charleston except the depot, the navy yard and the harbor. We lived with my classmate, Rust, on the *Baltimore.*

The change in the status of the Bureau of Navigation sent Wilson to sea in December. On the first of January Wiley walked out of the front door of the Bureau and did not stop until he reached China. Strauss also went to sea. Another officer who was moved out of Washington at the same time was Commander Thomas Washington. There was apparently such a sudden and pressing need for his services on the *Yorktown* in the Pacific that he was given only a few days to prepare for the cruise. Later all of these officers became four star admirals.

On January 1, 1912, Rear Admiral Potter, aide for personnel, fell down the ice-covered steps of the State, War and Navy building while on his way to

the White House to attend the President's New Year's Day reception. As a result of the accident he was induced to apply for leave until the date of his retirement on May 10, following. On January 10 he was succeeded by Captain Potts. That day Potts sent for me and said that conditions in the Island of Guam were unsatisfactory, and that after looking over the list he had decided I was the man to go out there and adjust matters. I was greatly surprised, because I was due for sea duty, and wanted to go to sea, knowing what I might miss if I did not. Before I could reply Captain Potts added, "And you will have to give me an awfully good reason why you should not go."

I left him without giving my answer, considered the matter, talked it over with my family, and went back to him the next morning.

"Captain Potts," I said, "I have ten good reasons why I should not go to Guam. One of them is that I have just leased a house in Washington; another is that my fourteen-year-old son is preparing to enter the Naval Academy. Moreover, I have been promised sea duty, for which I am due. I always believe, however, in carrying out orders, irrespective of my personal desires, and I am, therefore, willing to go, provided I am permitted to sail on the April transport from San Francisco, and that you promise me the command of a battleship, the day I step on shore in the United States two years hence."

I also told him I wanted to be examined for promotion to the grade of Captain before I started for Guam. He agreed, but was not in charge of the Bureau long enough to fulfill any of the promises, except the examination.

We had settled down in Washington for a quiet winter. I had my children in school, and my niece, Miss Prudence Wyman, of Olympia, was en route east to spend the season with us. I decided that the

time had come to ask my Missouri friends for an appointment to the Naval Academy for my only surviving son.

One afternoon, however, our doorbell rang and a lady asked to see me, and as I was not at home she told my wife that she was the wife of James Wickersham, the delegate in Congress, from Alaska, and that her husband wished to see me at his hotel that night. When I called upon Mr. Wickersham he told me that my fame was still green in Alaska because of the work I had done in the territory more than twenty years before. He offered to appoint my son to the Naval Academy as a cadet from Alaska. I told him the appointment could not then be made, as my son Kenneth was only fourteen years of age, and that I was bound for Guam; but that my son was a resident of Alaska, and could accept the appointment later.

"No," he said, "we'll make it out tomorrow."

We went to the Navy Department the next day, made out an appointment, dated it June 2, 1912, to take effect in May, 1913, and placed it in the safe in the Bureau of Navigation. It was a gracious thing for Mr. Wickersham to do and I have never forgotten it. His son, Darrell, had been a shipmate with me on the *Nebraska.*

On Christmas Day, 1911, we filled our house with midshipmen whom I had known while I was Commandant at the Academy, and who lived too far away for them to go home at Yuletide. These were strenuous days.

I consulted Ex-Governor Dorn and Ex-Governor Potts, and gleaned all the information I could regarding Guam and the conditions there. The official correspondence was very heavy and I took with me much of it to read on the transport sailing from San Francisco. I decided that my son should accompany me to Guam even though his stay would

be short, and also my niece, who had been deprived of her visit to Washington. We stopped in Missouri to see my mother, who was nearing eighty.

The Bureau of Navigation had decided to send officers of high rank to Guam, and offered me the choice of three lieutenant commanders. I selected Raby to command the station ship *Supply,* A. W. Hinds to be captain of the yard and chief of public works, and three or four other details.

Hinds and his family met us in San Francisco, and Raby took command of the *Supply* at Bremerton. After a long struggle she sailed for Guam, heavily laden with island necessities and passengers, reaching Apra Harbor November 19.

Our party went out on the transport *Logan* and, having one of the best rooms on the vessel, we enjoyed the early part of the voyage. The *Logan* was slow, however, and we were late in reaching Honolulu, and remained there only twenty-four hours—scarce long enough to do more than register at the Alexander Young Hotel and see a few friends. As we were leaving Honolulu we received the news of the loss of the *Titanic.* We were twenty-three days out from San Francisco in reaching Guam. Soon after our arrival there my daughter developed a case of measles; she had suffered an attack of auto-intoxication soon after we left Honolulu and was critically ill.

Toward the end of April I relieved the Governor, and he took passage on a collier for Manila. I assembled the natives, told them I knew the general situation in Guam, and purposed having peace and contentment while I was there; that I would gradually take up their quarrels, their troubles and their grievances and settle them. Incidentally, I believed the most recent trouble in the Island had come about on account of a dog fight. The people are

naturally rather docile, but when once aroused they are strong-minded and clannish.

Several months before my arrival a gentleman accompanied by his dog was passing a plantation. Suddenly another dog jumped over a fence and immediately there was a dog fight. During the mêlée the owners of the canines became engaged in a quarrel. Later the controversy spread to the islanders and they took issue with one another on the affair. I was told in Washington that even the Governor had taken sides with the owner of one of the dogs. Be that as it may, I was there with a big job on my hands.

The government of Guam is conducted in a peculiar manner. The Spanish law is still the law of the islands. The Governor may issue any order or decree he deems advisable, and this supersedes the Spanish statute. It is an unusual mixture of authority, but it works well.

When I reached Guam I found that my predecessors had proclaimed one hundred and eighty specific laws, and the natives told me they were sometimes confused. I announced that during my term as governor new laws would be extremely few. I issued three—one of them a necessary enactment on the subject of bankruptcy and insolvency.

In my opinion the governors had been too lenient in exercising capital punishment. In the jail was a life prisoner who had killed his father. A young woman, scarce twenty, was behind the jail bars in plain view of my bedroom windows. She and another native girl had fallen in love with the same man. The prisoner had enticed her rival to her home where she feasted her so well that her guest lay down on a floor mat and fell asleep. Thereupon she procured a can of gasoline, poured its contents in a circle about the sleeping girl and over her, and applied a match. The girl was burned

to death. The court sentenced her to be executed, but sympathy was strong and her punishment was reduced to imprisonment for life.

At eight o'clock each morning the operator of the cable station in Sumay telephoned the news received from San Francisco. My chief clerk who was a stenographer made notes of the reports, and they were issued in concise form and distributed to the whites and the leading natives. San Francisco, under the cable rule, was not allowed to send accounts of scandals, a regulation which I approved. I did, however, succeed in having baseball scores sent daily, and once the result of a prize fight was slipped through.

I was anxious to visit the south central part of the island, and early in June had a chance to do so, in company with Commander Hinds and Judge Duarte. Years before Duarte had been an officer in the Spanish infantry. While stationed at Guam he married into a prominent family, and when the island was captured by the Americans he decided to remain there. He was well known to all old timers.

It was easy enough to reach Inarajan, at the southeast end of the island. The town had been made sanitary by the commissioner. The trail through the northwest center of the island, however, was difficult at times. We took bulls along to ride when necessary. Most of the route lay over great hot plains which some day will be covered with cocoanut and pineapple trees.

In my first address to the people I told them that I would be a hanging governor. If the person who committed a crime were insane it would do no harm to hang him, and if he were not crazy, the ends of justice would best be served by hanging. There were no murders in the island while I was there. My successors were also hanging gov-

ernors, and after the next murderer was executed in the center of the plaza at the capital of Guam, and the public was invited to witness the hanging, there was little trouble of this character.

Most people think that life in Guam is intolerable. It depends entirely on the individual. Two years is a long enough term there and one of eighteen months is preferable. The navy enlists a crew of several hundred men at the Guam naval station, at reduced rates of pay, to handle certain government work. The governor is also the commandant of the naval station. His office is the same for both duties, but as soon as he leaves the governor's office he runs into entirely different lines of work.

The Navy Department has an appropriation, "For care of lepers at Guam, and for other purposes." These other purposes are mainly educational. The hospitals are run under navy supervision. The governor levies the local taxes and has the distribution of them. The funds from this source ordinarily equal the appropriations of Congress.

The first real American governor of Guam who held office for any material length of time was Commander R. P. Leary. Order No. 2 of Governor Leary was a classic. It stated, in effect, that the day before, during his inspection of a certain part of the island, particularly in the town of Sinajana, where the Caroline Islanders had lived since their unexpected landing there years before, he was horrified to note that the women wore no clothing. He expressed the wish that thereafter, when he visited the town, the women would cover their nakedness. I believe they carried out the governor's wishes.

I was at the capture of Guam, in 1898, and it was almost fourteen years later that I became its eighth American governor. We lived in a palace built by the Spanish, and my offices, and those of the

island treasurer and the captain of the yard, were on the lower floor of the building. The palace was about a hundred and sixty feet long. There was one room sixty feet in length that could be used as a banquet hall, several bedrooms, large and small, and a small dining-room. Verandas ran all along the sides of the palace, which had no doors, but instead heavy wooden shutters painted green. They were called "typhoon shutters." Typhoons in Guam are very severe. One comes to know when they are to be expected and when they begin to subside. They form about a thousand miles southeast of Guam, and it is a question whether or not they will hit the island on their way to the Philippines and the Chinese coast before they turn to the eastward.

For centuries the Spanish priests have made a study of typhoons at the observatory in Manila. Their intensity on the island depends upon the distance from the center of the storm to Guam. The *Yosemite* was lost in a typhoon about 1900, and it is true that she jumped the reef at Guam and was driven out to sea many miles before she finally sank. When a typhoon is approaching the air becomes oppressive, the heat is intense and the wind blows a gale. It is then time to make preparations for safety.

The mean summer temperature is eighty-seven degrees, and in winter eighty-three degrees. The most marked difference between winter and summer in Guam is in February. Then it is coldest, and one sleeps under a sheet; the rest of the year one sleeps uncovered.

I found that baseball was the national game in Guam. There were several good teams, one of them composed of officers, to which I became attached as a poor right fielder. There was also the cable team, from the cable station at Sumay, and two native teams. We soon decided to form a league

The Governor's Palace at Guam

The Governor of Guam and party on a trip of inspection around the island

and in September after my arrival we organized the Guam Mid-winter League. The competition, of course, was very strong. Any passing ship that had a nine wishing to play baseball with our people was always welcome. On account of the heat, unless the score was tied, games were stopped at the end of the seventh inning.

The native children suffered from hookworm and other ills and were skinny, undernourished and morose. Under the supervision of Captain Kindleberger, of the Marine Corps, we began to work for the eradication of the hookworm, particularly among the school children. I had only five members of the Medical Corps under my command, including the medical officer attached to the *Supply*. By hard work and the valued assistance of their petty officers and nurses, they handled fifteen thousand people. We had hospitals that could accommodate about eighty hookworm children at one time. We took this number from the same school if possible, kept them for two weeks, gave them the treatment every other day, then discharged them and took them in again six months later for a final application of the remedy. It worked successfully. The parents of the first two or three groups of children placed in the hospital were fearful, and besieged the doctors and nurses with complaints. As soon as a child recovers from the hookworm disease its entire nature changes, and its outlook on life is very different. Soon we found that those who were cured made so much noise on the plaza in front of the palace at recess that it was almost unbearable.

One of the unusual sights in Guam is the "growing fences." Hardwood trees are cut down and split into fence posts which are driven into the ground. Soon the posts are covered with foliage. This is called the "growing fence."

We had to send for our Christmas presents from

the States as early as August in order to have them reach Guam in time for the Yuletide festivities. In 1912 we sent for fifteen hundred baseballs and the same number of bats, and put them on the Christmas tree and gave them alike to the native boys and girls. They took the place of the old-time sticks and clubs and cocoanuts. The girls learned to play baseball almost as well as the boys. Both native boys and girls were much better fielders than they were batters. I can assign no special reason for this except perhaps that their eyesight was not keen and they lacked proper training.

The routine of a day at Guam, when the governor was not visiting some part of the island away from the capital—I visited in turn each community—was to arise fairly early while it was cool and have breakfast served on a screened veranda. I always had *papaya,* a glass of fresh cocoanut milk and generally a couple of eggs on toast or fried bananas, and some good black coffee, finishing off with hardtack and native honey. I am very fond of cocoanut milk. I was in my office until one o'clock when we had lunch, after which we rested for a short time during the intense heat of the day, returning to work until four or four-thirty. From that time until six-thirty practically all the men and some of the ladies played tennis. Then there was a refreshing shower and tub bath and by seven-thirty or eight we were ready for dinner. Socially there was some activity nearly every night. Each officer in turn did his part.

The governor had seven acres of garden. The Federal Government allowed him one gardener and the civil government three Japanese who also worked in the garden. As an abundance of food was raised it was the practice of the governor to sell some of it very cheaply to the officers and employees. In this way enough money was raised each month to pay the three Japanese gardeners

fourteen dollars each. Prices were very low for vegetables, and I remember that one month Captain Brackett, of the Marines, had a bill which amounted only to two dollars, sixty-eight and a half cents. We raised many kinds of vegetables and fruit—breadfruit, oranges, grapefruit, three kinds of bananas, grapes, tomatoes, corn, fifty-pound watermelons, radishes, *papaya,* cocoanuts, and alligator pears. Bananas and corn grew together in one field. Up to the time I left Guam no insect had invaded the Island and it is sincerely to be hoped they never will. After the decimating epidemic, in many places, coffee was left to grow wild.

Here is the inscription from the Rubaiyat on a plaque hanging on the wall of the governor's summer house:

"Yon rising moon that looks for us again,
How oft, hereafter, shall she wax and wane;
How oft, hereafter, rising, look for us,
Through this same garden, and for one, in vain."

XXVI

CONDITIONS AND CUSTOMS IN GUAM

Learning English—Entertaining Guests from Transport—Wearing Shoes to Church—Moving the Lepers—A Centipede—Arresting the Caribou—To Shanghai and Japan—German Vessels—Cannibals.

Magellan discovered the Island of Guam in 1521. The population at one period, in the last century, was 48,000. Then came an epidemic of smallpox and at the time of my arrival there the island had less than 10,000 inhabitants; now there are upwards of 18,000. Many local diseases, particularly of children, have caused great havoc in the Island. In spite of the mixed population there are still a few full-blooded natives but Spanish blood predominates. Many of the Mestizos, as those of mixed blood are called, are good-looking. The natives were greatly oppressed by the Spaniards. When I was first in Guam, in 1898, at the time the American forces captured it, the wage for common labor was eight cents a day, gold, but in 1912 it had risen to forty-eight cents a day and, in consequence, there was a much greater degree of prosperity.

Two crops of corn are raised each year, one in August and one in February. The soil is so shallow that, although the corn in many places grows to a height of twelve feet, its roots hold so lightly that a typhoon may ruin an entire crop.

There are still a few deer on the island, and several times we had venison, but to me it did not compare favorably with the Alaska venison. In the northern part of Guam which is densely wooded with what might be called scrub trees the deer

travel on trails. When we built the concrete highway the natives used to place long planks between two trees over the road and lie on them watching for the deer to come beneath, when they would shoot them.

The Iguana are of all sizes: some of them as small as a rat and others as large as a small child. They are vicious only when protecting their young. Near the settled parts of the island they are to be seen in large numbers, but in the wilds they are careful to move away when they hear an unusual noise.

When the United States annexed Guam the natives spoke their local language, Chamorro, and also Spanish. It was twenty years before English predominated. Those who went to school in 1898 married and had children of their own; from 1918 on, the second generation went home and spoke English to parents who understood it. Time did the work.

One morning, having occasion to arise early preparatory for an island trip, and getting no response to my bell I proceeded to the servants' quarters, and much to my astonishment found sixteen persons sitting about a table and eating. I knew that I was furnishing the food. They were the steward, the cook, three attendants, a "makee learn" boy, two washer women, three gardeners, one cow milker, one maid, one carriage driver, and two others who were their guests. I feared that my food bill would be large that month, but the steward told me the only thing which it was necessary to pay for was the rice, as the vegetables and fruit came out of the garden.

When we reached Guam the dry season was almost over, and water was so scarce that the natives lined up at the old ice plant and were given a pint at a time. Fortunately rain began to fall a few days later and by October there was an abundance of water. One or two big dams had already been

built, but they were not large enough to furnish sufficient water in the dry season. I asked for an appropriation of $11,000 to pipe a supply from a perennial spring in the center of the island near Agana, the capital, and was pleased to receive $25,000. A reservoir was built above the city, and the water from the spring was pumped into it from a distance of several miles. Since then water conditions throughout the islands have been steadily improved by the successive governors.

I regarded it as the governor's duty to entertain as many people as possible passing Guam on the transports. They were a long way from home. I gave one public reception each month and shook hands with and provided refreshments for anyone who cared to come, whether dressed or barefooted. In addition, I gave two dances a month for the "quality" at Dorn Hall, in the capital. This hall was used first as a school, then as a moving picture theater and finally for dancing. My office was open at all times, even to the humblest native.

We had two bands in Guam, or rather one which was large enough to divide, and when the *Supply* made long cruises we used to lend part of it to her. We had what we called "the beginners' band" for the natives. When a man enrolled in that band he had to take the entire course of instruction, and was fined twenty-five cents—a large sum to a native—if he missed a lesson. The result was that we had good attendance and turned out some excellent musicians.

The governor's palace was about four blocks from the Pacific Ocean, and the roar and boom of the surf could be heard day and night. Once, during a tidal wave, the water came up as high as the lower part of the building. The palace was on the west side of the island, however, and by reason of

that fact was more or less protected from the danger of tidal waves.

July 1, 1912, I had a cablegram from Washington telling me that I had been promoted to Captain, and would assume that rank and uniform. When we made out the retirement tables, in 1887, it looked as if I might be a lieutenant commander in 1912, but here I was a captain! This illustrates the fact that promotion tables are sometimes deceptive.

In August, 1912, we had our first sizable typhoon. A transport was in and I had given a reception in the afternoon to several hundred of her passengers, and endeavored to get them all back to the vessel. Typhoons, however, did not mean anything to them and some delayed so long that the captain of the transport very properly withdrew his boat, and prepared to leave the harbor on a moment's notice. Sixty were left on shore. I had them removed from the boat landing five miles away wet and disheveled, took charge of seventeen of them at the palace and divided the others among the families of the officers We had to provide them with complete changes of clothing and put them up for the night as best we could. One of my guests, a colonel of cavalry, slept in one of my hammocks without removing his clothing or his spurs. With the outside shutters closed, and the inside of the house open for any possible air, sounds carried a long distance. About one o'clock in the morning two young women who were occupying a three-quarter bed in an adjoining room began to talk. Hoping that I might quiet them I rolled a small cannonball from my own room down the corridor to their door. It did not accomplish the desired result. They only wondered what the peculiar noise was and finally I had to go to their room and request them to be quiet. I heard no more from them until the next morning.

My son, Kenneth, was to leave the island for the

Naval Academy on this transport and fearing that it might be obliged to sail without giving notice I had all the passengers put on a navy lighter, took them out myself alongside the vessel and had them hoisted on board. Those who had spent the night on shore had to submit to this kind of handling, much to the amusement of the passengers on board.

My son's trunk was practically ruined on the trip to the transport, and when he reached Manila he had to buy a new outfit. Leaving Guam in August he reached Washington October 23, and entered Shadmann's Preparatory School. I have sent many boys to Shadmann's and not one of them failed to enter the academy. My son roomed with a young man named Brewington, from Texas, and during their acquaintance they found that they had the same great grandfather, who had gone from Alabama to Texas.

The *Supply* was the station ship at Guam. It anchored in the harbor of Apra, about a mile from the landing. This anchorage was excellent except in typhoon time. Just before I left the island I succeeded in procuring several anchors and moorings from the lighthouse board and placed them inside one of the reefs to make a berth for the *Supply,* or any other vessel that might need them. My understanding was that these moorings were given to us by the Department of Commerce, but two or three years later I noted that a bill was submitted for $15,000. I never learned the outcome. If the Department brought them home from Guam it cost a lot of money. Anyhow, the moorings were greatly needed.

Lieutenant Harlow T. Kays came out on the *Supply* to be aide to the governor and to perform other duties. He brought his wife and young daughter with him and remained throughout my incumbency of the governorship.

In Guam all natives except the Protestants, of whom there are only a few, go to church at four o'clock Sunday morning. They wear their best clothes. Those in the lower strata of society rise a notch when they wear shoes, or rather when they have shoes. They have been known to buy shoes even if they did not fit and carry them in their hands going to or coming from church. Merely to own them was sufficient.

We introduced the movies to Guam while I was there. They were shown at Dorn Hall, and as the people were poor we charged only ten cents for the best seats, and five cents for those down in the pit, so that the native children could attend. One of the first reels sent out pictured a railroad train hauled by a heavy engine moving at full speed and disappearing in the middle of the screen. It seemed to be rushing straight for the center of the pit, and the children gave a wild yell and started to leave the hall. Fortunately, the windows were open and low and the youngsters reached solid ground without injury. It was some time before we could persuade them to return.

In December, 1912, I received orders to transport all the lepers, then in Guam, to Culion Island, in the Philippines. It had to be done ostensibly on account of economy, but it was a heartrending procedure. On the way from the leper colony to the steamer it was necessary for all of the unfortunates to pass through the town. Their relatives and many other natives congregated to see them go. It made one think either of a circus parade or a big funeral. One leper was eighty-eight years old, and whether or not he survived the trip I never learned. The day before their departure two of them escaped. One was a blind man and the other was a woman who could not walk. The blind man carried the woman on his back, and they went many

miles into the fastness of the island, where we eventually recaptured them in a starving condition. We sent them to Culion on the next transport. For several years after that there were only two cases of leprosy on the island. Some of our medical men reached the conclusion that one of the ways by which the disease was communicated was by bedbugs. Later they experimented with Chaulmoogra oil and it seemed to work quite successfully as a cure. It is not an easy undertaking to celebrate Christmas in a hot climate, but we did it just the same. We used our own money to make 1,800 children happy, and saw that each one of them had four or five little presents which were nicely wrapped and tied by the wives of the white men on the island.

I decided that while governor I would undertake road building. The highways at times were almost impassable even for carabao and bulls. There is a substance on the island called *cascajo* (pronounced cascow), and aside from extremely bad places we found we could build roads with this material at a cost of $1,000 per mile. I had highways constructed in various directions in different parts of the island and endeavored to get the natives back to the soil. As in many other countries the islanders were in the habit of walking several miles to work in the morning and returning to their settlement at night. The government began to lease them land—forty acres for three dollars a year and twenty acres for a dollar and a half a year. To some extent this plan was successful, and I hope that eventually it will make farmers of those people. I also recommended a cadastral survey of the island.

Mrs. George Williamson, a friend of the Rabys, came out to Guam on the *Supply* from San Francisco. One morning I took her in my carriage to the bluff where she could look down on the city of Agaña,

and get the magnificent view of the harbor. Owing to the high grass it was necessary to leave the carriage a short distance from the edge of the bluff. It was raining and when we got out of the carriage I raised my umbrella. Walking through the grass was difficult and as the rain had ceased I closed the umbrella without clasping it and stuck it in the ground until we should return. On our way back to the carriage I reached for the umbrella and was bitten by a centipede that had crawled inside it. As soon as we returned to the city I had the wound cauterized and thought little more of it, as people rarely die from the bite of a centipede.

The next morning, however, when I awoke, my arm was swelling at an alarming rate. We sent for the surgeon, and although he applied various remedies, by five o'clock that afternoon three ridges an inch wide had risen on the arm up to the shoulder. Everyone was frightened. Finally it was decided to place the swollen arm in an ice cream freezer and pack it with chopped ice. This treatment was efficacious. The swelling was reduced, the arm cooled off and I recovered, but for many years I did not lose the mark where the centipede had bitten my finger.

These reptiles are a pest in Guam. A native was bitten on the eyelid, but recovered. Before we screened our porch I killed two one afternoon while my family was sitting near by reading. Once when several officers and four or five ladies were waiting at the naval hospital a centipede crept from a crevice in the wall, and after looking over the party made straight for the leg of the wife of one of the surgeons. It so happened that the lady's limb was shapely and encased in a green stocking. The centipede ran up her leg and bit into the fleshy part of the calf. The woman became hysterical and was carried into the hospital where the wound was

cauterized and after forty-eight hours she was ready to leave her bed.

A peculiar custom prevails in Guam. If a man's caribou breaks into a neighbor's field and destroys his crops, they arrest the caribou. It is taken to the central jail, around which there is an enclosure, and a fine is imposed, which the owner has to pay before he can reclaim his beast. If the fine of an arrested animal is not paid the animal is taken by the government and placed in the governor's garden. When I reached Guam I found that I had to feed a caribou and a bull, and that every few days the caribou had to be taken to a place where he could wallow in the mud and ooze to his own content. Tropical animals do not like white people and some of them are dangerous at times. A small native child, however, can lead them. The "arrest" rule applies to all animals.

After a typhoon the recovery of crops is slow. Following the one in 1912 the government helped all it could and with good results.

I found there was a vast difference between the monetary value of exports and imports and endeavored to bridge the gap. I was authorized by the Navy to have the *Supply* make several trips to Manila each year and north as far as Hongkong to carry products of the island at a nominal freight rate. Before that time the *Supply* made one trip a year to China and Japan on what was known as a "health" trip. When white people remain in the tropics for more than two years it is necessary for them to go to a cooler climate, especially so for the women and children. Most of us had been in Guam that long, and my wife and daughter were not very well. We, therefore, decided on a trip to China and Japan in April and May. Our first port was Shanghai. The *Supply* was an old roller, and we literally rolled all the way, but each day was a little

cooler as we steamed north. Admiral Nicholson was in command of our naval forces in the Far East with headquarters at Shanghai. Wiley was captain of the *Saratoga* and Marvell of the *Helena*. Wurtsbaugh was captain of the Admiral's flagship.

We granted all the leave we could to the ship's officers and men, and everyone saw Shanghai, as well as a great deal of the surrounding country. Even in that latitude the weather seemed very cold to us after having lived in Guam. Outside of the trips made officially, there were countless places of interest to those who were visiting the port for the first time. All nationalities were represented by one or more vessels in the harbor.

From Shanghai we steamed through Shimonosaki Straits to the Inland Sea of Japan. I had crossed this sea several times before, but on this trip we followed zigzag courses at a speed of only six knots and anchored when darkness came. The days were getting longer, and we sat in deck chairs, with our rugs around us, near the forecastle and viewed the magnificent scenery. After the eastern entrance was passed, and we could see Kobe in the distance, we headed for Yokohama. We reached there about May 2, 1913, just after the California legislature had passed its Japanese Discrimination Act. In the excitement, and with no radio, the *Supply* had not been advised against visiting Yokohama. We anchored inside the breakwater and reported to Washington, and after receiving some garbled cable messages decided to remain there two weeks. This became necessary also for the reason that just after we arrived in port some seventy of our crew and our Chamorro nurses came down with chicken-pox. By arrangement with the Japanese authorities, as each one developed the disease we were allowed to send the patient to the naval hospital at Yokohama, to be kept there until an hour before the ship sailed. The epidemic curtailed our sightseeing.

On one of the trips to Tokyo we attended a Japanese

theater for the upper classes. We entered just as the performance started, at five o'clock, and remained in our seats until seven-thirty, when there was a recess for dinner. The meal was served in the same building and was over in a half-hour. The production then continued and lasted until eleven o'clock. A small part of the play was in English. We did a little sightseeing and watched the women make some purchases. I was too tired to enjoy the theater and chose a seat with a post behind it. Except when aroused by applause or laughter, I slept through the whole performance, much to the amusement of my companions.

On arriving in Japan I was waited upon by a committee of merchants having representatives in Guam. They informed me that, because of the fairness with which I had treated their people, they desired to show some courtesy to my officers and their families and to me. They wished particularly to entertain us at Tokyo and Nikko. They did so in lavish manner. A special car took a limited number of us to Nikko. We spent the night at the Kanaya Hotel and the next day were shown everything of interest in the city. Nikko is as interesting as it is picturesque. We were pleased with the temples and rode through the long avenue noted for its beautiful trees.

Captain Raby and I left our children at the hotel with the Chamorro nurses and instructed them to remain indoors. As soon as we were away, however, the nurses took the children into the street. Unfortunately, the Guamites knew nothing of the Japanese customs and the children ran away from them. Before they could be stopped they were on the sacred, red lacquer bridge which was used only by members of the royal family. The youngsters were chased away from the sacred spot by the guards and hurried back to the hotel. The nurses were so frightened that they locked themselves in a closet, where we found them when we returned.

That night in Tokyo we had another banquet. Both

men and women sat cross-legged for several hours as they ate. We partook more or less sparingly of the Japanese raw fish and other foods and drinks, but indulged ourselves when American beefsteaks were served.

One night, while returning from Tokyo to the *Supply* and passing through Yokohama in our rickshaws to the ship's landing, we ran into a large meeting, which was just dispersing. A big Japanese who had evidently been in England or the United States cried: "Down with all Americans in Japan! Destroy them! Destroy them!"

I gave instructions, "Eyes front," and ordered the rickshaw men to run faster. They got through the crowd and reached the landing safely. I believe this man was merely a mob inciter.

Clearing from Yokohama with all on board fully or nearly recovered from chicken pox, we started for Guam feeling much rejuvenated. We passed near the Bonin Islands, but they were closed to foreigners and all we could do was to look at them from a distance.

On arriving at Guam toward the end of May we found that an epidemic of measles had broken out in the island. The disease had been brought in by passengers on board a transport from the United States. On our own ship we discovered a case of scarlet fever, contracted, most likely, in Yokohama. This meant the quarantining of the governor and all of his party in the old barracks at Asan, which, fortunately, were still in good condition. The scarlet fever patient was taken to the uninhabited island of Cabras, near Piti, where he was cared for and where he recovered. After the usual period of quarantine, no new cases having developed, the ban was raised and my family and I moved back to the palace, and the other officers and their families returned to their respective habitations.

Guam is a closed port. Occasionally a ship came in for help. Once it was reported to me that the *Comet,* a German vessel, had hove to outside of Orote Head.

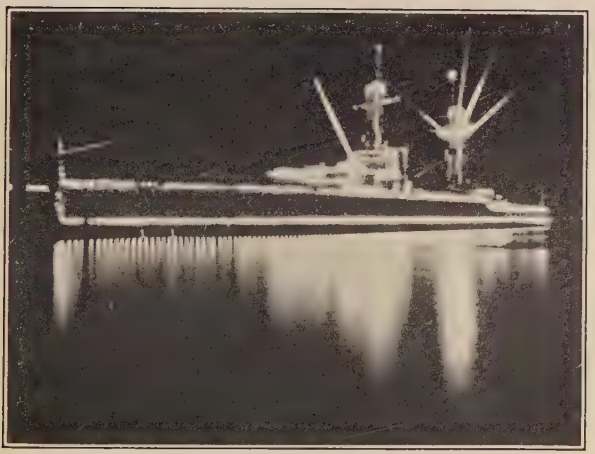
I sent out a launch and the captain reported that he had engine trouble and wished permission to come into Guam for repairs and to send cables. I allowed him entrance for a limited time, and the commanding officer and one of his subordinates came to the capital by bull cart. I suspected from their actions that they were German naval officers. Immediately after luncheon I told my wife to keep them engaged in conversation for a time. I remembered the old German naval register presented to me by the Superintendent of the Naval Academy in 1911, at Flensburg. I slipped down to my room and in the book I found the name of the captain of the ship listed as a naval officer, and the first officer who was with him was likewise recorded. I rejoined them and asked them frankly who they were. They admitted their identity and I gave them twenty-four hours in which to leave the harbor.

On the second visit of the *Comet* Captain Muller brought his wife and infant child. Although he was a German naval officer, his wife was British. The ship's station was at Rabaul, German New Guinea. A part of her crew was from the Solomon Islands and were cannibals. They were very black and had wonderful white teeth without a flaw or a filling. The little fellow who took care of Captain Muller's child also served as a waiter. My wife casually asked him if he were a cannibal. He said, "No, me no eat man; but my big brudder he eat man." It is remarkable that many of the natives of that part of the world speak pigeon English.

Captain Muller told me a queer story of the Solomon Islanders. When a child dies the parents purchase a case of beer. They take out the bottles, drink the beer and, because of the lack of lumber in the island, they place the body of the child in the beer case for burial. Once, on the death of an infant the beer was drunk and the child was placed in the box, which was taken to the cemetery. Upon returning to the house the parents found the child's body still lying on the table. The bot-

U. S. N.

Fleet parade passing Government House, Melbourne, Australia



U. S. N.

U. S. S. *Maryland,* illuminated

tom had fallen out of the beer case. There seemed to be nothing to be done but to buy another case of beer and drink it. This time, however, they made sure that the bottom was intact before they placed the child in its improvised coffin, and the infant was buried in accordance with custom.

Later on another German cruiser, the *Cormorant,* came into port claiming to have had engine trouble, and she was allowed the usual time in which to make repairs. I entertained the officers at the palace, and in return they gave us a luncheon and dance aboard their ship. I remember only two things about the party. One was that a drink of water was not to be had on the boat, but they had about seventeen different kinds of wine on the table. As some of the ladies did not drink wine, they suffered, for it was a hot day. The other thing I recall was that the ship was too small for dancing; also, it was Sunday and officials in Guam had to pretend to be religious, even if they were not, in order to set an example to the natives.

While the *Cormorant* was lying in the harbor several of the officers were invited to dinner at the cable station. The officials there always had an especially good brand of liquor, and upon this occasion their guests imbibed freely. Six of the mess attendants on board the ship accompanied the German officers to the dinner and stood behind them throughout the meal, much to the surprise and amusement of their hosts. During the festivities one of the mess attendants stepped forward and tapped an officer on the shoulder, telling him he had drunk enough. The officer, however, took another libation, and again the boy stepped forward. This time he said nothing, but quietly and quickly lifted his charge from his chair, placed him upon his back and carried him to the ship.

The fate of the *Cormorant,* which was sunk in the harbor of Guam during the World War, is well known.

It was customary to have swimming parties and suppers at Piti, the little harbor five miles from Guam. Once, in the spring of 1913, we had an unusually large crowd—

some sixty-three people. Before the supper was over several of the party became sick and complained of stomach pains. The gathering disbanded and we hurried home. Within forty-eight hours practically everyone who attended the dinner was ill in bed, and some of them dangerously so. The affair had the appearance of a deliberate poisoning plot. Most of the leaders of the white population of Guam and their families narrowly escaped death. A thorough investigation failed to disclose the cause of the mysterious sickness.

XXVI

FROM GUAM TO BATTLESHIP

Native Customs—The Pago Road—Progress in the Island—Vessel's Condition Bad—At Vera Cruz—Liquor Forbidden on Ships—War Declared in Europe—Court Martial Duty—Rejoin Fleet—Dealings With Carranza—*Georgia* Makes Fine Showing at Target Practice—To Command Thirteenth Naval District.

It was almost impossible to reach the eastern part of Guam, but, as I was determined to see every part of the island while I was governor and commandant, I formed a party to make the trip. We went by steamer to Umatac, the old capital, which had been destroyed by an earthquake several decades ago. Thence we proceeded to Merizo, on the extreme southwest point of the island, where we remained one day as the guests of the Catholic priest, Father Christobal. Accommodations were meager. The priest gave us fresh tomatoes from the church garden and some native wine, and we reciprocated by giving him a block of ice. From Merizo we rode in two-wheeled bull carts to the harbor of Inarajan, on the southeast coast, where there is a little bay which fishermen use as a haven. From there on we had to go bullback or walk, and I have a remarkable picture of my wife and Mrs. Raby and Mrs. Hinds riding bulls. At each place Captain Hinds, Doctor Eytinge and I held political and medical councils.

We crossed the rivers on rafts and the bulls were either towed across or swam over with the natives. It was a remarkable and interesting experience. One night, at Togcha, the headquarters of the Japanese who had the cocoanut concessions, we found only one building really fit for white women to occupy, and even that was open on all sides. There were so many Japanese and

natives about that the ladies insisted I should occupy this open shelter with them. I had to turn in late at night in the dark and get out before daylight. The only way to take a bath at Togcha was to jump in the river. My steward came all the way from the capital with fresh vegetables and meat, and cooked us a real meal. We eventually reached the Pago river, and after camping there a short time our own carriages came up and took us safely across the island to the capital. The road to Pago was built by Captain A. W. Hinds.

On the highest elevation of the island we found a sign under a shrine with an ever-burning light stating that Governor So-and-so had built the road to that point in 1565. Overcoming many difficulties, Hinds continued the road down to the coast on the east side, finishing it in three months at a cost of only $3,000. I told him that beneath the sign we should write the statement that the American government completed the highway to the coast in ninety days in 1913.

In July, 1913, I received a cablegram stating that I was detached as soon as I felt I could leave the island, and directing me, upon my departure, to turn over control to Captain Hinds. I also learned that I would be given command of a battleship on reaching the United States. I decided that, as the *Supply* was to make a trip to the Chinese coast in December, my family and I would go home that way, and take Captain Raby's family with us, as they had not been well.

On leaving Guam I was very much affected by the receipt of letters and tokens of affection from practically all of the leaders in the island. The five-mile road to the boat landing was lined with school children carrying flowers, which they threw at us as our carriage passed them. I have several photographs showing the highway thickly covered with them. I have always retained a warm spot in my heart for Guam and the Chamorros.

I attempted to clear up the court calendar, but found

it would take a long time. Some of the suits had been pending for fourteen years. Soon after my arrival in Guam I selected as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals the Hon. Pancracio Palting, a Filipino, who having been banished from his country had come to Guam, married into one of the prominent families of Guam and remained there. The salary of the office was ninety-nine dollars a month. We felt that if we paid anyone a salary of a hundred dollars a month he might become arrogant and proud. I found that Palting was loyal to the government and satisfactory to the people. Old Francis Portusach and Pedro Duarte, whom I had known when we took Guam, in 1898, were both living there in 1912. Portusach was a planter and Duarte was postmaster and worked also as a surveyor in the island government. Guam has made much progress since the Spanish regime. The Bank of Guam has been established under the supervision of the government; a large ice plant has been built; there is plenty of fresh water; and health conditions are excellent. I understand pineapple orchards are now being developed. I feel certain they will be successful and that their operation will be as beneficial to the people as the cocoanut and corn crops have been in the past.

The *Supply* sailed for Hongkong on September 23 and soon we began to cool off. Unfortunately, Jack Raby, now about to be graduated from the Naval Academy, was taken ill with amoebic dysentery. We managed to get him past Yokohama. Captain N. J. Blackwood, of the Medical Corps of the Navy, and his wife were passengers with us for a part of the voyage and aided us in getting our people safely by when quarantine was threatened.

My family shopped as long as money lasted in Hongkong, Shanghai and Yokohama.

We came home on the *Empress of Asia,* the new liner running from Hongkong to Vancouver. Outside of Yokohama we ran into a typhoon and it remained with

us for the greater part of the voyage across the Pacific. We would have seen the Aleutian Island had it not been for the fact that the weather was bad and visibility low. There were days when only four of the many passengers aboard went to the dining saloon. My table provided two of the four.

We made the run in ten days. I found that navigators in the British merchant marine do not take as great care as our own naval navigators do. Once, on a merchant vessel, the captain asked me to help him compensate his compass and to find out the deviation. I did so, but the next time the navigator asked my assistance the captain would not allow me to help him. A forenoon sight and a meridian altitude are often a day's work.

When we sighted Vancouver the sun was shining and the snow-covered mountain peaks loomed up majestically. We debarked at Victoria, B. C., late at night and waited there for a Sound steamer for Seattle.

Someone had wired to Seattle that one of the women in my party might be a smuggler. When we reached there the customs inspector insisted upon having her searched. It was then between one and two o'clock in the morning and I protested vigorously against such an outrage, but could do little more at that time of night. She had nothing contraband in her possession.

En route home, I received advices from Washington that I was to command the *Virginia,* which was very satisfactory. Later word came that I was to command the *Nebraska.* This was equally satisfactory, but when I reached home I was informed by the Bureau of Navigation that I was to command the *Georgia.*

After a brief visit in Missouri I went on to Annapolis, where my son was a plebe at the Academy. I reached Washington about Thanksgiving time and went to the office of the chief of the Bureau of Navigation. While I was there who should walk in but Henry B. Wilson, Joseph Strauss, Thomas Washington and Henry A. Wiley. These officers had been ordered from Washington about the same time that I was. We had a good

laugh over the coincidence that all of us had returned to the capital at the same time.

I saw the football game in Philadelphia, in which the Navy was defeated for the first time in several years, and then I proceeded to Boston, where, on December 1, I took command of the *Georgia.*

Conditions on that ship were about as discouraging as they could well be to a commander. The vessel had been at the navy yard for two months undergoing repairs and was extremely untidy. Within a short time after I had reported the ordnance officer, W. H. Allen, fell at the cabin door and broke his arm. He was transferred to the naval hospital at Boston. That afternoon I read in the newspapers that Lieutenant Wood had been injured at Newport by falling off a roof at a fire. The senior turret officer, Pickens, was detached within a few days. The ship had been the lowest in target practice the preceding year and, all in all, the outlook was gloomy. My executive officer was Hussey. Shortly afterward H. H. Michael was ordered as gunnery officer, and W. B. Wells came as navigator.

We determined to make something out of the vessel, and once clear of Boston, January 3, 1914, and bound for Vera Cruz, we whipped the crew into shape and started in to accomplish our aim of reaching the top of the list in gunnery.

On reaching Vera Cruz, January 10, we reported to Rear Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, commanding the third division, and took our place in the line as number two ship, replacing the *Nebraska,* which went north for her regular repairs.

The situation at Vera Cruz was nebulous and uncertain. The British were represented by Rear Admiral Craddock. with the *Suffolk.* He was the officer who later met his death in a brave fight between the British and Germans off Coronel. There were several other nations represented there, among them Germany. I think their vessel was the *Dresden.*

Admiral Fletcher took us into the Gulf regularly and taught us tactics and the system of keeping station in line and in-the-line formations. We prepared wooden affairs which we carried at our mastheads to help out in the drills. Like any other instruction that is often repeated, the drills became tiresome, but it brought us up properly in the way of retaining position and bearing. The *Georgia,* as ship number two, had a difficult position to hold, because it is well known that the ship nearest to the pivot has the most trouble in keeping to her proper place.

We went north in April to our home port, and had scarcely arrived there when the so-called Vera Cruz incident occurred, during the administration of President Wilson. We were ordered to return as fast as we could to rejoin the fleet. Upon arriving we found Rear Admiral Beatty in command of our division. The signal came almost immediately from the flagship *Wyoming* that I was to command the Third Regiment, relieving Captain Edward Simpson, of the *Minnesota.* I had the largest regiment, as it included the battalions of the *Virginia,* the *Georgia,* the *Nebraska* and the *New Jersey,* as well as the *Minnesota.* W. L. Rodgers was in command of all the forces.

Captain Rodgers held several conferences during the next few days, as we expected to be ordered to the City of Mexico. We were well drilled for what we were to undertake. The marines and the army began to arrive in large armies. There were so many men afloat and ashore that an Army and Navy Club was organized in Vera Cruz.

Rear Admiral Badger was in command of the Atlantic Fleet. We waited, and as the weeks went by the Admiral took us out from time to time for various evolutions and small drills in gunnery. Once or twice we were sent to Tampico, where we always anchored in the swell outside the mouth of the harbor. There was little to do except to carry on drills and exercises, guard the ship

when we had "northers" and wait for events to happen.

On July 1, 1914, by direction of the Hon. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, liquors of every description were prohibited aboard vessels of war and at all naval stations. This was an innovation and was bitterly opposed by many officers and ridiculed by many newspapers. Time has shown the wisdom of the action of the Administration in this matter. There is no question, in my mind, but that liquor should never be allowed on shipboard or at naval stations, except for medicinal purposes. I go further and say that I do not believe it should be used by officers of the merchant marine while at sea. If one ever needs all his mental faculties and all his skill, it is while at sea in any capacity, whether commanding a vessel or discharging any subordinate duties which involve the safety of passengers.

We were all watching events in Europe and were not surprised when war was declared on August 1, 1914. That afternoon Chief of Staff Hughes came over to the *Georgia* with orders for her to proceed to Port au Prince, Haiti, relieve the *Connecticut* and remain there indefinitely. We got under way before midnight. The British had already left Vera Cruz, and so had the Germans. We expected that the *Karlsruhe* or some other German ship would go to Port au Prince. We made there in two or three days, getting the war news by radio while en route. We relieved the *Connecticut* and settled down for a long stay. Commerce immediately dropped off at Port au Prince and, if I recall correctly, the price of coffee fell to four cents a pound.

The *Washington,* under command of Captain Eberle, was at San Domingo, and the *South Carolina,* under Captain Russell, was at Cape Haitien. These men were my classmates and we had our first cruise together in 1885.

As our men could not be granted liberty at Port au Prince, we hired a big baseball field and each day took the men out either to play or to see the games. My recollection is that we organized twelve baseball teams

among the officers and crew of the ship. Four or five days each week we had boat races. The heat of the day was intense and the nights were never cool. Many of our men slept on the upper deck of the ship.

The impression among our officers was that Germany would be defeated within a few weeks, or within a few months, at most. H. O. Smith and I were the only officers aboard the *Georgia* who thought otherwise.

In October we were relieved by the *Sacramento,* under Commander McNamee, and sailed away from Port au Prince.

Our minister to Haiti was Mr. Bailly-Blanchard. It was he who rendered valuable assistance in finding the body of John Paul Jones. One night we sat up until two A. M. at his bungalow while he recounted the story of the search for the remains of the great naval hero in Paris in a part of the city that had become covered up in the course of a century.

On our way north we stopped at Cape Haitien for several hours and transferred executives, the *Georgia* receiving Commander W. L. Littlefield. We then hurried on to Boston for a short stay, and there I was made president of the General Court Martial that tried Ensign R— in the celebrated case in which he was charged with robbing his shipmates over a period of many months.

It was one of the most remarkable cases I have ever known and the amount of plunder he had taken was amazing. He was always sharp in avoiding suspicion and was only caught by accident. His methods of deceiving his associates were remarkable. He even headed a subscription list to hire a detective to discover the culprit who was robbing the officers.

When court adjourned I walked to the wharf where the *Georgia* lay and found the ship already had its lines singled, and within an hour we were out at sea, bound for the Gulf of Mexico. On the cruise I saw only four United States ports, Boston, Newport, Hampton Roads and Key West.

We joined the fleet in Guacanayabo Bay, and Admiral Beatty placed the vessels of his division in line, four miles apart, just within signalling distance, with instructions to have all vessels in readiness for practice as quickly as possible. Rear Admiral Coffman took command of our division on the retirement of Rear Admiral Beatty. Both were able men with common sense.

One afternoon, during a successful target practice, the signal came for the *Georgia* to proceed, with dispatch, to Vera Cruz. This was unexpected, but we made our way to the old anchorage. The *Delaware* was in port, with Captain W. L. Rodgers as senior officer. A few days after we arrived, orders came for the *Delaware* to leave, and for a time I was the senior officer present at Vera Cruz.

With Consul General Canada, since deceased, I handled matters with Carranza. I reported by radio to the Navy Department and to the Commander-in-Chief once a day, and smiled when I saw the accounts in the newspapers and compared them with the reports that I had made.

At last the smaller craft arrived at Vera Cruz and, as trouble had arisen in Yucatan over the question of sisal, the *Georgia* was sent to Progresso. The question was settled while we were en route, and during the night we had orders to return to Vera Cruz.

After we had practically abandoned all thought of completing the target practice, we had instructions to proceed north by way of Progresso and Key West. We communicated with Commander Upham, of the *Olympia,* and then went on to the Florida port. In all my years in the Navy, this was my first visit to Key West. We hurriedly coaled and moved on to join the fleet at Hampton Roads.

We were allowed to finish our target practice off the Capes of Chesapeake. We made a remarkable showing, and our final score was so good that at the end of the year we were leading, and the multiple of the *Georgia* was 88.50 in gunnery. The next highest ship was the

Texas, with a score of 66. In eighteen months the *Georgia* had been brought from the bottom of the list to the top. My most difficult task was to select and name to the Department the three officers who did most toward winning the victory. I named Michael, ordnance officer; Corley, who sat in the plotting room for hours at a time and gave direct and correct range, estimates and instructions; and W. A. Shaw, who had done much with the six-inch gun battery, which, on a ship like the *Georgia,* is very hard to handle and to keep in condition. J. S. Woods was rated as next best.

After our final practice off the Virginia Capes, which was witnessed at long range by a British cruiser, we had ten days of cruising at full speed in the New York-Narragansett area, with the entire fleet. It was strenuous. I remained on the bridge approximately twenty-one hours out of every twenty-four; that is, from six o'clock one morning until after three o'clock, eating my meals there and occasionally falling asleep while standing. We ran into some dense fogs and had the amusing experience of having two ships in line ahead of us follow a merchant ship's fog horn, so that when the mist cleared the *Georgia* was next to the flagship and the two stray vessels were some miles to the northward. They got back into formation with all possible dispatch. The drill ended at a most opportune time, for one of the big liners was plowing through between two of our ships just as the fog lifted.

The ships rendezvoused in Newport harbor. We had an unexpected experience there that sent four or five battleships dragging down on those next to them. Fortunately, no damage was done, but the incident called for a Court of Inquiry.

I expected to go to the War College July 1, and while in Newport I looked for quarters for my family, but made no commitments.

The *Georgia* reached Boston June 23, and that afternoon I received a telegram from the Commandant of the Navy Yard at Puget Sound asking me if I had any

special preference as to the color that the commandant's house should be painted. I was surprised, but between the lines I read that I was to be sent to Bremerton instead of to the War College. The next morning I had a wire from Victor Blue telling me that the department had decided that I must go to Puget Sound as commandant of the yard and of the 13th Naval District. This command, including Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, is by far the largest naval district in the United States.

I regretted not being able to go to the War College, but I had always wished that sooner or later I might be made Commandant of the Puget Sound Yard. When I was there in 1887 Sinclair Inlet had only one house. I had been there again in 1897 and many times after that, and had anticipated that the Puget Sound Yard would eventually be the largest, and possibly the most important, of all our navy yards.

We packed up quickly and left Boston, stopping on the way west, as usual, at my home in Hannibal, to see my relatives. My mother was getting old and I feared it might be the last time I would see her alive, and so it was. She told me she would like to go to her old home in Bowling Green, Missouri, famous in history, and see some of her childhood friends. There she could be quiet and peaceful. This was in July, 1915, and mother had not been there since 1850, when her family moved to Hannibal. I felt that not many of the girls she had known in her youth would then be living, after a lapse of sixty-five years, but, notwithstanding, I consented to take her there.

We stayed at a new hotel at the old Springs, where the waters were said to have wonderful curative properties. After my first bath one of the burly attendants placed me on a table and gave me a vigorous thumping and rubbing. This treatment continued for five days and toward the last was very severe. I had made no protest

and the attendant finally asked me what disease I was suffering from.

"Why," I replied, "I haven't any disease; there is nothing the matter with me."

"Well," he said, "why in the devil didn't you say so, and why have you let me thump you like this every day?"

There was no special answer to this question except that I thought it was a part of the program for which I was paying. He discontinued the rough treatment.

My mother searched the town, but found only two of her companions of sixty-five years ago. They were ex-Governor and Mrs. R. A. Campbell. The Governor was eighty-eight years old. He still drove a one-horse chaise and occasionally took us for a ride, once to the house where my grandfather lived in 1838 and then to the house where my mother lived in Bowling Green, and which we found without much difficulty. On the street corner in front of the dwelling on May 1, 1849, my mother stood and watched a thousand men, women, children and slaves from Pike County start for California. Some of these men and women achieved success on the Pacific Coast. For all I know, old "Joe" Bowers may have been one of the cavalcade.

Finding no more of her old friends alive, I suggested to mother that we go to the cemeteries. We did, and there on the tombstones was revealed the reason.

While at Bowling Green I saw Champ Clark at "Sunnyside" and had an opportunity to visit Vandalia, Missouri. The town was the home of my cousin, Frazer Coontz, who was its patriarch and most outstanding citizen.

XXVII

BREMERTON YARD: PREPARATION FOR WAR

I Become a Mason—The United States Enters the War—Repairing Damaged German Vessels—My Son Graduates at Annapolis—War Work—The "Reds"—Promoted to Rear Admiral.

The Pan-American Exposition was being held in San Francisco and we decided to stop there en route to Seattle. We remained several days and not only saw the great Fair, but were also able to visit some of our old California friends.

We reached Bremerton July 20, 1915, and I took over from the captain the command of the yard. Bremerton had had no commandant since the retirement of Rear Admiral Cottman in February, 1914. The yard was then small, with only a limited plant, and usually had not more than one ship in dock for repairs and some minor jobs.

I found conditions somewhat unsatisfactory. The people of the town had never heard much about me and they protested to the Department when I was ordered there. They wanted a flag officer to command the station instead of a captain. Years afterward they repeatedly apologized to me for their attitude. I invited the president of the Chamber of Commerce and eight or ten leading citizens to meet me and told them what I thought of the possibilities of the Bremerton yards. I laid my plans before them and we worked together from the start.

Socially, I found the situation intolerable. The high ranking officials, and more particularly their wives, were not on speaking terms and there was general dissatisfaction and apathy all down the line. It has not infrequently been my job to clear up unhappy conditions in

stations and on board ship, and I began working on this situation. Within a short time there were four or five detachments from the yard. Twice in my long career I have been directed to designate unsatisfactory persons to the Bureau of Navigation; those who, in my judgment, should be displaced and reassigned. We instituted a program of getting people together at receptions and entertainments and dances at the Commandant's house. We had weekly picnics on Saturday afternoons, after office hours. In the summer months the days are long in Bremerton and one can stay out late.

We used either a cutter or a whaler to carry the people to the picnic grounds near the magazine or at Keyport. The women provided the food and there were swings and other amusements for the children. Everybody enjoyed the clam digging, for clams in Puget Sound are the best in the country. The arrangements made everyone happy.

I had an excellent set of officers at Bremerton, including Larimer, my aide; Gregory and Duncan, in the civil engineers' corps; Smith, Bisset, Fisher, Druley and Drake, in the construction corps; Wettengel, W. B. Wells, Griswold, Warren, Graham, Dibrell, Stiles and many others, as line officers; Timothy O'Leary and Merritt, as supply officers, and Wentworth and Ely, as surgeons—all willing to pull together. I had the advice of F. G. Forbes, chief clerk to the Commandant, who had been in Bremerton since the yard was established and, in 1929, was still on duty there. Colonel C. M. Perkins commanded the marine barracks.

Senator Poindexter was then in Congress and a member of the naval committee and W. E. Humphrey was in the House of Representatives, and both of them gave us valuable assistance in building up the Bremerton yard. Poindexter was an able and progressive legislator. The state suffered a great loss when he retired from the Senate. Humphrey was an earnest advocate of preparedness.

I had long awaited an opportunity to become a Mason, but it was not until I was established at Bremerton that I had both the time and the money to join the order. Under the tutelage of Gregory I took my first, second and third degrees, and under Duncan I joined the chapter. In 1917 I was Master of my lodge, William H. Upton Naval and Military Lodge, No. 206, of Bremerton. With 15,000 young men under my command, many of them desiring to become Masons, my nights were busy. Often we were up until one o'clock in the morning.

When I returned to the east I became a "Sojourner," then a "Hero of '76," and also joined the "Albert Pike Consistory" and "Almas" Temple of the Shrine. I was admitted to the Shrine at Keith's Theater, in Washington, in 1923. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Major General Lejeune, with a hundred and forty-four others, crossed the "burning sands" with me. My photograph was taken on the south steps of the Treasury at two o'clock in the morning, and I have since wondered how I got there.

Senator B. R. Tillman, chairman of the Naval Committee, and a party of legislators visited us in Bremerton in 1915. The Senator sat with us at lunch, but ate nothing. As soon as the meal was over he said:

"Young man, I want to talk to you alone, but I want three quarts of hot water."

The water was brought to him in the library and he drank all of it, meanwhile asking questions. At the conclusion of our interview he said:

"You have convinced me, Captain, as to the future of the Puget Sound Yard. When you need to accomplish something call on me and it will be done; but don't call on me for aid unless it is something worth while."

We began immediately to bring work into the yard, and by 1916 the country saw the need of preparedness.

One Sunday morning I received a message from the Navy Department asking how much it would cost to fit out the Puget Sound Yard, properly, for certain pur-

poses. That afternoon I called a meeting of our various section heads and we began to figure. We found the highest estimate was about $2,200,000. I gave each man three minutes in which to support his calculations. The statement that impressed me most was that of the late Captain Ralph M. Griswold. When he had finished I said: "It is all over, gentlemen. We shall adopt the figures and plan of Griswold."

That night I telegraphed the amount to the department and we got the money.

The yard continued to improve all the time and was in excellent shape when we entered the World War. The Helm Board, comprising Helm, McElroy, Capps and Rousseau, with Hussey as recorder, visited Puget Sound in the winter of 1916-1917. I quartered them on board the receiving ship *Philadelphia* and Captain Bradshaw showed them every attention. They used the entire poop deck for their workshop and had a destroyer detailed for their use in visiting the various ports.

One afternoon, returning from Port Angeles to the yard, Admiral Capps and I discussed the imminence of war. We did not have to decide the question, however, for when we ran alongside the dock I found a message which said, "Close the Navy Yard to outsiders and prepare for war."

Every officer and man and every civilian connected with the yard put his whole soul into the work, and within a few hours the wheels began to revolve rapidly; from then on there was no relaxation.

Two German vessels were seized by our district authority at Port Blakely on receipt of a telegram which read, "War declared." A part of the machinery of one of the ships had disappeared. We sent divers down near her anchorage and also searched the woods on the neighboring shore, but without finding the missing parts.

Providentially, we discovered a set of machinery plans in the room occupied by the chief engineer. They solved

our problem. We towed the ship to the yard and repaired her.

Notwithstanding our vigilance there was some sabotage on board captured German vessels. The *Savannah,* formerly the German *Saxonia,* which was put in No. 1 dry dock at Bremerton for conversion and kept there for two or three months, was one of these.

The day before she was scheduled to come out, the dock was flooded up to the point where the ship was still resting on the blocks and not entirely water-borne, in order to see that the work done on her bottom was tight. This was a precaution used whenever extensive work was done on a ship's bottom.

Shortly after the water was admitted a bad leak was found through the joint where the new sea chest for the auxiliary condenser was fastened to the liner on the shell. The water was pumped out and the sea chest removed to determine the cause. The method of connection was by studs into the shell liner, which was riveted. A canvas and red lead gasket was used to ensure tightness. It was found that all of the studs, twelve or fourteen in number, had been sawed half-way through at about the point where the joint occurred. The cutting was not the cause of the leak, as the impaired studs could stand the stress on them due to original setting up. The canvas gasket, fortunately for us, had been installed with a fold on one side, so that the joint was inherently leaky. Had it not been for this fumble, it is probable that the damage would not have been discovered until the studs gave way at sea in the action of the ship. As the opening was of sizable proportions and in the bottom below the turn of the bilge, a catastrophe would doubtless have resulted.

On another passenger and freight vessel which was turned over to the Shipping Board after she was repaired we found ground glass in one of her main bearings just as she was ready for dock trial. The discovery was due to the vigilance of the master mechanic, who had to assure himself that everything was right before the steam

was turned on. An armed guard was stationed on the ship and all bearings were carefully examined thereafter, but we found no further sabotage. Only the most reliable men were allowed on board and the watch was very strict. We did not feel comfortable about the ship, however, until she reached the east coast without trouble.

When war was declared hundreds of officers and men, most of them reserves, reported at the yard and I had to make arrangements for handling them. Mobilization was rapid. Fortunately, I had the receiving ship and a large hospital and the weather steadily improved. The officers slept on deck on cots. I immediately sent men to fill up the crews of the *Frederick,* the *Maryland,* the *Pittsburgh* and the *South Dakota,* as well as several other cruisers. By this means the situation was slowly relieved.

My wife went to Annapolis to see our son, Kenneth, graduate on March 30, 1917. I was pleased that his class had had nearly four years at the Academy. When a man has completed a course of that length of time he has an advantage over the three-year and three-and-a-half-year men. My son joined the *Chattanooga* at Mare Island. He came to see me on his way to join his ship.

The work was hard and the hours long at the Bremerton yard during this period. Generally I was at my office at five o'clock in the morning and during the year I lost nearly thirty pounds in weight.

The State of Washington at that time had an extremely bad element in its population. The I. W. W.'s were strong and there was much opposition to our entrance into the war. Most of the governors of the western and northwestern states appointed commissions of citizens to advise them and to help handle war matters. Learning of the intention of the Governor of Washington to appoint certain persons for such work, and realizing the seriousness of the situation, we called a secret meeting of twenty of the prominent men of the state whose patriotism was unquestioned, at the Washington Hotel in Seattle. Among them were railroad presidents, bankers,

presidents of steamboat companies, shipbuilders, manufacturers and leaders in every activity of business. Our decisions were unanimous. At midnight three automobiles containing twelve of the participants in our meeting left Seattle for Olympia. They reached there at four o'clock in the morning, went to the executive mansion, awoke the governor and stated their case. When he named his "Committee of Safety" that day a sufficient number of our own people were appointed to control it.

The war seems almost a dream to me now. There was so much to do and not enough people to do it. We developed our plans without knowing what was happening in the east and in the war zone. Occasionally we had visitors like Vice-President Marshall, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, L. C. Palmer, Laning, Senn and a few of the missionary or welfare type who could tell us something. From time to time the Department asked us if we could undertake certain special work. Our answer always was, "Yes, we can."

One inquiry related to the manufacture of shells, and after a conference we said we could make them. We did, and the yard produced shells for ninety-nine cents each, of a kind for which the government had previously paid two dollars and fourteen cents under contract. My recollection is that the man who supervised the job for us was Dibrell.

Warren was ordered to duty at Bremerton with submarines. We brought from Canada submarines originally designed for Russia and actually on the way to that country when the Czar's government collapsed. They were building parts and we assembled them. Warren, who had charge of the undertaking, occupied a shack alongside the submarine ways and worked from five o'clock in the morning until midnight.

In April, 1917, the *Buffalo,* under Captain A. W. Hinds, took a commission from Seattle to Vladivostok to communicate with the new Kerensky government. I had had the handling of the party at Seattle both going and

coming. Elihu Root was the senior of the delegation and Rear Admiral James H. Glennon was our naval representative. The commission, representing varied interests, reached Seattle at night. I met the members at the train, had them taken to the dock and then to the *Buffalo* which was in readiness and waiting. She sailed for Vladivostok within a few minutes, so that the party lost no time in transit.

During the war we enlisted a large number of yeomanettes. I have a picture of a hundred and forty-four of them taken on the greensward near my home.

My own offices had to be rebuilt and enlarged. We constructed a connection between two of the old brick buildings and I used the new section for my headquarters. One wing was occupied as a district office and the other was used for regular navy yard work. At the peak of our activities I had thirteen personal stenographers and went from desk to desk dictating to them.

The government began to build ships at Seattle, at Portland and at other Pacific ports, both men-of-war and merchant vessels. Submarines were also constructed at Seattle. My daughter had the privilege of christening the N-3. This vessel was commanded by W. R. Munroe and had her baptism of fire in the Atlantic.

In the early part of 1918 the yard began to handle repairs for British vessels, several of which were sent in search of the *Emden,* in the South Pacific. As soon as cargo ships were completed in Seattle or in Portland, I was instructed to have them officered and outfitted, and to get them to sea, loaded either with flour or other provisions for Europe, or to send them south to Chile and Peru for nitrates, so much needed in France. We had to choose captains and endeavor to get crews. Usually we could find a captain and a chief engineer, but it was often necessary to fill up the crews with raw recruits. They were taught to handle steam and to steer, and then sent outside of Cape Flattery, where the

vessel was allowed to roll around for forty-eight hours, while they recovered from seasickness. After that they were all right for the remainder of the voyage.

The Department made a rule governing the age limit of commanding officers, but after great effort I succeeded in having it modified with respect to certain officers. The most notable case was that of Captain James S. Gibson who was a few years over age but strong and vigorous, and the kind of man whose services were needed. After the third attempt, the matter of his age was waived. He assumed command of a vessel, took her to France, and there became captain of the port of Marseilles, with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He remained vigorous until the day of his death, in 1925, when he had a heart attack in Manila where he had gone with the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. The Revolution in Russia, in 1917, did not help conditions in Seattle and the northwest. There were two organizations among the laboring men that were almost "red." Later on, I think, union labor purged itself of these undesirables. One large union had members at work on ships and in shipyards around Seattle. It became necessary, from time to time, summarily to discharge some of these men. In some instances fires occurred at sea, and in other cases new vessels were crippled, because emory dust had been thrown into running parts of the machinery; and in still other cases the plates of the hulls were found to contain tallow candle rivets, instead of steel fastenings. As a result the shipment of cargoes was sometimes delayed, and altogether too frequently vessels were lost because of the sabotage of a few of these workmen.

There is no doubt that many people were deceived by these "red" workers, in and around Seattle. The flames of discontent were often fanned

by the public, and even ministers of the gospel sermonized on the situation, thus making our task of handling the unsettled conditions in the northwest more difficult. Of course, we know now that some of them tried to foment a revolution in the United States.

It was the good fortune of my Aide for Information, Lieutenant Commander F. W. Becker, to capture in Seattle an agent and his wife from whom he obtained valuable information that exposed the entire anti-American plot. The papers concerning the case are in the archives of the Navy Department. Becker was able to get the communication code, the signs of recognition between the plotters, a sketch of a ring worn by them, and their passwords.

We had the right to search suspected passengers coming in ships from the Orient, and the British, in British Columbia, helped us materially. In one case we found a telegraphic code in a man's shoe. It was intended to be used in prisons and jails for concerted action in prison deliveries. The man was deported.

The uncertain Russian situation was difficult and delicate. We probably had more of it to handle in the northwest than anywhere else. The Russian vessels which arrived in Seattle about the time of the change to the Kerensky government put out to sea, and it was extremely difficult to determine the status of such ships. No sooner did some of them arrive in Seattle than the connection between certain radicals and the crews of the ships was established, but notwithstanding all we knew about these matters, there still was no justification for seizing either the vessel or members of her crew. As a consequence, several ships of the Russian Naval Volunteer fleet were allowed to proceed on their way, although the future of the vessels and the cargo they carried was uncertain.

The first of these boats to arrive was the *Kishinev* followed by the *Novgorod*. Although in the hands of an unfriendly power, they gave us no excuse to seize them, and we could find no reason, other than that I have stated, and which the State Department failed to consider. Some other reason had to be found that would justify the collector of customs, under the President's proclamation, to take over these vessels. Nothing was found other than that they were in the hands of a Bolshevik crew, the members of which might be indirect plotters against the United States.

The next vessel to come in was the Russian Naval Volunteer ship, *Shilka*. She was formerly the German troop-ship, *Oberon*. Her clearance papers and manifest were faulty, her cargo and ownership were uncertain, her local agents disclaimed her, and the Russian consul could give no assurance of her future conduct. The ship lacked discipline, since she was operated under rules and regulations of a committee of five of the crew—the Bolshevik plan—which made difficult the placing of responsibility in case of violation of the laws, rules or regulations concerning American harbors. Search of this vessel revealed thousands of I. W. W. handbills and books which had been printed in Chicago, urging success of the forthcoming revolution of the working class in America. Investigation in Seattle disclosed that large quantities of handbills were distributed advertising a meeting of the Central Labor Council and Labor Temple, where Russians from these ships would speak. More than five hundred labor radicals were at the dock to greet the ship on her arrival. All of this showed a close relationship to the things already in our minds, and we thought a condition presented itself where we were justified in a seizure.

We took the vessel and turned it over to the

customs collector of the port. This action was in line with the President's proclamation that the vessel was a menace to shipping, and the crew undesirable to land or to remain in this country. The immigration commissioner took charge of the crew.

After weeks of negotiation between the collector and the Treasury Department, the vessel was released and sailed for Yokohama—but not with the war materials that she had intended to take on board.

Our next experience was with the *Toula* of the Russian fleet. This vessel, I was informed, represented in a greater degree the Bolshevik spirit. She had in her crew several of the delegates sent to Russia, at the expense of the United States, to "stabilize" the Kerensky government. Two of the crew had lived in San Francisco and were wanted by the police of the city for murder.

The *Toula* was seized by my Aide for Information. His action was based on international law, namely, that she was nothing more or less than a pirate ship. She was void of all rules and regulations. She did not have an efficient crew, and she was without inspection papers showing proper conditions of hull and boilers. She had no qualified officers. This made her a menace to navigation. Furthermore, investigation showed her to be in the hands of a committee of five of the crew who ruled the captain and her officers. The captain frankly admitted that he was not in command of the vessel, but was under orders of his crew. Failure to comply with these orders would mean death for him and his officers. This committee of five of the crew upon landing got into immediate communication with radicals in the United States. Here was presented a serious problem for us to meet, since the vessel was actually in control of enemies' agents.

After my Aide for Information seized the vessel

the crew was mustered for inspection. Questioning developed the fact that each one felt that the vessel was the property of the working-man, and all had the notion that each was part owner and could do as he saw fit with the ship. Asked whether they would comply with the rules and regulations governing conduct in the American harbors, they frankly admitted that they were not interested in any laws made by the capitalistic classes.

On the pretext that the vessel was a menace to American shipping, and extremely dangerous in the harbor, my Aide for Information immediately removed thirty of the crew, and confined them in the immigration station where a naval guard was placed over them. The ship presented many reasons for seizure aside from the "economic war" waged by the radicals. We tried to bring out the facts in the inquiry and the report which we made on this vessel. All governmental department heads took an active part in the handling of the ship. It was good teamwork.

While we were still wrestling with the problem of the *Toula* the Russian ship *Omsk* was seized in Baltimore, but instead of taking the precaution to confine the crew, as we did, our information was that the men on the *Omsk* were paroled ashore, and soon gathered a group of armed American labor radicals who attempted to retake the vessel by force.

In the case of the *Toula* the charges against the crew were well sustained, and fitted every provision of the President's war proclamation. Under the authority of that proclamation the ship was taken over and assigned to the United States Shipping Board. Her officers and crew were deported to Russia. That ended our troubles in this respect, except that the local element of radicals kept up a continuous propaganda against our actions.

The *Toula* situation was reported to me on the after-

noon of December 24, 1917, and I directed her seizure immediately as a pirate ship. I felt it my duty to assume this responsibility. In this connection it is interesting to state that the Selection Board was in session, and considering my name at that time, and I knew what it meant to me to make a mistake. I acted as my judgment dictated, and the following morning read in the newspapers that I had been selected as the last Rear Admiral to be promoted. As I was number thirty-seven on the list I felt highly complimented.

Nearly a year later, on reaching Washington, I made inquiry both at the State and the Navy Departments as to why my messages regarding the *Toula* had never been answered. I was surprised to be told that, as I had made the seizure, and everything was satisfactory, the Administration thought it best to leave me alone to take what action I deemed proper in the circumstances.

XXVIII

THE WORK AND THE LIFE AT BREMERTON

Devonshire's Visit—Conditions in Alaska—Building Sub-Chasers—The Yeomanettes—Presented With Diamond-Studded Sword—Detached and Ordered to Washington—Acting Chief of Naval Operations.

At Bremerton, during the latter part of the war, the only rest we had was on Sunday afternoons. We drove work straight through until Sunday noon. We always had a picnic on Sundays and took the crowd six or eight miles up the bay where we landed, built a fire and rested. I usually took along blankets and went into the woods by myself and slept until called for clam chowder.

The water front at Seattle was always a danger spot for us. On one occasion, when a large number of I. W. W.'s occupied the wharf for a purpose unknown to us, Commander Miller Freeman brought in two hundred of the newly enlisted men and stationed them at points about a hundred feet apart, along the main street abreast the wharf, with instructions to stand there until relieved. When the I. W. W.'s asked these youngsters why they were there they replied that they did not know. This was true. It was a mystery to them, and suspecting that it might not be well for them to attempt any demonstration, the radicals, one by one, drifted away and did not return, and trouble was averted.

At Bremerton I had an eighteen-knot Herschoff launch which could take me to Seattle in fifty minutes. When we began to enlist men, I sent to Oregon a young officer named Frazer. As the recruits came in it was quite evident that most of the patriots in the state felt that they were qualified to be officers. The position of paymaster was particularly favored for he enrolled

eleven. Then he telegraphed me asking if I could extend the age of chaplains. I directed him to enroll no more chaplains or paymasters. The pay of the former in the Navy was $2,500 and, as most of the preachers in Oregon received only about $800 a year, the Navy pay looked big to them. I feared that we would leave the state without any clergymen. Of the eleven paymasters, two proved to be British subjects who had forgotten to mention that fact when they enrolled, but we accepted the other nine and before long were able to use them and several hundred more, throughout the Navy.

At one meeting in Oregon which Lieutenant Frazer held in a church, there was very little enthusiasm for enlistment, or even for the war. Tired and angered Frazer finally exclaimed, "Isn't there a single red-blooded American present?"

For a few seconds there was no answer; then a tall man who looked like Abraham Lincoln arose and said:

"Yes, officer, there is one, and that's myself."

Then and there Frazer made him an assistant paymaster, and the man is still in Bremerton in the pay section of the yard.

I have always held that it is unwise for the medical profession to use Latin terms, because they are sometimes misleading. As commandant, each morning I examined the sick list. Once I noticed that an officer had been sent to the hospital for an operation for "wartognosis." I thought this must be some terrible disease, and my sympathies for the officer were aroused. His wife was at a party at my house that day and Mrs. Coontz asked concerning the seriousness of the operation on her husband.

"Serious!" exclaimed the woman, "my husband is simply a vain man. He has always had a wart on his nose, and now that he has become a naval officer he wants to get rid of it. So he went to the hospital this morning and they cut it off."

Hence the name, "wartognosis."

In the spring of 1917, the Duke of Devonshire made a visit to Canada, to assist in raising the British fifth Victory Loan. His trip took him as far west as Victoria, B. C. I was directed by the Navy Department to proceed there with a small party to greet him. In addition to my wife I was accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Wettengel, Captain and Mrs. Ely, and Captain and Mrs. Merritt. We went on a special steamer from Tacoma. At Seattle we found hundreds of army officers, with their wives and children, bound on the same mission.

The Canadian authorities had expected to entertain ten representatives of the Navy and ninety from the Army. An error in the telegraphic message, however, made the Army's quota read "nine hundred." General Irons was doing his best to muster that number. While on the way to Victoria the committee there asked us to radio the names of our guests. I sent my list, and the Army attempted to do the same, but found it impossible to transmit the entire list of nine hundred names during the three hours that we were en route. The Canadians were amazed when they saw the hundreds of officers in the Army delegation and did not understand what it meant until the mistake in the telegram was discovered. Our Navy delegation had excellent accommodations at the Empress Hotel, but I never learned how the junior officers of the Army, who were there in large numbers, were quartered. There was a round of official and social festivities, and the loan went over.

In May, 1918, an unsatisfactory condition developed in Alaska. The I. W. W.'s were active, especially among the salmon canneries. Upon advising the department of the situation, I was ordered to make a hurried trip there, which I did in June.

I have a long memory, and when the early reports came in, there was mention of a man whom I remembered as a German. I had met him in Europe. He had a fortune at stake, and I think he lost all of it.

This trip was the last one I made to Alaska. I went as

far as Juneau, while my wife went over the White Pass, via Skagway. After communicating with two United States sub-chasers I visited Governor Riggs and his wife. We reached Juneau at eight o'clock in the evening, ship's time, which was Seattle daylight saving time. I had had my dinner, but at Juneau it was only six o'clock. The governor's aide was at the dock and told me that the governor's dinner was awaiting my arrival. He was entertaining a party of twenty in my honor and I dared not confess that I had eaten on board the steamer. I felt compelled to partake of the full course meal, which I did, but suffered no ill effects. I have never told this to Mrs. Riggs.

In 1918 the Department asked the Puget Sound Yard if we could build sub-chasers. We told them we could. They gave us twenty-five, numbered from 288 to 312, inclusive. We turned them out for less than any other yard or shipbuilding concern. The greatest problem we had with respect to them was the manner of launching, but our constructors overcame that difficulty with a contrivance that hove them overboard. Later, we sent several of them to the east coast, under Lieutenant Roscoe Howard. Some of them he took all the way across the Atlantic, and others as far as Madeira. Howard, who was a yachtsman, was a tower of strength to me during the war. He loved the sea and always wanted to be in the Navy.

Among other things, we had to enroll ensigns, and also to find good material in the enlisted force and prepare them for service as officers. Howard was the coach, and he developed some efficient officers. Among them I recall John Pierce, of Olympia, and E. W. Dort whom I later found as postmaster in San Diego.

I applied for sea duty, but was told that after I had filled every line billet in the thirteenth naval district, including the navy yard, with reserves, I could go myself. One by one I arranged for the officers to go to sea. They were all clamoring for duty aboard ship, but their places

had to be filled ashore by good men and this was a difficult thing to do.

I had an excellent set of yeomanettes who came from places all the way from Wyoming to Alaska. The Alaskan girls were strong and robust, and any one of them could have licked me in an open fight. They were anxious to go to France, and the only way open for them to obtain their objective was by preparing themselves to be fighters, the same as the men. We organized among them several companies of infantry. There were too many volunteers and we had to make selection of the best. They were equipped with rifles, accoutrements and leggings. They drilled every day after office hours, and when they were off duty, until they became experts in the handling of arms, in firing and target practice, and in rowing and managing cutters and whale boats.

Had the war lasted a few months longer I feel positive that they would have been accepted for service, and would have gone to France. I believe they would have been a powerful influence in making the men fight harder. The sight of these girls from the northwest and Alaska going into battle would have inspired their brethren in arms. The yeomanettes still have their reunions from time to time.

In August, 1918, I took these girls to the Fair in Spokane, where they gave a wonderful exhibition of drills. They had a dress arrangement whereby the flagstaffs were concealed in their leggings, and the flags were covered by their skirts. Short skirts had not then come into style. At a given signal they hauled out the flags and went through various maneuvers and drills with them. The officials of the Fair paid the expenses of their trip.

We were quartered at the Hotel Davenport which, in my opinion, is one of the best hostelries in the world; it is a credit to Spokane. I gave strict orders as to the conduct and liberty of the young women to our master-at-arms, Amorette Crossley, a husky girl from Oregon. The

first night one of the yeomanettes was absent at taps muster, and after a search she was found on the roof of the hotel with a beau. I had said that I would court-martial any offense, and, accordingly, when we returned to Bremerton, I gave the young woman a deck court. It had to be done, although the Navy Department had advised me to hold as few such proceedings as possible. The affair was widely discussed throughout the northwest, and I mitigated her sentence as much as possible. There was no more trouble among the yeomanettes.

In the spring of 1918 the Navy Relief Society sent out an appeal for funds. In our section of the country we felt the necessity of aiding the Society in its work. My wife was president of its Puget Sound chapter. After consulting with some active workers in Seattle and vicinity, it was decided to have an entertainment lasting for six days on the grounds of the University of Washington. Mr. Frank Waterhouse advanced $22,000 to finance the affair, and Dr. Henry Suzzallo, the patriotic president of the university, assisted us in every way, and there were many others who came forward to help.

Commander Miller Freeman commanded the Naval Training Station in Seattle, which was established on the grounds of the university. We ran the performances afternoon and evening and had many kinds of entertainments. Some famous baseball players had enlisted in the Navy and we had a twenty-three inning game that lasted until after nine o'clock. The score was 2 to 1. We gave an open-air concert in the university stadium each night, and also had boat races in which our bluejackets and our yeomanettes participated. There was also a good vaudeville show. The $22,000 furnished by Mr. Waterhouse grew to $137,000 net, for the week's work. We agreed to give financial assistance to certain hospitals in Seattle and Bremerton. When she went east in September, my wife carried with her Liberty Bonds to the amount of more than $43,000, and turned them over to the Navy Relief Society.

One Saturday afternoon, toward the end of my stay in Bremerton, I was invited to Seattle to visit the training stations and see the drills. I was somewhat indisposed and wished to decline. My wife, however, urged me to go and I reluctantly consented. After the evolutions, I noticed from my seat on the platfrom, that the troops were all pressing in, and that on one side of the stand there were several thousands of people. I asked Freeman what it was all about. He said:

"This, Admiral, is a mass movement."

I thought I knew a great deal about tactics but as I had never heard of such a maneuver, I decided not to show my ignorance. When all was quiet, Dr. Suzzallo asked me to step to his side of the platform, which I did. He then began to address the audience and I realized that something was about to happen. As he finished Mr. Waterhouse produced a diamond-studded sword, which was presented to me on behalf of the people of the 13th Naval District, including all the territory from Point Barrow on the north to the southern boundary of Oregon, and to the eastern boundary of Wyoming.

This sword has a beautiful amethyst in the top of the handle and eighty-nine diamonds, thirteen of which surround a large center stone and represent the 13th Naval District. The other seventy-six form my initials, "R. E. C." I am not competent to describe fittingly this beautiful gift. It has a wonderfully engraved sea-horse at the bottom of the scabbard. I was so overcome with emotion that I found myself unable to make suitable response.

The day I was at Spokane my orders of detachment came. The duties I had been performing were divided between Rear Admiral James H. Glennon, who became commandant of the 13th District, and Captain Harry A. Field who was assigned as commandant of the yard.

My family and I journeyed east over the Great Northern and upon entering the drawing room found it filled with presents. I never left a place where so much appre-

ciation was shown. There was even a letter from each of the yeomanettes.

I am opposed to permitting officers to receive presents, and had said so many times at Bremerton. The day before we left there a committee of officers came to me and said that I was wanted at the dry dock. When I went there I found a platform had been erected and that it was surrounded by thousands of workmen. I waited to see what was going to happen. Several speeches were made, and the last man to address the crowd said he was aware of my unwillingness to receive presents, and that everyone wished to respect my wishes. They felt, however, that they must give me something. Accordingly, they had decided to present me with a Bible believing that I would not refuse the book. I accepted it. At the same time they gave me a volume containing the signatures of thousands of the employees of the yard.

We hurried to Washington and there I was offered as the flagship of the 7th Division either the *Idaho,* which was not then completed, or the *Wyoming,* then in the North Sea, or the *Delaware,* which was returning from a foreign station.

The Secretary of the Navy had written me that, after my long wait, I was to be given the best division of the fleet. I appreciated this, and was taking the usual ten-day course in operations, expecting at once to go to the *Wyoming,* when the Secretary informed me that Admiral Benson was to go abroad and that I must remain to handle matters in Washington.

This was a crushing blow but I had to accept it. Of course I did not know that the war was so soon to end. Pratt, the assistant, had to go to Paris with our papers, and I became the Acting Chief of Naval Operations.

After leaving the coast, the Seattle Association of Masters, Mates and Pilots sent me an honorary membership card in their organization. They are affiliated with union labor. By permission of the Secretary of the Navy I accepted the honor.

XXIX

DEMOBILIZATION

The League Navy Plan—Command of the Seventh Division—The Flagship *Wyoming*—Flag Transferred to the *Nevada*—Through the Panama Canal to Pacific Squadron at San Diego—$2,500 Worth of Pork Chops at Sacramento—Daniels Offers Post of Chief of Naval Operations.

After the Armistice we realized the stupendous task ahead of us in demobilization. The board, of which I was chairman, and McKean, A. H. Robertson and S. S. Robinson were members, began at once to work out a scheme for this great undertaking. We had orders to prepare the plan of the United States on the basis of a League Navy. We formulated it within a week, and sent it to President Wilson who was in Paris. The plan is now in the files of the Navy Department, and, had it been put into effect, the League Navy would be amply sufficient to control the nations of the world, by having component parts furnished by the individual countries, large and small.

Captain Pratt returned from Europe and relieved me about January 1, 1919, and I was able at last to go to sea. Secretary Daniels had given Admiral Sims his choice of duty, and he had decided upon the War College. Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson was given command in the Atlantic, and Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, in the Pacific. Under the rules of the Department, the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic was to be the senior whenever the two fleets were joined.

Shortly before the end of my temporary duty in Washington the battleships and other vessels returned from European waters. It was about Christmas-time, and I took my family to New York to view the great parade

of ships coming into New York harbor. The *Mayflower* was anchored near the Statue of Liberty. It was a grand and imposing sight and the spectacle was impaired only by the fact that the ships were held overnight outside the Ambrose channel buoy.

I hoisted my two-star flag on the *Wyoming* in New York harbor on January 10, 1919. The ship was preparing for duty in West Indian waters. The *New York,* Admiral Rodman's flagship, was there, and we began to hear the real story of what had transpired in the North Sea. Captain Christy was in command of the *Wyoming.* The *San Diego,* which had been his previous command, was torpedoed and sunk near our own shores.

I designated as my flag secretary, Commander John N. Ferguson, and as my aide, Lieutenant Commander Harry W. Hill. These selections proved to be excellent. The officers were always active, vigilant and efficient. Originally I had as marine officer, Randolph Coyle, but he was soon relieved by Captain Brumbaugh who in turn was succeeded by Captain Julian P. Willcox. Price was radio officer. When we sailed from New York I found my division was to be composed of the *Wyoming,* the *Nevada* and the *Oklahoma.* Captain William C. Cole was in command of the *Nevada,* and Captain Charles B. McVay, of the *Oklahoma.*

The ships needed repairs; there was a shortage of men; and it seemed almost impossible to get eleven battleships south at one time. Rear Admiral Wilson was ill and did not join us on that trip and, as second in command in his squadron, I had to take charge of the two divisions in the various maneuvers. Admiral Rodman was always present with the other. We carried out all forms of drills, exercises and target practice as best we could, and had sham battles with Guantanamo Bay as the base and center. Rear Admiral Huse had the train.

While the vessels of the fleet were in port for a week-end, McVay, Ferguson and I went ashore and walked along the west side of the bay. Suddenly we found our-

selves confronted by a boa constrictor about twelve feet long, but he looked to us to be about fifty. Ferguson drew his automatic and fired four shots at the reptile, but in his excitement he missed each time. A huge swelling indicated that the snake had just had a full meal. It moved along to a nearby tree, where McVay, whose aim was better, shot and killed it.

It was about this time that attempts were being made to fly across the Atlantic. The question of dividing the fleet and sending the major part of it to the Pacific was also up for consideration.

In June, 1919, we had a rendezvous in the North River of New York City, and the various changes in the Atlantic and Pacific command were then made. It was decided that Rodman should have the Pacific and Wilson the Atlantic command. Eberle was chosen as second to Wilson, and I as second to Rodman. This was satisfactory to me, and in my new position I had the *Wyoming,* the *Arkansas,* the *New York* and the *Texas.* For the first time we had sixteen battleships, and have since endeavored to maintain or increase the number.

The *Wyoming* was one of the five ships sent out to watch and assist in the flight of our Navy planes across the ocean. When we returned about the middle of July, I proceeded to Norfolk where I raised my flag on the *Nevada.* We rendezvoused at that port July 18, 1919, ready for the Pacific.

At Hampton Roads Admiral Rodman summoned us to his cabin and told us what we were expected to do upon reaching the Pacific. Our passage out was uneventful, and I recall only a few matters of interest. It was my first trip through the Panama Canal. I had not been there since 1902, and it was difficult for me to realize that the great feat of building the canal had been accomplished, especially as I had seen the failure of the French. It seemed quite as remarkable to be able to sit on the veranda of the Tivoli Hotel at Ancon, with a gentle breeze blowing, and actually need a light overcoat. Clubs

like the Union, the Century and the Strangers were in full operation on the Isthmus. I endeavored to find Dead Man's Island, and a few of the old landmarks without much success. Taboga, however, was still there.

While passing through the canal most of us spent the time on deck in order not to miss any of the sights. The *Missouri* was the first battleship to go through the canal in 1915, and my son was fortunate enough to be aboard her at the time.

En route from Panama to San Diego we sought to eliminate some of the so-called "dark spots" in radio, but without any particular success. We were sitting on the quarterdeck one afternoon when we felt a sudden jar as if the ship had hit bottom. Apparently the same thing happened to other vessels, because signals were immediately sent out. Investigation showed that the shock was the effect of a tidal wave.

On our way north the *Mississippi,* second in line to the flagship, swung dangerously close to the *New Mexico,* on a right-hand turn, during maneuvers. Admiral Rodman was sitting on the quarterdeck of the *New Mexico,* his flagship, conversing with a newspaper correspondent. The ships passed each other with only fourteen feet between them, but to those on board it looked like fourteen inches. The Admiral did not move or utter a sound and the correspondent characterized him as the calmest man he had ever known. Rodman, however, declared he was so frightened that he could neither move nor speak.

At San Diego we began our triumphal march along the Pacific Coast. Secretary Daniels was at San Diego to welcome us. He reviewed the fleet in the open water south of the Coronado Hotel. Only a few of the ships went inside the harbor.

Personally I was glad to get back to California. I had been visiting the Pacific Coast since 1885, and my trips there with the *Philadelphia,* the *Adams,* and the *Charleston* were memorable ones. I felt that I knew most of the people of San Diego, and of Coronado as well. I

found, however, that San Diego had grown to be a large city, and was no longer a town of 18,000 inhabitants.

From Coronado we steamed to San Pedro and Los Angeles harbor. There was a repetition of the previous banquets, balls and tally-ho rides. I saw my old friend, Clara Kimball Young, and had an opportunity to repay her, in a small way, for what she had done for us in Puget Sound during the war. I had but little chance to see my friends and relatives in Los Angeles.

I was sent to Venice, California, to represent Admiral Rodman at an affair at Thomas Ince's studio. After I reached there, however, Admiral Rodman arrived also, and soon we were surrounded by a bevy of young women dressed as South Sea Islanders. Suddenly they closed in on us and the cameras clicked. It was one of the rare occasions when Admiral Rodman became angry. He called the operators to him, pulled out the plates and broke them. They were fortunate in saving their machines. Then he admonished them as to the proprieties in taking movie pictures.

With several members of my staff I attended a meeting in a crowded auditorium in Los Angeles, where several ladies, including Mrs. Daniels, spoke. My aide and I made our way to the street at the conclusion of the program. There we encountered a large lady who rushed up, and placing her arms about me kissed me before I could offer any resistance. Then she said gleefully:

"I told these people I was going to kiss Admiral Rodman, and now I have done it!"

I don't know whether the joke was on Rodman or on me. Fortunately there were no camera men present.

Santa Barbara, one of the most picturesque cities of the Coast, was the next place we visited, and while there we lived at the old Potter Hotel. I regret that later it was burned. We were delightfully entertained, and I recall one dinner given by a New York millionaire who spent his winters there. The entire dinner service was of

solid gold. I had never dined before amid such splendor and lavish display of wealth, even by royalty.

I found many Missourians at Santa Barbara, and especially enjoyed entertaining Mary Frances Buffum, the charming daughter of an old friend from home. We stopped at Port Harford to visit San Luis Obispo and Atascadero. We had eighteen hours of entertainment which included three banquets, a dinner and a buffet supper.

North of San Pedro the fleet divided between Monterey and Santa Cruz. I like Monterey but prefer Santa Cruz because of old friendships, and the fact that many former Missourians reside there. I enjoyed seeing my cousin who had lived with our family in Shelby County, Missouri, in the 'forties. He went to California in 1849, and had a farm near Watsonville, until the town grew to encompass it. With his daughter and granddaughter, he came to Santa Cruz to see me. Each time I go there I visit him. He is now nearly a hundred years old. One Sunday morning in 1925 I found him sitting on his front porch reading a daily paper, without glasses.

Mr. John C. Hill, father of Lieutenant Commander Harry W. Hill, joined us at Santa Cruz, and took passage to San Francisco. When the first gun of the salute boomed forth at the Golden Gate, Mr. Hill proudly touched the lanyard of the saluting battery gun.

The next port of call was San Francisco, and there we had a notable reception. Our officers were detailed to attend various events not only in San Francisco, but also in Oakland, Berkeley, Vallejo and many other places around the bay. I led the parade in San Francisco and was received at the City Hall by the Governor, the Mayor and other dignitaries. In endeavoring to return downtown in an automobile for my next engagement, I could get through the crowd only by showing my New York City traffic pass, which I have used to advantage many times. Once it enabled me to get through a funeral procession and keep an appointment.

We had a pleasant trip to Sacramento and attended the Fair there. Our entertainment at the capital concluded with the usual banquet. In front of me on the table sat a pine box about two feet long and eight inches wide. I thought it a rather queer object to place on a banquet table. When the speech-making was over my curiosity was appeased. The toastmaster lifted the cover of the box revealing a fine, pretty little pig with a blue ribbon tied around its neck. It was a most unusual gift, but I accepted it as graciously as possible. When I read its pedigree I knew I had a real prize. It came from a long line of ancestors back in Ohio, and was valued at $2,500.

We returned to San Francisco that night, and reached the ship at four o'clock the next morning. I left my young porker on the deck, and the bluejackets built a pig palace near my cabin. It had a reception room and a bedroom. The only trouble the pig gave us was caused by visitors who insisted upon feeding it in violation of its dietary rules. We took it to Bremerton where I left it at a piggery. Some time afterwards I decided to have the pig's life insured. The morning I arranged to do so I received a telegram telling me that the little animal had died of hog cholera which was prevalent at that time. I lost $2,500 by reason of my procrastination.

On September 1, while the vessels were in San Francisco harbor, I attended a reception given by Captain Christy, then in command at Goat Island. Secretary Daniels was present, and as I was about to leave, he told me he wished to see me on an important matter. I did not have opportunity to confer with him until September 17 at Seattle, where I met him by appointment at the Washington Hotel. He offered me the position of Chief of Naval Operations, as successor to Admiral Benson. We discussed the subject and I accepted the post. That afternoon I called upon President Wilson who was at the same hotel.

It was on Sunday that Secretary Daniels had our conference, and following it we attended service at a Metho-

dist church. The following morning one of the newspapers had a headline reading, "Twenty-five hundred people follow Josephus Daniels and Rear Admiral Coontz to church." I told Mr. Daniels that if we could get that many people to follow us to any church we attended, we might, by shifting churches each Sunday, help out the cause of religion.

A remarkable incident occurred during President Wilson's visit to Seattle. The I. W. W.'s who were strong there had resolved to break up his meeting. Admiral Rodman must have had secret information regarding their purpose, for when I attempted to get into the auditorium, where a seat had been reserved for me on the platform near the President, I found thousands of men armed with clubs closely surrounding the building. They were beating on the walls and creating a loud din. In the street Captain Moffett of the *Mississippi* had six or eight hundred unarmed bluejackets. The pandemonium and din decreased as Mr. Wilson proceeded with his address, and finally it ceased altogether. The bluejackets had been instructed to encircle the building and gradually force their way to the wall, so that whenever the I. W. W.'s attempted to hit the building so as to make a noise and disturb the meeting, they had to hit a bluejacket first. They did not hit many of them, and soon finding themselves outwitted left the place in disgust.

I observed at the meeting, as I had already that afternoon, that something seemed to be wrong with President Wilson; that he appeared to have lost his customary force and enthusiasm. It was only a few days later that he suffered a stroke of paralysis.

For the brief time we were in Bremerton in 1919, Commander Ferguson, of my staff, and his family lived in the only available dwelling in Charleston. It was a small cottage, and before prohibition had been occupied by a bartender who had left some of his effects in the house when he moved away. During my first call upon the commander he brought out a small book entitled, "Bar-

tender's Guide," and called my attention to the questions and answers in it, particularly to one that told "how to make two barrels of whiskey out of one."

It said, "Get one full barrel of whiskey, and one empty barrel of the same size; pour half of the full barrel of whiskey into the empty barrel; fill each with water, and then secure the tops firmly and put in the bungs." Doubtless the same method is in use today.

My nomination as Chief of Naval Operations was sent to the Senate September 29th, but was not confirmed until October 24th. The Senate was Republican. I had been away from Washington practically twenty-three years. I knew only one member of the naval committee—Senator Poindexter. The newspapers announced that I was a Southerner and a Democrat. What a crime! Senator Page, of Vermont, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, explained to me afterwards that members of his committee did not know me and therefore had sent for my complete naval record, and after reading, had approved my nomination immediately, without debate.

On motion of Senator Poindexter I was unanimously confirmed in open session of the Senate. President Wilson who was then confined to his bed laboriously signed my commission which is now among my most valued possessions.

I think even a permanent Admiral is too young at the age of fifty-five to be made Chief of Naval Operations; sixty would be much better. Later I learned that Admiral Pratt had told Secretary Daniels that I was the only man in the Navy who was qualified to take the job without previous training. Rear Admiral Benson had suddenly been called to Paris.

When I reached Washington, October 31st, I found that Admiral Benson had turned over the office of Chief of Naval Operations to Rear Admiral J. S. McKean. McKean handed me an order signed by the Secretary that practically hamstrung operations. I took it at once

to Mr. Daniels, and he agreed to modify it. The order remained unissued for several months, and was finally published under some such caption as "Instructions Regarding Correspondence."

XXXI

CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

The Prince of Wales—Inspections—Harding Administration Takes Office—Denby Becomes Secretary of the Navy—Budget Committee Work.

I took the oath of office November 1, 1919. I had not then passed my examination to be a permanent Rear Admiral, but did so on November 4, and my commission was dated as of September 25, 1919.

I chose as Assistant Chief of the Bureau, Captain Benjamin F. Hutchison; as Assistant for Material, Captain William C. Cole; and as my personal aide, Lieutenant Commander Harry W. Hill. Hutchison had commanded my flagship, the *Iowa,* on the trip to Europe, in 1911, and I had been associated with him in the fleet, off and on, for many years. "Hutch," as he was familiarly called, was born in Boonville, Missouri, only seventy miles from my birthplace. Cole had been with me, now and then, since 1908, and had commanded the *Nevada,* in my division. I had known Hill since he was a midshipman at the Naval Academy.

The bureau chiefs were strong men. Thomas Washington was Chief of the Bureau of Navigation; Ralph Earle, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance; Samuel McGowan, Paymaster General; David W. Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair; R. S. Griffin, Chief of the Bureau of Engineering; Charles W. Parks, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks; W. C. Braisted, Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery; George R. Clark,

Judge Advocate General; and George Barnett, Commandant of the Marine Corps.

With these powerful personalities in office, the staff corps were strongly intrenched. Owing to the rush of work after the war, Operations had not cleaned up its work. McKean, therefore, turned over much unfinished business, some of which was not finally acted upon until 1923. Having been away from Washington duty most of the time since 1896, my Congressional acquaintance was limited.

I am a firm believer in the authority of the Chief of Naval Operations over all the bureaus. In no other manner can the Department function properly in time of war. I always considered that Mr. Daniels' tendency was to lean toward the staff, rather than toward the line. Mr. Denby, however, inclined the other way. This was probably due to the fact that he had served as a gunner's mate, as a private in the marines, and later as a marine officer in the World War. I found that Mr. Daniels took up matters of importance personally with Congress, calling upon the bureau chiefs when their advice was needed. He was eminently successful, as he had the full confidence of the committees of Congress.

I found the weekly councils of the Chief of Operations, and also the conferences of the Secretary of the Navy, were real clearing houses. When the bureau chiefs sat around a table and threshed out questions, face to face, they got much better action than by running to the Secretary, individually, with matters in their respective divisions. There is scarce a financial question arising in any bureau that is not, to some extent, dependent upon one or more other bureaus.

The council meetings of the Secretary of the Navy, each week, were, of course, attended by the Assistant Secretary, F. D. Roosevelt.

At this time demobilization was still in progress

Admiral Coontz and Staff, Office of Operations, Washington, 1919 *U. S. N.*

in a small way, and it was extremely difficult to man the ships of the fleet. It required a long time after the war to get the public to settle down to routine work. Therefore, it was not easy to get the Atlantic Fleet, under Admiral Wilson, equipped with anywhere near its quota of men.

My family had an apartment at the Wardman Park Hotel. We moved there in January, 1919, and did not leave until May, 1924. The White House was quiet socially, but otherwise there was the usual round of social life. I had to give my share of parties and they were expensive. I paid $300 a night for the use of the ballroom of the Wardman Park Hotel; but a naval officer must maintain his position in the game.

As might be expected, we were besieged to aid various associations and charities. Soon we found we would become bankrupt if we continued to subscribe to every appeal.

One of my pleasures while in Washington was a box at the baseball park which I had through the courtesy of Mr. Clark Griffith and Secretary Eynon. I had played baseball for forty-five years—since 1874—and nearly every year played several games in or near Washington. Twice I assisted at the opening of the season's games, at the Washington Park, and once hoisted the flag with "Babe" Ruth.

In the winter of 1919 the Prince of Wales made his good will visit to the United States, and came to Washington. He made his headquarters, of course, at the British Embassy. He had served his tour of duty in the British Navy. One of the early receptions at the Embassy was attended by my wife and myself. As I entered the reception room, the Prince recognized me and, stepping out of his position in line, he said,

"Admiral, look at my right hand; they are crushing it with handshaking. What can I do?"

"Prince," I replied, "place your right hand behind your back and shake with your left."

He did so. His right hand was badly swollen. Because of his fatigue, the guests left the Embassy at midnight, but the Prince braced up, I was told, and danced until four o'clock in the morning.

Admiral Washington and I decided that we would reduce the personnel of shore stations, and particularly the reservists. In January, 1920, we made trips to Boston and to New York, for this purpose, with satisfactory results.

In April, accompanied by my Aide, Lieutenant Commander Hill, I inspected the Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, and the Naval Station at Key West, and proceeded from there by destroyer to Guantanamo, where the Atlantic Fleet was operating. There I lived on Admiral Wilson's flagship, the *Pennsylvania.* The visit was instructive and helpful. I also went to Santiago de Cuba, for the first time. The untimely death of Rear Admiral Brittain seriously affected the fleet's cruise.

I spent much of my time in 1920 in making inspections and in attempts to reduce expenditures.

In August Hill and I went South. We left Washington one morning, and our first stop was at Charleston, West Virginia. As we got aboard the train I handed a large, heavy navy suitcase to the Pullman porter, who placed it at the end of the car, near our berth. A few minutes later Hill looked for it and could not find it. Months later, when the thieves were found, remains of the clothing the suitcase had contained were sent to us. My fine blouse had been changed into a bandman's coat. We were left with scant wearing apparel, and I was without an extra pair of trousers. The next day at Charleston I wore a pair of trousers belonging to

one of the captains who accompanied me. They were a poor fit.

We visited the naval station in New Orleans in August, and slept under double mosquito bars. Captain Cooper showed us the city. I did not go down to the mouth of the Mississippi at that time, as I had hoped to do, but managed to get there a few years later.

At St. Louis we rounded up all the naval officers, and found affairs in good shape. At Hannibal I attended the American Legion State Convention, and the greetings I received from my home people greatly impressed me.

The purpose of this trip was to obtain preliminary information as to what station complements could be reduced, which stations could be closed down, and possibly sold, and what other property could be transferred, or disposed of. Acting upon that information, the Secretary ordered the Rodman Board.

We visited Sackett's Harbor, New York. This harbor opens on Lake Ontario. Long ago the place was famous in naval history. The sunken wreck of the *New Orleans* lay in sight at the edge of the reservation. When our party arrived there we found one house occupied. A woman came to the door in response to our knocking and I asked her who was in command.

"I am," she replied.

I told her I was the Chief of Naval Operations.

"Well, tell me about it," she said.

After satisfying herself as to my identity, she invited me to enter and sit down.

The story, as I recall it, and as she narrated it to me was that early in the 'seventies William Ronckendorff, who was either a commodore or a captain, was ordered to command the station. With him were his wife and daughter. Both his wife and his

daughter died, and when he passed away a Mr. Metcalf took charge, remaining there until his death, when his wife assumed command. She managed the station and was given fifty dollars a month as compensation, in addition to the use of a house and garden. The naval reserves used the station for drills. The account she gave me was long and interesting, and like a page of ancient history.

When I returned to Washington I made report of the peculiar situation, and obtained an order from the Secretary that the woman should retain command until her death or the station should be abolished. She died in command in 1928.

In the summer of 1920, Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President on the democratic ticket, and soon thereafter resigned his office as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The Honorable Gordon Woodbury was appointed to succeed him. The election went overwhelmingly Republican.

Shortly after the election a joint Congressional Committee made an inspection of the west coast bases. The committee comprised Senator L. H. Ball, of Delaware; Senator H. W. Keyes, of New Hampshire; Representative F. A. Britten, of Illinois; Representative L. P. Padgett, of Tennessee; Representative George P. Darrow, of Pennsylvania; Representative D. A. Riordan, of New York; and Representative A. E. B. Stephens, of Ohio. Accompanying them and representing the Navy were Rear Admiral W. L. Capps, Rear Admiral C. W. Parks, Lieutenant Commander Harry W. Hill and I. Senator T. J. Walsh, of Montana, joined us at Seattle.

At Seattle we inspected the proposed site of the naval air station at Sand Point. It has taken eight years to develop this undertaking. I credit Mr. Claude Ramsay, of Seattle, with a large share of the responsibility for its success.

The Puget Sound Navy Yard was thoroughly in-

spected, and we met all of the leading citizens of Bremerton. At Keyport the committee saw the site of the proposed rifle range. Its location was ideal and the price satisfactory, but after eight years the measure providing for its establishment has not been enacted.

Port Angeles gave our party a royal welcome. Lake Crescent was close by, and most of the members preferred to fish rather than to inspect Ediz Rock.

Mr. Britten told some of his celebrated stories, and Mr. Stephens narrated his classic about the man of many troubles, who had a jug of whiskey. Each successive drink he took made "things get better," and finally the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, his troubles vanished and all the air became filled with the music of birds flitting from bough to bough.

Padgett, Riordan and Stephens are dead. They were strong men, and advocates of an adequate Navy.

We had a most agreeable time at the Seattle banquet. Lieutenant Commander Hill was placed at a table directly in front of the speakers. His neighbor was the young and good-looking wife of a prominent banker. The Lieutenant was enjoying himself immensely when a waiter slipped him a note. He read it, and grew pale. His companion observed his appearance and asked, "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Hill?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the officer.

The note read, "You will be called upon as the next speaker and your subject will be 'The Influence of Women on the Population of the World.'"

Hill stopped eating and became distrait. He was thinking, "What shall I say? How can I handle the subject?"

As the orator who was speaking neared his per-

oration, Hill was trembling so that the note fell from his hand upon the table. For the first time he saw that it was the personal card of a newspaper humorist. He breathed a sigh of relief and regained his composure.

Mr. Charles Collins presided at the dinner. Representative Vinson, of Georgia, upon being introduced, requested permission to submit a question of personal privilege. Permission being granted, he said, "Mr. Collins, may I ask what your politics were when you lived in Alabama, and before you came to Seattle?"

"Why, I was a Democrat," replied the toastmaster.

"Well, then, would you mind telling me what your present politics are?" continued the Congressman.

"I am a Republican," admitted Mr. Collins.

"Yes, and what would your politics be in case you were to return to Alabama?" persisted the speaker.

Mr. Collins flushed, and then said, "I guess I would be a Democrat again."

From the laughter which followed, Mr. Vinson evidently scored his point.

Many years spent in Alaska and the Northwest have convinced me that in that section, as soon as an able Democrat joins the Republican party, they give him a good local job, or send him to the Legislature or to Congress. It is easy to substantiate this statement.

One night, on our trip, a member of Congress told me that the difficulties usually experienced by our presidents and secretaries of the navy arose from their lack of knowledge of naval matters. The experience necessary to handle them intelligently he thought they did not gain until their administrations were nearing an end.

We stopped at the submarine base under con-

struction near Astoria, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Its position is strategic, and it should be maintained in readiness for use in case war ever comes to the Pacific.

We had a beautiful trip over the Shasta route to the Golden Gate. In San Francisco, in Alameda, in Oakland and also at Mare Island, the Alameda base question was discussed. The report of the board spoke for itself. Personally I am strong as ever for the Alameda base. The issue cannot be kept down. The base would aid, instead of impair, Mare Island.

The situation at Los Angeles and its harbor and the army airplane base were also inspected by the committee. My son joined me at Los Angeles and we went to San Diego. He was on duty on the *Idaho*. Representative William Kettner ably handled the San Diego inspections and here the party disbanded.

A telegram from Rear Admiral Thomas Washington, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, informed me that a certain important matter in which I was interested was not progressing well, and he advised my immediate return to Washington. We left San Diego at midnight, and en route across Arizona we got the returns of the first three quarters of the Army and Navy football game, and during the wait at El Paso, Texas, we learned the final score. It was a Navy victory.

Congress was about to meet, and the naval committee hearings were soon to start. The session was hard on the Democrats, for, after eight years of power, they were deprived of executive and legislative control.

Feeling the necessity for an additional aide in operations, with submarine experience, the Bureau of Navigation ordered Lieutenant Commander Lee P. Warren for that duty and he was also assigned to

the difficult task of bringing the Navy regulations up to date.

The new Administration was inducted into office on March 4, 1921. I met Mr. Denby, the new Secretary of the Navy, the night before, and was much pleased with his personality and with his ideas. For the first time I participated in presidential inaugural ceremonies, and in the inaugural parade.

As Chief of the Bureau of Operations I had the privilege of the Senate floor. General Pershing, as General of the Armies, was similarly honored. Up to this time I had never availed myself of it. I was given a comfortable seat in the Senate chamber at the left of the Vice-President. Shortly before the session opened I was called to the President's room by Secretary Daniels and paid my respects to Mr. Wilson for the last time. By chance, as I turned to leave, Senator Lodge came in to make the customary reports on final business, and I was an involuntary witness to the coolness between the President and the Senator. I doubt if the two men ever met again.

Secretary Denby's first act was to send again to the Senate the names of Major General Lejeune, Surgeon General Stitt and Rear Admiral Moffett. They were all southern men. Lejeune had relieved Barnett the preceding summer. Stitt had relieved Braisted, and Moffett's first appointment had taken effect a few months before. None of them had been confirmed by the Senate, and their appointments had lapsed. Operations had called Moffett to Washington to take charge of the aviation branch of the service. I felt that aviation had grown to be too important for the small amount of consideration which it was receiving in the department, and that a strong and experienced man was needed to develop it to its proper sphere in the Navy.

It is not often that a bureau chief is willing to surrender any function of his office. I knew, however, that a Bureau of Aeronautics should be formed for the good

of the service. It was my belief then, and is now, that later this bureau should go back to its component parts in the Navy, just as other bureaus have had to do in the past. That time may or may not be far distant.

Mr. Denby quickly grasped the work of his office. His previous naval and marine training was a great help to him. Colonel Roosevelt was also keen and quick on his job as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. His selection of Lieutenant Commander Lee P. Warren as his aide proved to be most satisfactory.

Soon after the new Administration came in there arose the case of a midshipman who had imbibed too much liquor while on leave. The boy was sentenced to dismissal. My advice in the matter was asked by the Secretary and Colonel Roosevelt. After examining the papers, I stated that while I had never been drunk myself, I did not believe in ruining the career of a youngster for a single transgression. The Secretary and the Colonel solemnly arose and shook me by the hand.

Secretary Denby visited the Atlantic Fleet at Guantanamo in April, going by way of Key West. He took with him his aide, Captain John K. Robison. Out of that trip arose incidents that later made history. Robison was chosen by the Secretary to relieve R. S. Griffin as Chief of the Bureau of Engineering. Mr. Denby met Captain Latimer at Key West, and was so pleased with him that he subsequently selected him for Judge Advocate General. Latimer was not an applicant for the position, and at the time he was chosen was under orders to go to sea. The Secretary also decided on Captain David Potter, of the Supply Corps, for Paymaster General. Potter was the fleet pay officer under Admiral Wilson.

Secretary Denby was honest in the matter of his appointments, even going so far as to average up a man's marks throughout his career. Beuret, I recall, had a 3.84, and was chosen as Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair while on duty at Mare Island, though not even

a candidate for the place. In the case of Gregory the same procedure was followed.

In the summer of 1921 there was keen interest in the sinking of the *Ostfriesland* and other vessels off the Virginia Capes by airplanes. Wide differences of opinion resulted from these experiences, some maintaining that aircraft would rule the world, and others that planes were entitled only to their relative place in the Navy.

While witnessing the airplane operations I received a radio to proceed to Washington immediately, as I had been named by the Secretary as budget officer of the Navy. I returned at once by destroyer. There was a great deal of activity in connection with the work of the budget committee. For the first time we learned of co-ordinators, and then co-ordinators of co-ordinators.

It reminded me of Representative Britten's story of the colored man in Chicago who had joined a new lodge. Mr. Britten met him on the street with the greeting, "Hello, Mose, what do all that uniform and regalia mean?"

"Well, Mr. Britten," replied the darky, "I now belongs to the colored 'Goob' Society, and I'm Supreme High Grand Cockalorum."

"That's fine," said the Congressman, "so you are the head man of the 'Goobs?' "

"No," said Mose, "there is three higher in rank than me."

XXXI

LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENTS CONFERENCE

Troubles With Chairman Madden of Appropriations Committee on Naval Bill—Provision for 86,000 Enlisted Men Wins—Enemies Made—The Navy Is Saved—*Henderson* Takes Class of '81 to Japan.

Following the election of President Harding there was wide discussion of the proposal to hold an International Conference on the Limitation of Naval Armaments. The President called the Conference to meet in Washington on Armistice Day, 1921.

As early as July 27, however, the Navy Department began to formulate a program for its consideration. The Hon. George Sutherland, of Utah, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, represented the President and Secretary Hughes at our meetings. The Navy was represented by Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, Captain William V. Pratt and me.

We held daily meetings in the office of the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy. At that time, the General Board, of whose executive committee Rear Admiral W. L. Rodgers was chairman, was in session. Several programs of reduction were worked out by our Committee, aided by the advice of the General Board, and we were compelled, gradually, to decrease the number of ships to be retained. It was a long, difficult, whittling down process, involving much thought and planning. The papers of the General Board, on all of the subjects discussed, were classics.

By the time the Conference met in November, practically all of our plans had been made, and there is on file in the Navy Department what might properly be called the "last stand of the Navy for the minimum of what we

should keep." It was signed by the Secretary of the Navy, and sent to the President. Just before the Conference assembled, the Secretary of State brought forward the "Stop now" proposal, as he termed it. On this basis the first tables were made. Personally, I am satisfied that the foreign delegates did not know what our tables were to be until they were read at the first meeting of the Conference.

The delegates began to arrive in Washington several days prior to the opening of the Conference, and it was my duty to meet many of them at the Union Station and accompany them to their respective headquarters. It was most interesting to be brought thus into contact with and to form estimates of these foreign statesmen.

I participated in the ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day, walking all the way from the east front of the Capitol to the amphitheater at Arlington with Secretary Denby, Secretary Weeks, and General Pershing.

When Mr. Hughes' offer was made to the delegates, it looked as if everything would run smoothly, as all of them accepted his recommendations in principle. Since that day I have become suspicious of people who accept anything "in principle."

Mr. Hughes, Colonel Roosevelt and I were made members of a committee of fifteen representing the United States on certain points. As the work of the Conference proceeded it became apparent that apart from the battleships, there was likely to be no definite agreement. What transpired in the committee rooms, and what the troubles were, will I trust be given to the public by 1951—thirty years after the Conference—either by Colonel Roosevelt or Admiral Pratt, each of whom, I believe, made notes from day to day.

Early in February, 1922, the agreement as to battleships and airplane carriers, with minor modifications, was signed.

With the banquets and receptions to the visiting dele-

gates, and my duties as Chief of Naval Operations, and as budget officer, I was kept busy.

In forming an estimate of the various delegates, I reached the conclusion that the ablest and the most adroit among them was Lord Balfour. He seemed to tower above all the others. Ranking next to him in mental powers I would place Baron Kato, of Japan. He said little but thought much, and when he talked it was directly to the point. We saw much of Admiral Beatty, Lord Lee, Rear Admiral Chatfield, of the British delegation; Admiral Acton of the Italian delegation, and Admiral Le Bon, of the French; I also had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with some of the delegates from other countries.

While our delegation included no naval officer among its members, the other countries were represented either by Admirals, or others who had had sea-going experience. In my judgment diplomats who have had no naval experience cannot match their wits in naval matters against men who have had such experience.

The deliberations of the Conference were brought to a close without any agreement having been reached on our proposal respecting cruisers, destroyers, submarines and auxiliaries. I have my own opinion as to the cause of the partial failure of the Conference. Many people agree with Mr. Frank H. Simonds who, in an article in the Washington *Sunday Star,* of April 14, 1929, said, "The former Washington Conference was disastrous for us, because at a certain moment, Mr. Hughes had to choose between facing the political consequences of failure, or agreeing to what was clearly a bad bargain."

The people of the United States, at the conclusion of the Conference, were simply deceived as to what it all meant. On the last day that the delegates were in session, I sat and heard representatives of various nations speak of the great accomplishments of the Conference, and express their gratification. In the gallery I saw women weeping and men clasping hands and I thought,

"Are these people distraught, or is there something the matter with me?"

It would have been idle at that time to have attempted to explain the situation and its meaning to them. Had there been a naval officer among our delegates I believe the issue would have been forced regarding other types of combatant vessels, and I do not think we would ever have agreed to Article 9 of the Treaty. There was no stopping what happened, however, and I am sure that we acquiesced in the hope that it would all turn out right in the end. The Conference, at least, showed that some agreements were possible, and the hope of Colonel Roosevelt and Admiral Pratt, as well as my own, was that subsequently it might lead to better things, and I believe it will.

We named the 5:5:3 ratio. Personally I hoped the United States would maintain its part of that ratio throughout all classes of vessels. We have not done so. Why? First, because in my judgment, rich and powerful as our country is, we are always too niggardly and too slow in acting upon matters pertaining to the Navy. We begrudge the last few dollars that are needed to "play safe."

Second, many people of good intentions are unduly influenced by the sickly sentimentality of those who profess to believe that we should not be prepared at all.

After 1921, the other nations went on building certain types of vessels, while we practically ceased construction. Now, the cruiser bill has been passed, in response to the demand of patriotic people in 1929 that we must continue to carry on. Particularly we must be prepared for laying down the first battleships in 1931. If we do not we lose them. Once the advocates of preparedness are aroused they will win the fight. Let us take no chance! Let us always have the ships and the men, remembering that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"

In the fall of 1921 my troubles began with Representative Martin B. Madden, chairman of the House Com-

mittee on Appropriations. One afternoon Mr. Madden appeared at my outer office and asked to see me without telling my aide who he was. He was invited to sit down and had to wait about two minutes. My office was always open to everyone, and I made it a rule to see all callers as speedily as possible—particularly men in official positions. Mr. Madden was angry when he came into my private office. Almost his first statement was, "So you are thinking of closing the Great Lakes Station?"

I told him I had heard Secretary Denby and Admiral Washington discussing the matter briefly, but that I looked for no affirmative action. He said the station was not going to be closed. He was in a temper and, as I knew little about the matter, for it was then only a question which was being considered, I requested him to go with me to Admiral Washington who could tell him about it. Mr. Madden saw Admiral Washington, but ever after that he entertained a dislike for me. I was innocent of any intention to abolish the station; instead, I favored retaining it on account of its location in the Central West. My home was only two hundred and seventy miles from Chicago, and I was familiar with the need for a station there.

When Congress assembled the Secretary of the Navy was invited to appear before a sub-committee of the Committee on Appropriations. Mr. Denby had other appointments which he regarded as more important, including possibly a cabinet meeting, and asked me to take his place before the committee. This I did, and was asked why I was spending ten million dollars that year for fuel for destroyers. I said I did not believe the Navy was making such an expenditure and officials of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts were called upon to produce figures. They did so regarding only a certain number of destroyers, and from these made estimates as to what the fuel costs would be. I had no chance to make proper reply, except to state that I did not believe the figures. Mr. Madden told me if the Navy Department

continued to spend money so recklessly he would see that I was put in jail. As I had nothing to do with spending the money appropriated the threat irritated but did not frighten me. The published official figures showed who was correct.

Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd, now famous aviator, endeavored to heal the differences between Mr. Madden and me, by inviting us as his guests to a dinner. Lieutenant Commander Byrd hoped we could settle our difficulties and get together on the same platform. The worst blizzard of the winter prevented us from meeting at Byrd's table. When I started out for his home my car was stuck in the snow at Twenty-first Street and remained there for two days; so Madden and I never met. Twice members of the Committee on Appropriations sought to have President Harding remove me because I disagreed with certain members of Congress as to the condition of the Navy. They were not successful.

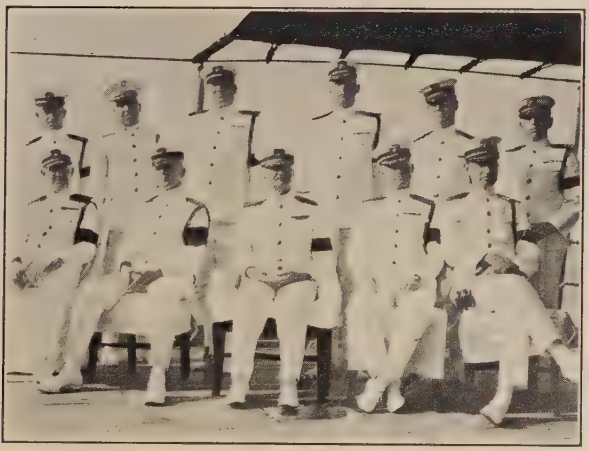
Senator Hale also tried to have us get together at his home but without success. I then realized that we were in a fight to a finish.

As soon as the work of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments was concluded it became evident that the Committee on Appropriations intended to make reductions in naval expenditures. Representative Kelley, of Michigan, came to the Navy Department by appointment one Sunday morning to talk with Admiral Washington and me. I declined to be a party to his views. Mr. Kelley flushed and said I would rue the day that I made such a decision. Admiral Washington also refused to agree to any reduction in the enlisted personnel. Mr. Kelley, thereupon, became my enemy for life.

As soon as the Committee began its hearings it was apparent that drastic reductions in our naval forces were contemplated. Naval officers who appeared before the Committee were questioned, and the attitude of the members was plainly disclosed. It seemed that the Navy was

U. S. N.

Secretary Daniels and Assistants, Washington, December, 1920



U. S. N.

The Commander-in-Chief, United States Fleet, and Staff. (Seated left to right, Capt. Merritt, Rear Adm. Cole, Admiral Coontz, C. in C., Capt. Pryor, Capt. Gannon; standing, Lt. Shelley, Lt. Col. Beaumont, Lt. Com. Shafroth, Com. Rowcliff, Com. Smyth, Com. Hooper.)

about to be given a death blow, but we entertained the hope that the enlisted personnel would not be cut below 86,000 men, as the President had expressed himself in favor of that number. The Navy had been holding out for 96,000 men.

During the last week of the contest over the bill in the Committee we had an intimation of serious trouble. A Massachusetts Representative gave Captain McNamee the substance of the Committee's report. Immediately, Secretary Denby wrote to Mr. Madden who was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations requesting an advance copy of the report and also a copy of the printed hearings on the bill. Mr. Madden declined to comply with the request on the ground that copies were furnished to no one before the bill was reported out of the Committee. Our Congressman, however, procured a copy and Colonel Roosevelt, Admiral Pratt, Admiral Latimer, Captain McNamee, Captain Rowcliff, Lieutenant Commander Hill and I met in the Bureau of Ordnance and proceeded to draft proposed minority views which were turned over to the Congressmen. We had to make the minority suggestions hurriedly for the Congressman advised us the vote would be taken within a few hours. We had copies circulated among our friends on the Committee and when the vote was taken had the support of twelve members, among them Mr. Vare, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Magee, of New York, and Mr. Tinkham and Mr. Gallivan, both of Massachusetts.

The Committee had its final meeting on the bill on Saturday morning just in time to present it to the House before that body adjourned over the week-end. The Congressional Record, of April, 1922, confirms my statements. When we learned of the Committee's action I sent my aide to inquire of various newspaper friends if they had any advance information from the Committee. The aide found a copy of the report and also a copy of the printed hearings in the office of the correspondent of a Philadelphia paper. He was writing his story of

the Naval Bill for publication Sunday morning. He had no copy of the minority views, and had not heard that there was one. Further inquiry showed a similar condition with respect to the information in the hands of other correspondents. The aide hastened back to the Navy Department with a copy of the Committee's report and there, after a conference with Mr. Denby and Colonel Roosevelt, we prepared a statement setting forth our side of the controversy, to be published contemporaneously with the Committee's report. We carefully examined every phase of the report and made our own comments upon it, calling attention to what we considered were its errors respecting the maintenance of the 5:5:3 ratio, the distribution of the enlisted personnel, and of the fleet. We cited the testimony of naval officers before the Committee and, in many instances, it flatly contradicted the statements made in the Committee's report.

We learned also that Chairman Madden and Mr. Kelley had each prepared statements in regard to the bill in addition to the Committee's report. We took each of these statements and gave our own side of the issue, supplying it, as well as our major statement, to the correspondents of all the leading newspapers. It was well after midnight before we got our stories into the newspaper offices, but with one exception the newspaper men supported us loyally. One Washington paper refused to change its original story but agreed to publish our story equally conspicuously. Secretary Denby also dictated a strong statement on the bill which was given to the newspapers. The result was that the headlines in the Sunday newspapers, generally, conveyed the same thought that was expressed in one of them which read, "NAVAL BILL SCRAPS 5:5:3 RATIO."

When the bill came to a vote in the House we found that we needed the support of a majority of the members from Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois. I feel sure that caucuses were held by the delegations from Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

We fell down on Illinois. We had the valued aid of such outsiders as John J. Underwood, of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, J. E. Barnes, J. Fred Essary, of the *Baltimore Sun,* and many others. Personally I felt deeply indebted to Lieutenant Commander Hill, Lieutenant Commander R. E. Byrd, Captain Gilbert S. Rowcliff, Captain Charles S. Freeman, and the host of other officers who helped us save the Navy.

At the end of an acrimonious debate the vote on the so-called Vare Amendment was 222 to 147. The bill carrying provision for 86,000 men passed the Senate.

Worn out by this fight on which, after Mr. Kelley's attack, I had staked everything, I was compelled to seek rest at Stoney Man's Camp in Virginia. I was also threatened with blindness in one eye. Lieutenant Commander Hill took me there.

Stoney Man's Camp is a well-known resort near Luray. From our porch at an elevation of nearly 5,000 feet we could view seven ranges of mountains. We were told there were no snakes at the camp, but on our way to breakfast one morning Hill and I killed a black snake six feet in length, as he lay outside the dining-room door. I know other snake tales of the section, but will not tell them lest I might be accused of having indulged in the moonshine whiskey of that region when I saw them. I liked the place and sent for my wife and daughter. Later, my son who had come east on the *Nevada* joined us there.

With the fight over the naval bill won, Secretary Denby and the surviving members of the class of '81 of the Naval Academy were able to start on their long contemplated trip to Japan. By authority of the President the *Henderson* was assigned to take them on the voyage, and they sailed from Hampton Roads. A part of the company joined the ship at San Diego, after she passed through the Panama Canal. It was a memorable trip especially as Admiral Urie, of the Japanese navy, who

was a member of the class, was still there and entertained his former classmates.

Following the election of President Harding there was much discussion in the public prints regarding the attitude of the government toward the matter of reorganization of the various government departments, and the co-ordination of governmental activities. The background of endeavor at that time was to put pressure on all departments to co-ordinate effort by deferring in each case to that department which had already set up administrative machinery for the handling of that particular business, as opposed to the plan of having individual projects handled by that department having primary interest and responsibility in carrying out such projects, as an integral part of the purpose for which such government department was created.

It was a time of great stress and uncertainty in government departments, because of the tendency to pull apart the established order of procedure which had been in effect for many years as the activities of the government developed.

In addition to the attitude of the President, as indicated to members of the cabinet, there were three authorities tending to cause uncertainty as to jurisdiction, existing and prospective. These authorities were the Bureau of the Budget, with its co-ordinators, the Reorganization Commission, and the Bureau of Efficiency. Not only was the subject of the limitation of armaments being discussed, but steps were also being taken to deprive the Navy of its air service, its transport and auxiliary service, its radio, its hydrographic service, its observatory, and several minor functions coming within the cognizance of individual bureaus and offices of the Department. The tendency of all these influences, accompanied as they were by a certain amount of propaganda on the part of those most interested in depriving the Navy of these activities, was to disturb the settled order of doing business to such

an extent that almost anything might happen within the sphere of executive authority.

In the meantime, the Navy Department had been definitely forbidden to combat actively any of these influences, particularly in view of the Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments.

XXXII

CONTROL OF THE OIL SITUATION

Naval Oil Reserves—Visits to Haiti and San Domingo—The Bay of Panama—Sinking of the *Iowa*—To Jamaica and Virgin Islands—Denby Visits Porto Rico—Accomplishments as Chief of Naval Operations.

The first information I had regarding the transfer of the Naval Oil Reserves, to the best of my recollection, was given to me by the Secretary of the Navy, late in April, or early in May, 1921. He either sent for me, or came to my office. Colonel Roosevelt was present at the time. When we indicated objections to the plan, the Secretary told me frankly that the transfer of the oil reserves to the Department of the Interior had already been determined, and the subject was not open to discussion. I gained the impression that the Secretary had come directly from the White House, and that this was the result of a cabinet meeting, or a specific presidential order. Subsequent developments have altered that belief.

Some time later Rear Admiral Griffin, Chief of the Bureau of Engineering, came to my office and asked for my assistance in having the order of transfer so worded that the rights of the Navy would not be endangered. I told him the matter must be handled by the Secretary, but that I would gladly help in any such effort. We went to the Secretary together, and he assured us that the rights of the Navy under the order would be conserved. The order was subsequently prepared and taken to the President for signature. In October the Secretary signed an order transferring fuel oil activities from his office to engineering. After November 1 I abandoned all hope of the Navy controlling the oil situation.

I had an experience which illustrates the fact that one never knows when an act of kindness will be reciprocated. My chauffeur was driving up Twentieth Street in Washington in heavy traffic and collided with an old car driven by a colored boy who had stopped without giving warning. In the Police Court next day the judge asked if anyone had seen the accident. A fine looking man about thirty years of age stepped forward and said, "Yes, your honor, I did. Admiral Coontz's man was not at fault at all. This boy stopped suddenly without a signal."

The judge dismissed the case, and I advanced to thank the stranger.

"That's all right, Admiral," said he, "you did me a good turn once when I was on the *Nebraska* in 1907, when my mother was sick, and this was my chance to even up."

I had no way of knowing whether or not he saw the accident.

In September, 1922, my wife and I made a long deferred visit to our friends, Senator and Mrs. ———— We had never been to Valley Forge and the Senator decided to take us there. On the way a heavy storm came up and we stopped at a small tavern for lunch.

Our orders were taken by a colored waiter in khaki uniform. He volunteered the information that he had been in the service in France, and was only temporarily working as a waiter, for he believed an ex-soldier should have a better job. Our order included four bottles of near beer, and as the colored soldier-waiter departed to fill it he whispered to my host, "The bottles of beer I am bringing you have no labels."

When he returned with the food and the beer he again became loquacious, telling of his overseas service, and saying that he was from North Carolina and did not belong in Pennsylvania. His narrative of his exploits was beginning to get a little tiresome when the Senator said, "Look here, George, do you know who that gentleman is?" pointing to me.

"No, sah," replied the negro.

"That man," continued the Senator, "is the Chief of Naval Operations of the United States Navy."

The darky rolled his eyes, dropped a plate, and exclaimed, "My Gawd, is dat Josephus Daniels!"

With that he ran from the room and we never saw him again. Another waiter finished serving our meal. When the Senator came to pay the bill the item of the four bottles of beer was not included.

Secretary Denby was desirous of visiting the fleet which was to assemble in the Bay of Panama. The Department had many applications for passage from Members of Congress who also wanted to make the trip. It was decided that the *Henderson* should take them, and they left Washington soon after the adjournment of the session. Captain Hayne Ellis accompanied the Secretary as his aide. I was directed to go with the party also and, as Hill had gone to sea, I took Commander Crenshaw as my aide. We had nearly a hundred passengers, including eight Senators and seventy Representatives, and a few newspaper men. I was fortunate in rooming with Senator Howell, of Nebraska, who was just beginning his service in the Senate. We renewed our acquaintance and friendship which went back to the days when we were both at the Naval Academy.

The *Henderson* was commanded by Captain McArthur who was with me when he was a midshipman. We encountered a storm soon after leaving the Capes of the Chesapeake. Off Hatteras, in a brisk westerly wind, we heeled over some ten degrees and remained in that position for eight hours. The wind then subsided, the weather cleared up, and we proceeded to Port au Prince, Haiti, which was to be our first stop. We had "pony" races on deck during the day and movies at night. At Port au Prince, after the usual ceremony and reception, we drove in automobiles to the northern center of the island, where we found the work being done by our marines most satisfactory. We stopped for lunch at one

of their many stations, and had the usual round of speeches after the Sunday church services. In the distance we could see the newly built road winding down the southern side of the mountain toward Cape Haitian.

The night of our arrival we were given a reception at the club, and when the band began to play, I asked my dinner hostess if she cared to dance. She was a bit flustered at first, but we started off, and soon everyone in the hall was dancing. I learned later that it was the first time there had been dancing on Sunday in the Island of Haiti. Evidently, I corrupted their customs, for I am informed that now they dance there every Sunday night. We remained in the island only a short time, and the party had only a cursory glimpse of the western part of Haiti.

We had a pleasant run across the Caribbean to Colon, and a slow trip through the canal to Panama. We anchored overnight in Gatun Lake. Half way through the canal we were met by a large committee of civilians and officers of the Army and Navy, from Panama. They were introduced to our guests whom they entertained later in Ancon, where the *Henderson* was moored. The members of the Congressional delegation proceeded to Panama City, old Panama, the army fortification and post, and all the other places of interest.

The entire party was taken out to sea on board the *Maryland,* the flagship of Admiral Hilary P. Jones, to view the maneuvers. They had the opportunity of seeing the great experiment when the *Iowa* was fired at by the *Mississippi* and sunk in a spectacular manner. She was electrically controlled and zigzaged while being fired upon. It was a thrilling sight. The *Iowa* had been my flagship in 1911, and I nearly wept as the waters engulfed her.

Our stay in Ancon was marred by the illness of Congressman Hicks, of New York, and of Henry Reuterdahl, the artist, who was making a last effort to regain his health. Both of these gentlemen have since died. Mr.

South, our minister to Panama, and his lovely wife started the social whirl with a party at their home. Receptions were tendered to us by President Porras, of Panama, and by Colonel Morrow, the Governor of the Canal Zone. Admiral Jones concluded the festivities with a reception aboard the *Maryland*.

When we were through with the maneuvers and the various exploring and fishing trips we headed for Kingston, Jamaica. There the weather was uncomfortably warm, and we made our stay as brief as possible. One afternoon the party was invited to the residence of the Governor in the outskirts of Jamaica. Wine flowed freely, and not wishing to indulge, I strolled about the grounds. A swing attracted my attention, and being as fond of that sort of amusement as a child is, I was joined by the wife of one of the British officials, and we began to swing high. The camera men of the fleet caught us, and the photograph appeared in the Sunday papers of the States under the caption, "The Chief of Naval Operations Takes a Vacation."

From Kingston we went to Port San Antonio, which lies directly across the island. It was a beautiful trip, but the road is more winding than any I have seen elsewhere, except perhaps near Newport News, Virginia. On the north side of the island we were given a wonderful luncheon at a ranch which overlooks the ocean and the surrounding country. Port San Antonio is a delightful spot, cool and sheltered. I recommend the place as the best I know for honeymooners. We cleaned up a bit after a dusty ride, had a dance, and started for San Domingo. The harbor of San Domingo is open to south and southeast storms. We anchored as close to the shore as possible and, nearby the wreck of the *Memphis* was plainly to be seen.

Our visit was a hurried one, but some of the party had an opportunity to go to the old cathedrals and to look up the place where Columbus and some of his voyagers were said to have been buried. Most of us made the trip

to the top of the mountains near the center of the island. Governor Russell and his committee explained everything to us and the Congressmen were well satisfied. San Domingo has developed well under our tutelage.

The party was given an opportunity to look at Culebra, and then we went straight on to St. Thomas the capital of the Virgin Islands. St. Thomas is famous in song and story. According to tradition Old Bluebeard had his castle there. The swimming on the west side of the island is fine and, after our hot trip, we found it most refreshing.

Two destroyers took the party to the Island of St. Croix, where we landed at Frederichstad in the surf, and traveled by automobile to Christianstad. The road ran through the sugar plantations owned and operated by the Danes. Most of the plantation houses were like feudal castles, and reminiscent of the past. We visited the tomb of the mother of Alexander Hamilton, and saw the little house in Christianstad, where the first secretary of the Treasury of the United States worked as a youth. There were many objects of interest for our camera men to record on this trip. We addressed the Islanders in the old government building at Christianstad, and the destroyers then took us back to St. Thomas in time for Governor Hough's ball.

Up to the time the United States purchased the Danish West Indies their business was prosperous. Since then, however, their trade has decreased largely on account of our liquor laws; and the islands have had a hard struggle financially. Our government has to make certain annual appropriations to aid them. In time, I believe, because of its strategic position St. Thomas will again come into its own, and St. Croix, with its sugar plantations, will also prosper.

Our last port of call was San Juan, Porto Rico; it took the pilots a long time to place the *Henderson* alongside the San Juan wharf. We were present at the inaugu-

ration of Governor Horace M. Tower, and considered it a pleasure to take part in that event.

At the state banquet many of the native Porto Ricans spoke freely of their hopes, and it was well for the Senators and Representatives who were with us to have an opportunity to size them up, and to learn their views. We were quartered at the beautiful hotel in the northeastern section of the city, where the breezes were strong and cooling.

Porto Rico is the second most thickly settled country in the world. Actually it is overpopulated.

The most interesting part of the visit there was our trip to the interior of the island. We climbed the mountains in automobiles, and were the guests of one of the largest landowners of the island. We passed many small towns and tobacco plantations.

We stopped at the grave of one of the national heroes, and Mr. Denby was called upon for a speech. I do not think he knew much about the hero, nor had he prepared any remarks, but having been in Congress for six years, he was able to make a forceful address which related mostly to generic matters. Two years later, when I was Commander-in-Chief of the United States fleet, I was at the same place, and in my speech on that occasion recalled to the people the address which Secretary Denby had made to them.

Our home-bound trip was quiet and uneventful. All of us needed the rest that came to us at sea. We placed the *Henderson* alongside the dock in the Washington navy yard on scheduled time. I believe the expedition well repaid the Members of Congress for their time and trouble, for they gained much first-hand information of conditions in the Caribbean and on the Isthmus.

While we were at Panama Mr. Denby announced the contemplated fleet changes. He had decided that Admiral Eberle was to be Chief of Naval Operations; Admiral Jones, chairman of the executive committee of the General Board; and I was to be Commander-in-Chief of the

United States fleet. He also gave out the other assignments. I had not asked Mr. Denby to give me this command, and felt highly honored when he selected me for it. From that time on, my time was spent in winding up my affairs in the office of operations, and in making preparations and schedules for the activities of the fleet during the next two years.

It has always been my desire to have our fleet make long foreign cruises. We had previously considered an Australian-New Zealand voyage, and it was now decided that it should be undertaken in 1925.

So many things are involved in preparing fleet schedules that it is necessary to figure upon them for years in advance. Having participated in the voyage around the world in 1908-09, I knew the advantage of such cruises. This time we desired to try out vessels other than battleships.

In the spring of 1923 President Harding decided that he would that year make his long anticipated trip to Alaska. Admiral Rodman was selected as the officer to represent the Navy. I had to remain in Washington until after the Selection Board met in July. Its action was approved by the President by cable.

I resigned as Chief of Naval Operations, July 21, 1923, and Admiral Eberle succeeded me on that date. I feel that the outstanding achievements of my term of four years as Chief of Naval Operations may be summed up as follows:

1. The strengthening of the office of Naval Operations.
2. The saving of the program for 86,000 enlisted men, after the Limitation of Arms Conference.
3. The adoption of a definite naval policy, and its promulgation after having been signed by the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States.
4. The definite formation of a United States Fleet.
5. The development of foreign cruises.

These accomplishments will stand out as the years go

by. I failed in my attempt to have two armored cruisers outfitted and placed in commission to carry midshipmen on their annual practice cruises and also to carry the naval reserves at other times.

When I left operations the order had been issued to equip them and place them in commission. Why it was revoked, after my departure, I never learned. I had arranged to have the money provided. I regard it as a grave menace to the efficiency of the fleet to withdraw three battleships from the Scouting Fleet, year after year, in order that they may make the midshipmen cruise. It is false economy.

The foreign cruises of the fleet should be revived for the contentment of the service, the best interests of the Navy, and the promotion of the morale. In my judgment each Chief of Operations should effect some outstanding improvement in naval matters. I failed to put through my plan for the amalgamation of the line, the construction corps and the civil engineers, although I had the support of the chairman of the House committee on naval affairs, and of the ranking minority member. This amalgamation would result in great saving to the government by reductions in the total number of officers, and the accommodation of work at the navy yards and stations, and in the Department.

When I left the Department, I took a short vacation at Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, accompanied by my wife and daughter, and our friend, Miss Ball, of Alaska and Virginia. The place was quiet and restful and just suited to our needs. A week later the family parted at Harrisburg. I went to St. Louis, and there met my flag secretary, L. P. Warren. We went on to the Coast.

XXXIII

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES FLEET

Death of President Harding—Raise My Flag as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet on Board the *Seattle*—Congressional Committee of Inspection Aboard *Chaumont*—Winter Maneuvers at Panama—My Remedy for Weight Reduction—We Visit the Eastern Star at Union, Washington—The Selection Board.

President Harding died in San Francisco the night that Warren, my flag secretary, and I arrived in Los Angeles.

I hoisted my flag as Commander-in-Chief of the United States fleet on board the *Seattle* in the harbor of San Diego, August 4, 1923. Years before, I had reached the determination that if I ever did get a big command on the Pacific, I would raise my flag at San Diego. The opportunity was a long time in coming, but it arrived at last.

Having had previous experience as to the kind of staff that was needed, I selected mine with great care. Rear Admiral W. C. Cole was made Chief of Staff. He had to give up his command of the special service squadron in order to accept and assist me. The other members were: Lieutenant Commander Warren, flag aide; Captain Sinclair Gannon, assistant chief of staff; Colonel J. C. Beaumont, fleet marine officer; Captain James C. Pryor, medical corps, fleet surgeon; Captain William A. Merritt, supply corps, fleet paymaster; Commander John F. Shafroth, flag secretary; Commander Newton H. White, aide for aviation; Commander W. W. Smyth, fleet tactical officer; Commander R. C. Davis, fleet engineer officer; and Commander Stanford C. Hooper, fleet communication officer.

I have always believed that a commander should select

for his staff officers who are personally known to him. He must have absolute confidence in each one, and know what each will do under given conditions no matter what question may arise. I also believe that a commander-in-chief should have all the members of his staff mess with him. Thus he becomes better acquainted with them and, by their talk at the table, he can gauge whether or not affairs are running smoothly and properly. By January first I had my entire staff messing with me.

Soon after we settled in San Diego the transport *Chaumont,* Captain Enochs commanding, arrived, bringing a delegation of Congressmen for the purpose of investigating naval conditions on the Pacific Coast, as far north as Seattle and the Bremerton yard. The lawmakers had an excellent opportunity to inspect all activities in San Diego, and they gave particular attention to the training station, the marine barracks, the air base and the destroyer base. San Diego, as usual, did herself proud.

At San Pedro there were similar inspections, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce had a chance to exhibit its harbor. Representative Walter F. Lineberger conducted his fellow-members while the party was there, and Representative William Kettner looked after them while they were in San Diego.

At San Francisco the old question of the Alameda base was again brought up and its advantages considered but, as usual, without result.

Again turning their prows northward the *Seattle* and the *Chaumont* entered the Columbia River. The submarine base at Astoria was inspected, and the party was then taken to Portland by automobile. From there, after looking over the great docks, they took the beautiful river ride up the Columbia, and were hospitably entertained at luncheon at the home of Mr. Mayer. As we sat at his table we could get glimpses of the river, and of the beautiful country, east and west, for many miles.

The *Seattle* and the *Chaumont* made their way sepa-

rately to Puget Sound. The *Seattle* ran into a dense fog and stuck her nose on the beach at Marrowstone Lighthouse, while the *Chaumont* got through in safety. The *Seattle* was pulled off without serious damage, and resumed her itinerary.

The Congressional party divided at Seattle, some of the members going east at once, while others returned to San Diego and to San Francisco, and later went to inspect the California oil reserves. The Department ordered the flagship to New York for slight repairs, before beginning the winter maneuvers which were to take place at Panama. After that a part of the fleet was scheduled to visit Culebra.

Stopping only long enough to take part in the funeral ceremonies of the victims of the disaster to the destroyer *Honda,* the *Seattle* continued on to Panama. This great catastrophe was one of the unfortunate incidents, that at times happen in all navies. I believe that the report of the court of inquiry was the best answer that could be made in the circumstances. The people of the country are prone to criticize. I make no excuse for accidents of that character, but I would like those who criticize to compare the disasters that occur to vessels in the American navy with those that happen in foreign navies. It has been said that several foreign nations have lost more men in a single catastrophe than we have lost in our entire naval history. This may not be true. We can only hope to avoid such disasters by doing everything we can, in the way of precaution, to prevent them.

Our trip east was quiet and uneventful. At Panama we made preliminary arrangements with the Army for the coming maneuvers, and the necessary orders and plans for the entire season were worked out while we were lying at the New York navy yard. In December I succeeded in obtaining the services of Commander Rowcliff who succeeded Davis on my staff. Lieutenant Tully Shelley was also added and Griswold came later in place

of Smyth. I had a strong staff; they were all competent and loyal.

The maneuvers off Panama were similar to those that have since been conducted, except that we had neither a sufficient air force nor enough cruisers to execute the program as planned. What we did have, however, after the exercises were over, was a splendid critique, at Colon. Great ingenuity was employed by the scouting fleet.

On our trip to Culebra, where the commander-in-chief accompanied the fleet, we ran into very rough weather, because of having set our courses too far to the southward. The training vessels, not being able to make as much speed as the larger ships, were instructed to make their way as best they could. We were surprised, therefore, when we came to the moment of battle, south of Culebra, to find the train ahead of us, ready to observe the engagement. The fleet made its base at Culebra, and from there went out for maneuvers and drills. The entire program was satisfactory. By the authority of the Secretary of the Navy a party of newspaper men was sent to watch the operations. They made the trip on the *Henderson* and were quartered among the various vessels of the fleet. Among those on the *Seattle* were Mr. F. G. Bonfils, of the *Denver Post,* Mr. W. S. Dickey, of the *Kansas City Journal,* Mr. F. B. Noyes, of the Washington *Evening Star,* Mr. F. B. McLennan of the *Topeka State Journal,* Mr. C. S. Forbes of the *Nashville Banner,* and several others. I had known Mr. Bonfils' family for many years.

They were taken to the Virgin Islands and to Porto Rico. The trip to Porto Rico was not unlike the one made there by Secretary Denby, in 1923. Governor Towner was absent, but Mrs. Towner was a gracious hostess.

On one of my visits to Porto Rico, I was assigned to the haunted room in the old castle used as the Governor's mansion, but the ghosts did not appear. I have been on

the lookout for ghosts for sixty years, but have never seen any.

My friends know that I lay claim to having the only effective plan for reducing one's weight. I have helped many people with this wonderful method which was discovered by Surgeon Bloedorn, of the Navy. At Governor Williams' dinner, given the night before the ball, the subject of obesity was mentioned, and when I told of my diet, all the fat men and women immediately demanded a copy. I furnished it without charge. About two months later Rear Admiral Cole received a letter from a lady in Connecticut in which she said, "Tell Admiral Coontz, please, that his remedy worked. The Governor of the Virgin Islands lost twenty pounds, and his wife, thirty; George, my husband, lost forty pounds. I pulled off thirty pounds, and Rosita, our daughter, also lost thirty pounds, and has become engaged to marry a naval officer!"

Working hard all day in Washington, and attending a dinner party nearly every night, while I was chief of Naval Operations, increased my weight until I tipped the beam at one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Bloedorn's method takes off a pound a day, and when I had reduced thirteen pounds in as many days, my family began to enter strenuous objection. I continued, however, until I reduced twenty-five pounds in twenty-five days, and now my weight does not vary three pounds throughout the year. The remedy will be found in the appendix to this volume.

It was decided that during the maneuvers, the ships should spend ten days in visiting various ports on the Atlantic seaboard from Galveston to Boston. When the time came for them to move, it was found that the boilers of three of the battleships were in such condition as to make them unfit for the trip. I reported the fact to the Department and was instructed to leave three or four ships in the south. This action prompted an investigation of the Navy, by Congress, in the spring of 1924. Some

one allowed the reports to get into the newspapers. The criticism and comment which followed did not aid us any in getting the appropriations necessary for repairs.

When the *Seattle* reached New York, I received a telegram asking me to proceed to Washington to give testimony in the oil investigation. I appeared before the grand jury and was questioned by Mr. Pomerene and Mr. Roberts, government counsel. The foreman of the grand jury suggested that instead of interrogating me, that I be allowed to state all that I knew on the subject of oil. Counsel agreed, and I made my statement. Soon after we sailed south Secretary Denby resigned. I desire to bear testimony to the absolute honesty of Edwin Denby. His own integrity was so pronounced that he never suspected any one in high authority of being venal.

The ships assembled at Culebra, and finished their work there. We gave our final entertainment on board the *California* close inshore on the west side. The sea was smooth and we were able to handle boat-loads of people from Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

While in these waters, we investigated certain harbors in the Virgin Islands, and reported with respect to their desirability as naval bases. The *Seattle* was directed to make Puget Sound, her home port. This was done at my request.

Once again, we boomed through the canal and proceeded north, stopping three days at each of the ports of San Diego, San Pedro and San Francisco. Owing to a shortage of funds, only a part of her repairs could be completed at that time, and, in consequence, our stay in the north was prolonged.

The climate of Puget Sound in summer is excellent. The days are long and there is little rain. The people of Seattle and vicinity are always pleased to have the fleet in their waters.

While I was at Culebra I had a letter from a representative of the Elinor Chapter of the Eastern Star, of Union, Washington, asking that some of our officers

visit them. I read it to the mess, and said that when any one so far away extended us an invitation, we should accept it. I replied to the ladies that we would be glad to visit them when we were in Puget Sound, which would be in three or four months.

I had been in Union twice before, and my last visit there was not altogether pleasant. A high ranking army officer came to Bremerton in quest of information about Hood Canal. Captain Bradshaw and I took him there in the winter time. The roads were bad, and our automobile became disabled on the way. Fortunately, the accident happened near the only farm house for miles around, and we were able to get aid. We arrived late at night and drove to an old hotel which we believed was still being operated. We found it closed and went to a near-by grocery to ask the cause.

"Well," said the grocer, "you know old McReavy kept that hotel for many years, and besides his regular guests, some fellows from Seattle used to come up on the steamer Saturday nights, go on a big drunk and leave for home on Sunday evening. They'd be sobered up by the time they reached Seattle the next morning. But now that prohibition has gone into effect, the hotel had to go out of business. The regular patronage was not sufficient."

This incident, however, did not deter me from making arrangements to visit the Eastern Star Chapter, at Union, when we returned to Bremerton. I made an appointment and took with me all of my staff and the ship officers who were Masons, and the wives who were then at the yard, and made the trip to Union. People came in from many miles around, from as far south as Shelton and Olympia, and from as far north as Potlatch, Dosewallops and Liliwaups, and I believe there was one representative from Humptulips. We had a most enjoyable occasion and appreciated meeting the people who had come from so far to greet us.

I recall the red, white and blue cake that went with the raspberry ice cream. The festivities concluded with a

dance, and we returned to the flagship in the early hours of the morning. Later, I was able to return their courtesy by tendering the people of Union and vicinity a reception on board the *Seattle,* at which we served supper, and gave a moving picture show for their benefit.

In May, 1924, my son was married in Washington, to Miss Virginia Byars, of Alcova, Arlington County, Virginia. He was then on shore duty, at the Bureau of Navigation.

Having been ordered to duty on the Selection Board which met in Washington, early in June, I decided to go south on a destroyer and visit several of the vessels of the fleet then at San Pedro and San Diego. The destroyer made a fast trip and I had several days in the southern ports.

I reached Washington just in time to see the Army and Navy baseball game. Commander W. W. Smyth made the trip with me, as my aide, at his own expense. I had to seek a favor of the Board when it met. My niece, Miss Jeannie Whitecotton, was to be married to Camden C. McAtee, in Washington, on the day the Board assembled. The ceremony was at noon, and it was my pleasure to give the bride away at the altar. The Board adjourned for two hours while the wedding was being performed.

I am a firm believer in the necessity of Selection Boards, and in the honesty and fairness of their decisions. I have served on eight such boards, and, in fact, have had to vote on almost every admiral on the active list, with the exception of the senior, Rear Admiral Philip Andrews. I wish that whenever a particularly interesting and important case is considered by Congress, that the members of the naval committee would ask the Department for the records of those officers selected for promotion. It would be surprising to know of the number of officers who receive nine votes on the final ballot.

Incidentally, I am strongly in favor of the Britten bill. I believe it will be eminently successful. I do not believe

in selection to grades below Lieutenant Commander. Of the thousands of records I have handled, practically all have shown me that, as a rule, an officer does not get into his full stride until he reaches the grade of senior lieutenant. At that period, he is either on the high road to a successful career, or he has displayed those traits and characteristics which indicate that he is not fitted for the higher ranks. I do believe, however, that officers, such as those at present in the grade of captain who have had creditable war service, either in the Spanish War, or in the World War, should be given the honorary title, either of Commodore, or Rear Admiral, when involuntarily retired.

As we are allowed by law only 5500 line officers, including only fifty-five rear admirals, it would appear that a midshipman starting out from the Naval Academy has small chance of attaining the highest grade. On its face, it would seem that he would have only one chance in one hundred. The fact is, however, that the average man, in good health, who fulfills his duties and applies himself, has a much better chance than one in one hundred.

The battleship fleet visited Puget Sound, as usual, during the summer of 1924, and was divided among the various ports. The ships mobilized in Seattle harbor, in August, and were most hospitably received by the citizens of the city. Up to that time, the various divisions had been maneuvered and drilled from the bases of Tacoma, Port Townsend, Port Angeles and Bellingham. The usual trip was given to Mount Ranier, and the horseback ride up the mountain towards the glacier, which some of us took, was particularly enjoyable.

While we were in the Puget Sound region, my wife and daughter went to my wife's old home in Sitka, Alaska, and to the Yukon headwaters, over the White Pass railroad.

We held our annual boat race for the Battenburg Cup on Lake Washington. The Seattle Yacht Club furnished the luncheon, and large yachts from which to view the

race, which was very close. The *Seattle* joined the battle fleet, and took part in all the entertainments.

Longview, Washington, celebrated its first anniversary in August, 1924. I attended with my wife, Colonel Beaumont, Commander White, Lieutenant Shelley, and Mrs. Halsell. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Long. The one-year-old city was a marvel, with hotels, schools, business houses, wharves and lumber mills—all very creditable and substantial evidences of development. From there we went to Bellingham by rail and were entertained by our old friends, Congressman and Mrs. Hadley. As time passes the harbor of Bellingham will be appreciated.

XXXIV

WINTER MANEUVERS AT SAN PEDRO

Campaigning in Utah—Eighty Cents for an Oration—After Fifty Years I Quit Playing Baseball—Our Armada Enters San Francisco Harbor—Entertainment—Joint Army Maneuvers at Hawaii—Fleet Maneuvers at Lahaina.

Toward the end of August, the vessels of the fleet steamed south, and the *Seattle* accompanied them as far as Cape Flattery, and then steamed away to Honolulu, to make the necessary preparations for the visit of the fleet during the coming April.

We reached there September 10, and met the Governor, the Mayor, and various committees. We made all preliminary arrangements, not only with the army for the approaching maneuvers, but also for the entertainment of the personnel of the various ships.

From Honolulu, the *Seattle* proceeded to Lahaina, on the Island of Maui. For many years there had been a question as to whether or not Lahaina was capable of handling a fleet successfully and safely. We had to make a thorough investigation. Mr. Freeland and Mr. Burns, both of whom lived there, aided us in finding an airplane landing field, and in many other ways.

As soon as our arrangements were perfected, we sailed to Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, where some of us visited the celebrated volcano of Kilauea which I had never seen. Automibiles were provided and with several other officers I made the long anticipated trip. Special excursion parties were provided for our men.

The volcano was inactive during our stay, but we had a good view of it, and could easily imagine what might happen at any time. The weather was clear and we could see the surrounding mountains. At the hotel we were

shown a very interesting register of guests which had been maintained for more than fifty years, and contained the autographs of many distinguished persons, from all parts of the world, who had visited the wonderful volcano. Among them was that of Mark Twain, with a humorous comment. The nights were so cool at the Volcano House that hot water bags were placed in our beds.

Our host told us it was customary to rise early and walk down the trail to the edge of the crater before breakfast. Admiral Cole, Captain Rowcliff and I expressed a willingness to do so. The proprietor of the hotel and a guide accompanied us. It was easy enough going down the trail, but we had no sooner reached the bottom than one of the local members of our party proposed that we return. We agreed and turning about immediately proceeded on the climb. Admiral Cole, who had been the last man down, became the leader on the return. He never stopped for a moment until he had reached the top of the long, hard ascent which brought us to the front of the hotel. I was fourth in the line, and it was with difficulty that I kept pace with the procession. Subsequently, the guide told us that an attempt had been made to play a joke on us, and that they had not expected such an exhibition of endurance as Admiral Cole gave them. Cole always kept himself in good physical condition and Rowcliff and I felt compelled to keep up with him on the climb. I confess now that I was nearly exhausted, but would not admit the fact then.

A dance was given in our honor, at Hilo, on the night of our departure. I acquiesced in it, with the understanding that we would leave the hall at ten oclock, as the ship was to sail at eleven. Evidently, the people were not accustomed to navy discipline, and did not understand that we meant exactly what we said. Many had not arrived at the ball room at ten o'clock, but we rounded up our officers at that hour, and sailed away at eleven, for San Francisco.

We reached port on September 30, in time to keep our engagement with the local committee of San Francisco which was planning for the visit of the fleet. From there we went to San Pedro to prepare for the winter maneuvers.

The Department, at the request of the Navy League, assigned me to deliver an address, in October, at Salt Lake City, and another at Ogden, Utah. The *Seattle* was then in the harbor of San Pedro. Captain Rowcliff was sent to Utah, as my advance agent and representative. When I read the newspaper encomuims of myself, I recalled "Bill" Arp's story of "Gaping Guyascutis,"—"He is coming!" "He is here!" "He is gone!" Rowcliff, after making arrangements for me at Salt Lake City, proceeded to Montana for Navy Day, and returned to San Pedro by destroyer sailing from Bremerton.

Utah was a black spot on the navy map. On the train from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, I wrote out a long speech. Mr. Daniels was campaigning in the state at the time, and was stopping at the same hotel where I was registered.

My first day's program was hectic. I lunched with the naval officers stationed in the city, dined with the governor, spoke at a Methodist church, and then talked over the radio to a million listeners. My daughter joined me at Salt Lake City.

The next morning I started on a real day's work. The events of the day included a special organ recital at the Tabernacle for my daughter and me; separate addresses to six schools; a thirty-mile drive to Ogden to attend a luncheon; an address before the Ogden Chamber of Commerce; a visit to Weber Canyon; return to Salt Lake City; more school speeches; dinner dance at the Country Club, and an address to Mormon women.

At the luncheon in Ogden we met many former Missourians, especially from St. Joe. They were particularly interested in discussing old home affairs. I gave the

manuscript of the speech I had prepared to the newspaper men and made an entirely different address.

On my last morning in Salt Lake City I received a delegation of the 32nd degree Masons of Utah at eleven, and a committee of the Mormon Church at eleven-fifteen. The two parties just missed each other.

The largest and final event of my visit to Salt Lake City was held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, in the Hotel Utah. I spoke frankly and freely there, for I realized that we needed more friends in the state.

We were very favorably impressed with the city, its beauty, its order, its cleanliness, and its wide streets. Salt Lake City is a credit to Brigham Young and its other founders.

Soon after returning to San Pedro my staff was given a trip to Arrowhead Lake, a famous mountain resort, north of San Bernardino. The journey was made in special cars, and was most enjoyable. It was arranged through the courtesy of Mr. Leon Atwood, a brother-in-law of Captain Hooper, our fleet communication officer. The captain was born in San Bernardino, in 1884, and we had a "Hooper" day there. The ceremonies were held in the school house where he was a student in his boyhood.

The *Seattle* made her headquarters at San Diego during most of our stay in the south. While we were there I agreed to deliver an address at the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Young Men's Christian Association building. I delayed preparing my remarks until the morning of the appointed day. Then various interruptions interfered, and at luncheon time the speech was still unwritten. I offered the officers a bonus of two dollars for the best address handed in to me within one hour, stipulating that it must elaborate on "Peter the Hermit" and "Montezuma the Merciless."

Within the designated time Griswold and Shelley appeared with speeches. I quickly combined their effusions

with my own, and estimated that upon the basis of the agreed compensation, they were entitled to eighty cents. I carried the manuscript to San Diego and found eight thousand people outside the Y. M. C. A. building! I decided that for the first time, in making a public speech, I must read my remarks. I did so, and to my amazement was heartily congratulated by those on the grandstand. The address was printed in full in the local papers.

The *Seattle* was ordered to the Puget Sound yard, before November, to complete her repairs. En route to San Francisco we played deck tennis. I enjoyed that exercise, as I had been obliged to abandon baseball and tennis on shore. In one of these games at sea I collided with Commander John F. Shafroth, and the result was disastrous to me. My right hand was broken in four places. We had no X-ray machine on board and it was several days before we knew how bad the injury was.

We were due in Bremerton on Thanksgiving day, but were delayed and had our dinner aboard ship. We arrived home in the evening, however, and those of us who were fortunate enough to have families in Bremerton, ate a second Thanksgiving feast.

While at the yard we had a big picnic at Agate Pass. We played baseball on the beach, while the clam chowder and other edibles were prepared by the ladies. It was my last appearance on the baseball field. I played right field and still had my batting eye. I was allowed to finish the game, only on condition that it would be my final appearance in the sport. I had played baseball for fifty years. My first game was in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1874. I played my last game, without an error, made three safe hits, and considered that I ended my career on the diamond with credit.

While I had my broken right hand in a splint, and was unable either to shave or dress myself unaided, and could not eat with comfort, my wife fell down the cellar steps and broke her right foot and left ear. My daughter added to the family casualties by falling downstairs, also.

When the third accident happened, we felt certain that our mishaps were over, and they were.

We went to San Francisco in February, 1925, and the old *Seattle* passed through one of the most violent storms I have ever witnessed. The Canadian steamer *Aorangi* was in the same storm and sustained heavy damage. Our starboard engine was disabled and we had to limp into port with one engine operating. Fortunately, our ship's company could repair the damage, and by the time we reached San Diego, we were ready to take our place in the fleet.

The maneuvers of 1925 were among the greatest we ever held. The first event was a search problem, six hundred miles southwest of San Diego. The scouting fleet was on its way north from Panama, and the battle fleet started south from San Pedro. In some respects it was a most interesting problem, as it showed that fleets might pass each other unawares. At the conclusion of the maneuvers the scouting fleet joined the battle fleet, and all the ships proceeded to San Diego. The critique of these operations was held at San Diego, and all events were thoroughly discussed by representatives of both organizations.

After final assignments had been made of the vessels that were to participate in the cruise to Honolulu, Australia and New Zealand, the *Seattle* and part of the scouting fleet sailed for San Francisco. They passed outside of San Pedro and the ships of the battle fleet joined us and took their places in the formation. We had favorable weather, and on the morning of April 5, both sides of the Golden Gate were thronged with people watching the magnificent sight of the great Armada entering the harbor and anchoring off the city.

During the eight days that we remained there, we made final preparations for the fleet cruise, assigning Congressmen and newspaper men who were to accompany us, to the various ships, and attempting to live through the lavish entertainment that the people of San Francisco pro-

vided for us. The day we spent at the villa of former Senator James D. Phelan stands out in my memory. The Senator was an admirable host.

Mayor Rolfe demonstrated what the city can do when it attempts entertainment. At the banquet tendered us by the Chamber of Commerce, shortly before we sailed, Mrs. Kahn, on behalf of that body, presented me with a painting of the *California* passing Fort Point, and leading the fleet into the harbor.

The *Seattle* sailed from San Francisco, for Honolulu, April 14, her departure having been delayed for one day, in order that the Australian Commissioner might entertain us before we started on our long voyage to his country.

Six days later we moored to the wharf in Honolulu, and prepared for the campaign. Major General John L. Hines had been chosen as the Army General Joint Umpire, and I had been named as the representative of the Navy. He had some very efficient officials to aid him, including General Heintzelman and Colonel Krueger. Our relations were most pleasant in all respects. They reported aboard the *Seattle* upon our arrival and remained there until the great battle of the Hawaiian Islands was over. That campaign is now a matter of history. It lasted five days. The umpires took one hour off each day for a swim at Waikiki Beach.

The critique held in Honolulu was the best I have ever attended. As soon as it was concluded the entire fleet sailed in formation for Lahaina Roads. In all, there were off the Island of Maui, 145 vessels of all classes, and aboard them were 45,000 men. We made our base off Lahaina, and using that as a center, held maneuvers for a month. The ships put out to sea every Monday morning and returned on Friday, and the submarines and airplanes were given plenty to keep them busy.

Many dangers had to be encountered, particularly where smoke screens were used by destroyers. For the first time in our history the United States fleet, made up,

as it was, of a certain proportion of all fleet components, was actually deployed.

For week-end entertainment, banquets, dances and swimming parties were arranged, and I wish to pay my tribute to Miss Sara Freeland who so carefully carried out every detail of the program which we had prepared with her father, before his death. The Burns family and the Fleming family each did their part, and our people agreed that Mr. Fleming's swimming pool was the second best in the world.

At the end of the month we maneuvered back to Honolulu, where we placed most of the small craft inside Pearl Harbor, leaving only the battleships and light cruisers anchored outside in the rougher waters off Honolulu. The city had an opportunity to demonstrate how it could handle a fleet of this size, as well as the great number of men attached to it. Honolulu was not only equal to the task, but performed it with a high degree of satisfaction.

Toward the end of our stay several members of Congress and their families visited Honolulu and the fleet. Senator Hale, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, was among them. I invited him to Lahaina to see the base. In company with Governor Farrington, of Hawaii, we took passage at eight o'clock in the morning on the *Marblehead* and landed at Lahaina before noon. Several of the senator's fellow-statesmen were there, and after luncheon we rode up the mountain side where we could view the anchorage, and see the surrounding islands. We landed the Senator back in Honolulu in time to enable him to take his dip in the ocean before dinner.

While the *Seattle* was docked in Honolulu I had a visit from a company of Boy Scouts. After some preliminaries, the spokesman inquired if he might submit eleven questions to me, on behalf of the boys. I assented, and his first query was, "In your early life, Admiral, what was your great ambition?"

"To be a clerk in a candy store," I replied.

U. S. N.

President Harding, General Pershing, Vice President Coolidge, and Admiral Coontz marching behind caisson of The Unknown Soldier

The answer seemed to be so unexpected that it confused the young man, and the other questions appeared unimportant.

I have always had a deep interest in, and sympathy for, the lepers at Molokai. Soon after my arrival at Honolulu I had a letter from one of them asking if one of our ships could be sent to steam close by the shore of their colony, so that they might see it. In compliance with the request, I directed Rear Admiral Magruder to take the four vessels of the cruiser division and proceed close to shore and fire a salute as they passed. We notified the lepers as to the time, and as the day was clear, they had an excellent opportunity of seeing the ships. When the national salute was fired, the poor unfortunates were overcome with emotion. A few days later I had one of the most pathetic letters I have ever read, from one of their number. He told how much they appreciated the courtesy, and what a break it was in the monotony of their terrible and lonely existence. The missive brought tears into my eyes and the eyes of my staff when we read it.

On the day we left Honolulu, a Chinese child was born. His parents, wishing to show their respect for the Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, named their son after me.

Good roads have made Honolulu most desirable as a health and pleasure resort. One can easily and quickly go up to the Pali, or to Diamond Head, or around the Island of Oahu, to Haleiwa, and return by Schofield Barracks. The changed conditions seemed remarkable to an old timer like me, who first went to the Islands in the 'nineties.

All of the scouting fleet, except the light cruisers and some of the smaller ships that were not to make the great cruise to Australia and New Zealand, started for their home ports on June 7th.

There were necessarily changes in the personnel of my staff. I had to agree to permit Captain Gannon to go to the Naval Academy, as commandant of midshipmen, under Rear Admiral Nulton. Rowcliff also went to the

Academy as head of the department of engineering and aeronautics. Commander Shafroth went to the War College, as his term of sea duty was long since up. In exchange, I obtained the services of Leigh, who had just been chosen by selection to be a rear admiral, and of Lieutenant Commander Hill, who came as tactical officer. Leigh was later to go on the staff of Admiral Hughes.

On June 10, my wife and daughter, and my daughter's friend, Miss Frances Green, of Seattle, who had been in Honolulu during the stay of the fleet, sailed for Australia and New Zealand, by way of Fiji, on the Canadian steamer *Aorangi.*

There were banquets and dinners every night up to the time of our departure. One night I made the *faux pas* of saying that I had eaten chicken and peas at fifteen preceding dinners. The papers commented on my remark, which was tactless, but after that we had beefsteak and other meats beside chicken on the menus.

The Chinese and Japanese joined in the festivities in our honor. To the last, the Japanese Consul General expressed the wish that the fleet visit Japanese ports. I told him I hoped that when the fleet should make its East Indies cruise, in 1928, that it would return home by way of Japan. The Consul was the last man to leave the ship on the morning of July 1st, when we got under way for Samoa.

We have since learned that this cruise was made in direct opposition to the wishes of pacifists in the United States.

XXXV

THE CRUISE TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

Crossing the Equator—Changes in Samoa—Reception and Entertainments at Melbourne—Farewell Statement to Australians.

On the cruise to Australia and New Zealand our fleet comprised forty-five vessels with more than 23,000 men on board. We had the best of the battleships and the best of the destroyers. The fleet formation was twenty miles square. We determined to test our communications, airplanes, and various formations. In reality, the trip was an overseas expedition, and was conducted along such lines. We had Commander S. C. Hooper, now the head of naval communications, on the staff, and in consequence learned much on the subject. What we then learned is now being put to use. Each morning the planes made off from the light cruisers, and returned later in the day. Their operations were without accident.

Several newspaper men and one Member of Congress were in the party.

The ceremonies attending the crossing of the equator were especially interesting. Thousands of our men were crossing the line for the first time on this cruise.

The following advance story of the event is taken from one of the newspaper publications:

> "That section of the ocean along the Equator, known as 'The Line,' is the particular domain of King Neptune and Prime Minister David Jones. Neither of these gentlemen ever allows anyone to enter his realm without being initiated.
>
> "Therefore, a day in advance of the arrival of the

battleships, destroyers and train at the crossing, the fleet will be hailed by Davy Jones.

"Each ship will heave to and David will be received on board with high ceremony. David will inform the captains where they are to stop the next day to pay tribute to his master, King Neptune.

"The following morning the ships will again ring up 'stop' on the engines, and as many King Neptunes will be piped over the side and paraded in regal array to their courts on the forecastles.

"In the grand old period of wine messes, officers could 'get out' of appearing before Neptune's court by paying a price in beer. Nowadays, of course, this is utterly ridiculous.

"Therefore, officers will appear first at court and present their alibis, which can only be certificates showing they previously had crossed the line.

"C. P. O.'s follow the officers, and then come the crews.

"The accused takes his seat before Neptune in a special chair which is located on the edge of the platform where the royal court sits. As soon as sentence is passed the defendant is shaved with an 18-inch razor of sheet iron, the lather being composed of soap and molasses. He is next given a sweet flavored quinine pill.

"No sooner is the victim all shaven and beardless than the court bouncer presses a magic button, and the former does a giant corkscrew which lands him in a tank of water. Here he is received with open arms by the Bears, who assist him to the opposite side of the tank, where there is a slippery ladder. Each Bear carries a 'socko jimmie,' which accomplishes about the same thing as did the old cowhides.

"Leaving the tank, the novitiate is honored by eight side-boys armed with extra special 'socko jimmies.' Satan is standing by, equipped with a long wand charged with electricity, which is called a 'fedooking tool.' If the victim hesitates to take what's coming to him from the side-boys, Satan reminds him of his importance by drawing a 12-inch spark from the lee side of the accused's anatomy.

"All hands look on from decks, turrets and masts

while they await their turn to pay this traditional honor to King Neptune and Davy Jones. The ceremony is handed down from the dim past of sailing ships. And an alibi is no more believed 'on the line' than it is at the police station."

These ceremonies were carried out July 5, 1925.

We had a smooth sea all the way and arrived at Samoa on time.

Only a small number of vessels could anchor in the harbor of Pago Pago. The main body of the fleet rested on a shelf northwest of the Island Tutuila, where we oiled. Two tankers were placed in the harbor, and ships in turn went alongside and took on fuel.

I found Samoa greatly changed—and for the better. The governor was my old friend, Henry F. Bryan, of the class 1883. Old Chief Manga and his wife were still living. She seemed even more spirited than she did in 1904. The chief of the island to the northwest sent his daughter to me as a friendly hostage during our stay in the harbor. The girl was quite intelligent. She talked well, and dancing was not the least of her accomplishments. She and the old chief and his wife and granddaughter spent most of their time on the quarterdeck of the *Seattle,* where the hostage and the granddaughter gave an impressive exhibition of Samoan dances. Up to that time they wore their shoes but when the music started they removed them.

We had plenty of *kava,* and to show my appreciation I had to eat liberally of the native food. The governor had an automobile which he drove himself; he took me to the south side of the island, toward Leone, and I had some anxious moments when he carried me along the narrow road beside the cliffs.

The last afternoon we were there, the governor took me for a swim. As we dived off the wharf, we made the unpleasant discovery that there was a scum of oil on the surface of the water which was very unpleasant. We emerged as quickly as possible, and proceeded to our

respective habitations, afloat and ashore, without dressing. It took me many days to get the oil off my body and out of my hair. The governor scrubbed himself so hard in an effort to get clean that he produced a rash.

British officers from Australia joined us at Samoa, and submitted their elaborate programs for entertainment. One of them was assigned to the battle fleet, and another joined our mess on the *Seattle* and remained with us until we reached Australia. Radio communication was used continuously in straightening out dates of functions, and in assigning the number of officers and men to be detailed to attend them.

Everything went well on the last leg of the voyage, until we began to get near to the coast of Australia. We gained a little on our schedule every day, and, as events developed later, it was fortunate that we did. As Melbourne is the capital of Australia, the government desired that the *Seattle* and that part of the battle fleet which accompanied her, and the light cruisers, should reach the city one hour before the other vessels should arrive at Sydney. Accordingly, the two divisions continued together to a designated point southeast of Australia. There, the major part of the battle fleet turned toward Sydney and the other ships rounded the cape and headed across the Tasman Sea. I had read much of the strong winds across the great Australian bight, and the Tasman Sea, and had had a little experience with them in 1908, but this time they were very real. Our speed was decreased from fourteen knots to seven, and we had several very anxious days. We lost all the mileage we had gained, and were fearful, at one time, that we could not make our schedule in reaching Melbourne.

About forty-eight hours before we arrived in port, I received a message from Rear Admiral Schofield, commanding the destroyer squadron, stating that the bridge on one of the destroyers had become loose and was in danger. I signalled him to slow down until the weather moderated, and to catch up if he could before we reached

Melbourne. He decreased his speed, but as the weather later improved, the destroyer rejoined us at the last moment, and entered the harbor with the other ships.

To describe properly the receptions and courtesies shown our fleet in Australia and New Zealand would require a volume in itself. The events will have to be described briefly.

Our march up the bay from St. Phillips Head to Melbourne wharf was a triumphal one. In spite of rain, thousands of people crowded the shores, and other thousands came out in small craft and circled around us. Bands played, and the populace, their enthusiasm undampened by the rain, cheered. In excellent formation the fleet proceeded up the harbor. Planes from the cruisers were released at St. Phillips Head, thirty miles from Melbourne. We moored to the docks on time.

My wife, my daughter and Miss Green had been the guests of the Australian Government in an overland trip from Sydney, and were on the wharf to greet us, as were the wives of several other officers. Official calls were quickly exchanged. I found everyone, from the Governor-General and the Prime Minister down the line to the humblest citizen, apparently glad to meet and to entertain our forces. I was informed that 25,000 pounds had been allotted by the government for our entertainment. Every event and every function was well managed.

The Y. M. C. A. gave special attention to the welfare and comfort of our bluejackets. Many of our younger enlisted men were not accustomed to the use of liquor. When one of them on shore showed any signs of being under its influence, the Y. M. C. A. people took charge of him, put him to bed, and locked up his clothes. The order of the Commander-in-Chief was that once a man was overtime, or under the influence of liquor, he could not go ashore again in that port. The effect was good.

The churches took a special interest in our men. We received a radio, after leaving Samoa, asking the number of officers and men of the various religious denomina-

tions. We replied, giving the numbers. On our first Sunday in Melbourne, special services were held, and were well attended. The members of each denomination invited our men by two's to their homes for dinner, and to spend the remainder of the day. Many lasting friendships were made.

Civilian officers and government representatives remained on board the *Seattle* day and night, ready to assist. The government provided a special train to take Rear Admiral Cole and a party of sixty selected officers on a three days' trip to cities and points of interest in Victoria. The train was made up of Pullman cars, and the journey extended as far as Murray River.

Many persons whom some of us had met on the visit of the fleet there in 1908, came to greet us and to renew acquaintanceship. Lord Forster, the Governor General, and his wife, on one occasion, had a party at Government House for more than two hundred enlisted men. The governor had lost four sons, serving in the British Army in the early part of the World War. Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister, was also wounded at Gallipoli.

Because of the entertainment program, I was personally enabled to leave Melbourne and its suburbs only once. On that occasion I attended a "Billy Tea" given by Mr. P. W. Tewksbury, in the hills twenty-five miles northeast of the city. How we managed to survive after partaking of so much of the bountiful feast which was provided and which was so tempting, I shall never be able to explain. Australians eat much meat and sweets. We missed fresh vegetables.

The people of Tasmania earnestly called upon us to make them a visit, and we had invitations also from Brisbane, Adelaide and other cities which we could not accept. I had always wanted to go to fascinating Tasmania. I had read *For the Term of His Natural Life,* and knew of the grewsome early days. I could not go there myself, however, but was able to send Rear Admiral

Magruder with the light cruisers, to Hobart, for a stay of forty-eight hours.

The governor of Victoria, Earl Stradbroke, expressed a desire to visit Tasmania, and I was glad to authorize his passage on the *Richmond*. Later, he continued the trip to New Zealand on the same ship. It was his first visit there.

Racing seemed to be one of the chief sports of Australia. It enjoys about the same degree of popularity that baseball does in this country. I attended the races twice, going out each time in the governor's private car. I am not a gambler, but there I had to make wagers as the others did. One day I made twelve bets of a pound each, and lost eleven of them. My system was to bet on the name of the horse, and it did not work out profitably.

Two of the theaters in Melbourne gave special performances for us. At one of them, while I was sitting in a box assigned to me, Mr. Ward, the manager, came and chatted for a time with our party. He asked me if American theaters provided good dressing rooms for the actors and actresses back of the stages. I told him my experiences were limited. He then invited me to inspect the theater, and I was surprised to find how nicely everything was arranged, especially the comforts afforded for women.

When we had finished, Mr. Ward asked me to make a few remarks. I consented to do so, and took a position with my back to the curtain thinking I was addressing only the members of the theatrical company. While emphasizing a point, I was surprised to hear an outburst of applause behind me, and turning about I discovered that the curtain had been noiselessly raised and that I was addressing the entire audience as well as the actors and actresses.

All things must end, and at last the day came for us to sail. Thousands watched us as we left the wharf and harbor. Only a few members of our crews failed to

appear when the time came for our departure, and most of these rejoined us in New Zealand.

I believe I can best tell the story of our Australian trip by setting forth here my farewell message.

THE ADMIRAL'S FAREWELL

U. S. S. Seattle, FLAGSHIP,
Melbourne, Victoria,
August 5, 1925.

"On the eve of our departure from Australian waters, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet is glad to have the opportunity to say a parting word. He believes that the visit of the portion of the United States Fleet that has made the cruise to the Southern Seas has been most successful. For three years it has been talked of and looked forward to and has finally come to a full and complete fruition.

"The arrangements for handling the Fleet during its stay in Australian waters and the care taken therewith have been phenomenal and successful. The visit has exceeded our fondest expectations. Those of us who were here in 1908 in junior capacities well remembered the open-hearted hospitality and kindness with which the Fleet was greeted. But the present stay has even put that memorable experience in the shade.

"In all his experience, the Commander-in-Chief has never seen such an outpouring of friendship and kindness on the part of each and every one, high and low, as has been given to our Fleet. Our people have been taken into your homes and given great opportunities to see your wonderful country.

"It is with regret that decision had to be made not to visit others of your great cities on the east coast and in Western Australia. Time, repairs, overhauls and fuel and food replenishments did not permit.

"If there has been any case of a letter unanswered or a request not acceded to, the Commander-in-Chief feels

sure that when the writer or tenderer understands the vast volume of work imposed on the officers of the Fleet during occasions of this kind, they will pardon such errors of unintentional omission.

"The Fleet leaves Australia with the kindest thoughts for its people; with thankful hearts for the great courtesies extended; believes that Australia has a great future and a wonderful place in the world in the years to come, and bids them good-bye and God-speed along the road.

R. E. COONTZ,
Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Commander-in-Chief,
UNITED STATES FLEET."

XXXVI

OUR VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND; THE FLEET LEAVES FOR HOME

A Rough Passage to New Zealand—Visit to the Famous Springs at Rotorua—"The Admiral's Bath"—A Kiss on the Nose—Gifts Exchanged With the Arawa Tribe—New Zealanders' Sense of Humor—Statement by the Prime Minister—Wiley Goes to Apia—Our Visit to Tahiti—Its Peculiar Laws—The Czar's Ring.

We had a rough passage across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. The main section of the battle fleet went to Auckland, while those ships that had been at Melbourne were ordered to southern ports. Admiral Magruder steamed to Tasmania for two days. Admiral Marvell was sent with the train to Dunedin, New Zealand, and Admiral Schofield, with the destroyers to Christchurch, New Zealand. They parted from the other vessels of the fleet a day before we reached Melbourne, and rejoined us at Wellington, forty-eight hours before our departure. The entertainments there were a repetition of those we had enjoyed in Australia.

New Zealand is territorially a much smaller country than is Australia, but the island has great possibilities. Wellington harbor is commodious, and could accommodate half the fleets of the world. At first, the weather was bad, but it cleared later, and we had an example of what a New Zealand winter is like. As is customary, we bought New Zealand rugs in large quantities.

Rotorua, the famous springs in the northern central part of the island, is the Mecca of all travelers, in that corner of the world, and we determined to visit there. I requested that three days of our visit be set apart for that purpose, and the government worked the trip in on the program very nicely. About sixty officers and ladies,

including Rear Admiral Leigh and his wife, made up the party. The government furnished a representative to accompany us and to attend to our wants. We left Wellington one night and the next morning reached Rotorua where we were quartered at the Grand Hotel.

The chiefs of the Arawa tribe gave us a reception in the open. In spite of the fact that all of them speak English, their address to me and my answer, and the speech of Admiral Wiley, were translated for them. They are a powerful and fine looking people. Their ancestors crossed the Pacific Ocean, which they call *Kiwa,* to New Zealand more than five hundred years ago. My chief difficulty with them was in answering the direct questions which they asked in their speeches. A Maori dance, which all of us attended, was held while we were there. I found a chance to take two of the famous baths, one of which was especially prepared for me, and was called "The Admiral's bath." I would enjoy spending six months at the Rotorua baths.

I was instructed in the Maori method of kissing by the celebrated guide Bella Papakura. We rubbed noses in the presence of a large crowd.

When I left the tribesmen they gave me a model of an Arawa canoe, of the same pattern as those which they have used for five hundred years. It was presented as a token of their great regard for the American nation, and in remembrance of the fleet's visit to their beloved Actearoa, in 1925. Later I was able to return their courtesy by presenting a silver ship to the tribe.

New Zealand has adopted a progressive policy of reforesting, and we were taken to see thousands of small trees which had been set out and seemed to be growing nicely.

At Wellington, where most of the entertaining was done, my wife was presented with a beautiful rug by the members of the English Speaking Union. The Sunday night before we left Wellington, the Prime Minister gave

us a farewell dinner, followed by a midnight dance in the ballroom of the capitol.

Some people assert that the British have no sense of humor, but I believe the Australians and the New Zealanders are not deficient in this respect. Over the after dinner coffee, the talk veered to conundrums—some of them were chestnuts, while others were original. The host propounded one to a young marine officer of our fleet, "What is the difference between a New Zealand girl and a lamp post?" Everyone around the table awaited the answer with expectancy.

"I do not know, sir," replied the marine, a bit confused.

"Well," continued the smiling host, "what was the use of your getting leave?"

Thousands saw the departure of the fleet from Wellington. Although it was an inclement day, the people lined the roads and cliffs for many miles to view the spectacle of the American ships as they sailed from the harbor.

I believe that what we accomplished by this great cruise is best shown in the letter that I made public at Wellington, August 23, 1925, in the answer of Mr. Coates, the Prime Minister, and in the editorial in one of the newspapers, entitled, "Farewell to our Friends." These follow:

"U. S. S. Seattle,"
Wellington, N. Z.,
August 23, 1925.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet views the parting from Wellington with a feeling of sadness. In the short space of two weeks, the various personnel of the detachments of the Fleet have grown to love your people and your country.

"The best part of our trip has been the meeting with your citizens, and of having heart to heart talks with

them on matters of local and national interest, and thereby being able to get a broader viewpoint along all lines.

"Our 22,000 men who have visited your shores will go home able to speak intelligently of New Zealand, and you may be sure that they go as 22,000 friends, well wishers, and boosters for your wonderful country.

"The Commander-in-Chief appreciates especially what the Government has done in the way of giving the pleasure of visiting Rotorua to so many officers and men.

"We sail in the morning for our native land, and as the days and nights pass at sea, New Zealand will be much in our thoughts. The distance of 7500 miles between our two countries will seemingly be lessened.

"Your hospitality, courtesy, and kindness have really overwhelmed us, and for all that you have done for us on behalf of each and every officer and man of the Fleet, I thank you.

R. E. Coontz,
Admiral, U. S. Navy."

FROM PRIME MINISTER COATES

"To the Commander-in-Chief,
United States Fleet.

"I thank you sincerely for your letter and for its very appreciative terms. It has given the Government and the people of New Zealand the greatest pleasure to have had the honour of this visit from your magnificent fleet, and to have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with yourself, your officers, and men. It is a source of gratification to know that your visit has been so much enjoyed by all of you, and we are sure that it will greatly help in still further strengthening the bonds of friendship and goodwill already existing between the United States and this Dominion. We trust that the pleasant memories which you carry away with you will go far in promoting that spirit of brotherhood among

the English speaking people which is so essential in maintaining the peace of the world. To one and all we send our heartiest good wishes.

(Signed) J. G. Coates."

The Editorial reads:

"Farewell to Our Friends

"Our friends of the American Fleet have proved their friendship with us, establishing complete reciprocity of the goodwill which goes with friendship. In addition to this cordiality they leave another impression: the impression of the magnificent behaviour and splendid discipline of their fleet. In all history there is no better record of the bearing of a great fighting force in a foreign port. The Auckland record of the visit of this fleet is similar, and the Australian records are entirely to the same effect. We are, therefore, not only friendly to our departing visitors, but exceedingly proud of our American cousins, and anxious to see more of them and hear more about them.

"Another impression they are leaving is the impression of effective power. The divisions of the visiting fleet constitute the mightiest Armada ever seen in New Zealand waters, an Armada formidable by the immense strength of its battleships, by the swiftness and power of its great cruisers, by the number of its most handy destroyers, by the wonderful efficiency of its hospital ship, and the remarkable reliability and quick service of its aircraft. The efficiency of this great naval power is a revelation that throws the light of security on the future of the world in general and of the great Pacific area in particular.

"The understanding between the two countries, we realize as our friends steam out towards the inscrutable future, is the best possible. The world's situation we are both facing is, as the American Admiral said, 'intangible.' It is complicated by the apparent lack of human

The Czar's ring. Made, and worn at his death, by the last of the Russian monarchs

faith caused by the war—the worst destruction wrought by that catastrophic episode.

"In the spirit of justice and mutual respect, and in the firm belief that the good relations between us cannot be disturbed by anything in the list of human possibilities, we shake our friends' hands, and, with sincere regret at the parting, wish them pleasant voyage and success in all they undertake."

We met the battle fleet at a rendezvous northeast of Auckland, and together we proceeded again to Samoa. We passed close to the east side of the Tonga Islands. The chart shows several reefs off these islands, and when I began to consider them, I noted that our battleships had the deepest draft of any ships that had ever crossed that part of the ocean. We used our depth-sounding apparatus, however, and reached Samoa in safety.

Vice Admiral Wiley was one of the survivors of the wreck of the *Vandalia,* at Apia, in March, 1889. It was deemed fitting therefore, that he should take the *West Virginia* and the *Maryland,* to anchor off Apia. There he had opportunity to renew acquaintance with such of the survivors as were still living there. This was one more friendly act toward the Australian government, as well as toward the natives of Apia. It proved most satisfactory, and Admiral Wiley radioed an interesting account of this side cruise.

The vessels of the fleet oiled at Samoa, and Admiral Magruder used the planes of scout cruisers to investigate certain shoals that for a long time had been marked on the chart, "P. D.," meaning "Position doubtful." Even with plenty of sunlight, he failed to discover any of them, and they will probably be removed from our charts.

The *Seattle* was the only vessel on the cruise that burned coal. A collier met us at Samoa, and when I ascertained what the situation was, I decided to have her accompany us to Tahiti, in order that we might be

assured of having sufficient fuel to carry us to San Diego. The price of coal at Tahiti was very high. We bade good-bye to Governor Bryan and his staff, and the leading chiefs, and parted company with the battle fleet which started for Honolulu. En route they had the news of the disaster to Commander John Rodgers, and vessels were sent on at high speed to assist in the search for him. The *Seattle* was accompanied to Tahiti by four light cruisers, under Admiral Magruder, and the collier. The weather was rougher than I had expected to encounter, in that latitude, at that time of the year.

West of Tahiti, Admiral Magruder turned away from us, with the *Richmond* and the *Trenton,* to visit the Marquesas Islands. The *Marblehead* and the *Memphis* and the collier continued on with the flag ship to Papeete, the capital of Tahiti. We entered the harbor at dawn, as the sea was calmest at that time of day. We had but little water to spare over the reef.

During the World War the Germans bombarded Papeete, and killed several persons. When our airplanes from the *Marblehead* and the *Memphis* started in ahead of us, some of the natives who had not been advised of our coming, took to the hills.

Tahiti is the most beautiful island I have ever visited. It belongs to France. The harbor of Tahiti is picturesque and safe. There we found the yacht *Kaimiloa* and aboard her an American millionaire and his family.

Some of the laws of the island are peculiar. For example, land is sold by the foot on the beach, and the purchase extends back to the top of the mountain which is the dividing line between the beaches.

Immediately after we had exchanged calls with the governor and the consul, and various other French officials, the festivities began and lasted throughout the week. We swam every day we were at Tahiti. I had only two outings, both of them picnics. Small as the island is we were furnished with automobiles owned by the inhabitants. I was taken to the Cook monument

which commemorates the visit of the great explorer, and I also visited the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Guild and my brother-in-law, Alexander Archangelsky, and his wife.

Archangelsky, who was born in Moscow, Russia, and studied for the priesthood, broke away from the church while in Alaska, and married my wife's sister. He became a mining engineer. Being somewhat successful in mining ventures in the territory, he and his wife decided to divide their time between Alaska and Tahiti. As they have grown older, Tahiti now keeps them as residents throughout the year.

Next door to them live Zane Grey and his family. Grey has a yacht, and is a great South Sea fisherman.

Tahiti numbers among its inhabitants many unusual personalities; some who might be called cranks or freaks. They have gone down there for one purpose or another to test out their theories and their vagaries. No taxes are levied on land in Tahiti. The government revenue is derived from customs duties.

After we had entered the harbor a gentleman and his wife came on board and asked for Captain Kempff. That officer happened to be taking a bath at that moment, after a hard night at sea, and I received them. They proved to be Captain Kempff's brother and his bride and he was surprised to learn that they had come to Tahiti from the United States and bought a plantation.

I spent one night at the home of my brother-in-law. While I was there he gave me a ring which was said to have been worn by the Czar of Russia when he was killed. The story is that after the fall of the Czar's government, my brother-in-law decided to go to Russia and assist in the re-habilitation of the country. The Russians, however, not only treated him badly but took his money and even deprived him of his clothes. As he was a mining engineer, they sent him to Ekaterinborg, and gave him a position as manager of the mines. While he was there, he met a man who told him that he had once been the janitor and keeper of the house where the Czar

and the members of his family were killed. He said that in cleaning up the cellar, where the royal family was murdered, he had found the ring, in the refuse on the spot where the Czar stood when he was shot. The man said he was afraid to keep it any longer and gave it to my brother-in-law, who two years later returned to Tahiti.

The ring is a plain gold band with a square-cut sapphire in the four corners of which are crosses. It is said that the Czar was an amateur jeweler and that he amused himself by making rings. I have no reason to doubt the story, and when ever the proper claimant comes forward and proves his or her identity, I shall be glad to turn over the ring.

The people of Tahiti entertained us at two picnics in the country several miles from Papeete, and the events were greatly enjoyed and appreciated. The French maintain a small gunboat in the harbor. The town is a port of call between San Francisco and New Zealand, and also for a French merchant ship that makes the trip from France via Panama. Our visit to these wonderful islands more than fulfilled our expectations. The largest island is formed like a shoe, and has a high mountain range in the center. If the French were to give as much attention to health conditions in Tahiti, as the United States does in Guam, it would be a veritable earthly paradise.

We left Tahiti, September 13, 1925, at daylight, passed safely through the reef and set our course for San Diego. The distance was 3400 miles, and we did not have to change the course set until we sighted the Coronado Islands. On the trip the officers and men gave me a farewell dinner and entertainment at sea. During the entire voyage we were busy clearing up paper work. The run from Papeete to San Diego was made in thirteen days and we reached port with plenty of coal.

XXXVII

I HAUL DOWN MY FLAG AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AT SAN PEDRO

Twenty-five Years of Sea Duty—To Command Fifth Naval District—Senator Howell's Advice—Addresses on National Defense—Degree From University of Missouri—Death of My Son—"What Is the Flag?"—Retirement and Reminiscence.

I had letters from Admiral Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations, and from Admiral Shoemaker, Chief of the Bureau of Navigration, offering me my preference of duty when the cruise should be ended. My first choice was the New York Navy Yard because I knew that I could not get the command of the Puget Sound Yard, and the thirteenth naval district. Both Eberle and Shoemaker approved of the assignment, but I was deprived of it because Plunkett, who was in command at New York, did not go to sea; instead he was given another year there. I was then asked to take the Fifth Naval District, with headquarters at Norfolk, and accepted the post.

Before we reached San Diego radios came requesting me to represent the Navy at the American Legion Convention at Omaha, early in October, and asking me to advance the date of my detachment to October 3, which I did. On that day, on board the *Seattle,* at San Pedro, California, I hauled down my flag as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet.

I had served on board ship a total of twenty-five years, and was credited with twenty-three years and some months of sea service—some ship duty not being classed as sea service.

My four-star cruise lasted two years and two months —a little longer than is usual. I surrendered the com-

mand without regret, for I wished the next man to have his chance. In the aggregate I was a "seventeen gun" officer, so-called, for seven years and eight months. This included duty as Governor of Guam, Chief of Naval Operations and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet.

With my last cruise over and my work with the great fleet finished, I enjoyed a few quiet days. Lieutenant Commander Hill met me on my arrival in Omaha, and I found everything ready for the Legion Convention. I was on the committee to welcome the President and Mrs. Coolidge. Hill did excellent work before the aviation committee, while I attended the convention. As we were representing the Navy, we were in uniform. When he entered the committee room, the chairman said, "Who are you?"

"Lieutenant Commander Hill of the United States Navy," he replied.

"What duty have you been performing?"

"Tactical officer of the United States Fleet in the recent Australia-New Zealand cruise."

"You are the man we want. Come forward and sit down."

We rode in the parade behind the President, General Pershing and General Drain, and attended all the banquets and luncheons. I spent four hours with my old classmate, Senator Robert B. Howell, and his wife, who showed me the strides Omaha had made since 1885.

The second morning of the convention General Summerall, General Lejeune and I addressed the delegates, and that night Hill and I started east. My son, who was quite ill, was on his way to Washington and joined us in Chicago. Upon reaching Washington he was taken to the Naval Hospital. While he was convalescing I attended the War Mothers' Convention in Kansas City, the Sojourners' meeting in St. Louis, and also addressed the convention of the National Association of Manufac-

turers. I had twelve hours in Hannibal, and snow fell continuously while I was there.

At a banquet given in my honor in the Presbyterian Church, four hundred of my old friends and neighbors gathered to meet me. I was able to tell them how, in 1881, I had assisted in saving their church.

While I was in Hannibal a telegram from Washington informed me that my son's condition was more serious, but when I returned to Washington I found him improved.

On November 30 I took command of the Fifth Naval District and the Naval Operation Base, at Hampton Roads, Virginia, where I was to complete my naval career. This proved to be not only a pleasant but an instructive duty, embracing all branches of naval matters from aviation to supplies. Read Admiral Cole, commanding the Norfolk Navy Yard, was a valuable assistant, and I had the co-operation of everyone under my command. I regarded it as a smooth running job.

I had the pleasure of entertaining many foreign visitors, among them the Japanese, and maintained pleasant and cordial relations with the people of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the four states of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina.

As the naval base is eight miles from Norfolk, we had to depend more or less for our social life upon our own activities. My family had two "at homes" each month, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. We had an excellent band which provided music. The bluejackets were not forgotten and there were many sports and other forms of entertainment for them. Our weekly dress parades at the training station were popular and well attended. I had an excellent staff of assistants and their wives aided materially in promoting the social life. We were able to entertain some of the thousands of our friends from all parts of the world who came to visit us.

Our residence was built for the Jamestown Exposi-

tion, at which time it was occupied by Claude A. Swanson, then Governor of Virginia, and now United States Senator. It was supposed to be a replica of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, but when we visited Charlottesville, in 1927, we found that the house merely resembled it.

My old classmate, Senator Howell of Nebraska, was one of our guests while we were at the base. I recall this admonition which he gave me: "Don't take anyone's statement without investigation, and don't believe everything you hear."

He illustrated his advice with a story of his own experience. Some years before he had been on a hunting expedition in one of the Rocky Mountain states, with a newly elected member of Congress. They reached a lone ranch house late one afternoon and sought shelter for the night. After a good meal, and while the Congressman was enjoying his cigar and discussing politics and personalities, he turned to Howell and said, "Howell, I am strong in this precinct. At the recent election I received all of the votes cast, except three."

"Fine," commented Howell.

A few minutes later when the embryo legislator had left the table, the ranch owner's wife whispered, "Say, Mr. Howell, he did get all but three of the votes here, but he neglected to tell you that there are only five votes in the precinct."

I am reminded of this tale when I hear people say that eighty-two per cent of our expenditures go for national defense. I am prompted to say, "Show me!"

I took advantage of opportunities while I was at Hampton Roads to deliver addresses on national defense in various parts of my district, as well as in other sections of the country. In June, 1927, the University of Missouri, at Columbia, conferred on me the degree of Doctor of Laws. The faculty had deferred the honor for several years because of my inability to be present.

That year the Earl of Stradbroke, late Governor of

Victoria, passed through Washington with his wife and son, en route to England. As I was absent from my post, on duty, my wife and daughter and Miss Frances Green, who had been his guests in Melbourne, went to Washington to entertain them.

I had the honor of introducing Richard E. Byrd, of Virginia, to his own people when he returned home from his flight across the Pole. I had assigned to aid him the lamented Floyd Bennett who came to such an untimely death. Hampton Roads is destined to be one of the great airports of the future.

Near the end of my tour of duty several Congressmen, including Mr. French, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Ayres, came down to Hampton Roads to inspect the *Saratoga,* and the needs of the training station. They expressed themselves as favorable to permanent buildings to replace the present dangerous barracks which are built of wood. Mr. Drewry successfully championed the matter before the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

While at the base I was ordered, as President of the Court of Inquiry, to handle the Lake Denmark disaster. The investigation continued for several weeks, and I had the assistance of Long, Gayler and Rowan. While sitting on this tribunal a telegram came to me that changed my life from happiness to sorrow. It told me that all the previous diagnoses of my son's illness were wrong, and that his case was hopeless. He had driven me to Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, only twelve days before, where he was assured that he would be able to go to sea the next month. I hastened to Washington and talked with the doctors. As soon as possible my wife came and, with my son's wife and their son, we remained until the end came in September.

When a man loses his last son—and such a son—the cross seems greater than he is able to bear, but with other dependents it is necessary to carry on.

My son had been post commander in the Veterans of Foreign Wars and also commander of the District of

Columbia organization. General Lejeune and I had taken the oath of allegience at his hands. On September 26, 1926, he was laid to rest with Masonic rites in the National Cemetery at Arlington, close to the graves of Admiral George Dewey and William Jennings Bryan.

The following is an excerpt from the magazine of the Veterans of Foreign Wars:

> "There was but one Kenneth Coontz, and he cannot be replaced. The Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Navy and the country have suffered an irreparable loss. Taking the position of Post Commander with twelve members, in eighteen months, by his energy and executive ability, he raised the membership to over 1000 and made it the largest post numerically in the United States."

While I was on duty as commandant of the Fifth Naval District, which comprises Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina, the mail brought me one day a letter which read as follows:

> "Dear Sir: I am a young girl school teacher, assigned to this little place, about two hundred miles from the sea coast, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. We are sixteen miles from Blankville, which is the end of a branch railroad. There are no benches or desks in this one-room log building, and the children take turns in working at the old blackboard.
>
> "A few days ago, when I was talking of our country and our flag, one of the children said, 'Teacher, what is the flag?' Would you believe it, Mr. Commandant, when I tell you these children have never seen the American flag! And so I am writing to ask if you have an old flag at the navy base that the government no longer needs, which you might send to the school."

I admit the letter shocked me, but before I left my office that day I wrote her that the Federal Government burned all old flags to prevent them from being desecrated, but I would guarantee that the children of her

school would soon have a new flag. I asked her to have the men in the neighborhood cut a flag pole and set it up.

That evening I took her letter to a meeting of the Hampton Roads Sojourners and read it. The response was instantaneous. In thirty seconds they had voted to send the school a flag. Within a week a beautiful American banner was shipped to the little log school house in the mountains.

It was acknowledged in a wonderful letter of thanks and appreciation. A postscript stated that as there were no sailors in the village they could not bend on the hilliards to hoist and lower it, so they nailed the flag to a tree-top.

If any Virginian is interested, I shall be glad to tell him more of the incident.

Jamestown, Yorktown, Williamsburg, and other historic places are convenient to Hampton Roads. We made it a rule to take our guests to these interesting old towns. During the latter part of my tour of duty at the naval base my functions were of a routine nature. The machine was well oiled and the great mass of business was conducted smoothly and with dispatch.

On June 11, 1928, having reached the age of retirement, I saw my two star flag hauled down. It was a beautiful banner with two white stars on a field of marine blue, which had been presented to me by the enlisted men of the Fifth Naval District.

At one o'clock that day I finished the last of my official work, and after clearing my desk sat alone in my office reviewing the events of my life. From the window I looked out on the waters of the Chesapeake, and it was almost from the same spot that, as a midshipman forty-six years before, I saw the sea for the first time. I remember that in order to be certain that I saw it as soon as possible, I climbed to the main top gallant yard of the *Constellation.*

My mind worked fast as I thought of the long and tortuous road that led from life as a youth on the banks

of the Mississippi to the highest position in the United States Navy. I went back over my years as a cadet at the Naval Academy, my first two years' cruise, the six years I spent in Alaska, my service on the Great Lakes, in the Bureau of Navigation, on the old *Philadelphia*—proud flagship of the Pacific—and on the *Charleston,* of the strenuous days at Manila, of the *Enterprise,* the *Adams,* the *Buffalo,* of the great *Nebraska,* of my life as Commandant at the Naval Academy, of Guam, Vera Cruz, Puget Sound and the World War, of my service as Chief of Naval Operations, the command of the Great Fleet, and the South Sea cruise—all of these thoughts raced through my mind, and, for the first time, I realized that I was about to be retired after forty-seven years of service. Just then there was a knock, and when I reached the door at the south entrance to the building and opened it, I saw thousands of people, officers, enlisted men, and civilians massed outside, and, as in a dream, I heard the thirteen-gun salute.

Mayor Tyler read the resolutions of the City Council, expressing the sentiments of that body and thanking me, on behalf of the city, for my "interest and active co-operation in all undertakings involving the progress, welfare and contentment of the people of this community."

I was deeply affected by it, and by the beautiful flowers presented to me as the gift of the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, by Miss Mary Calvert Truxton and Miss Katherine Jones.

In a daze, I read my orders of detachment and of retirement, with a commendatory letter from Secretary Wilbur, and a personal tribute from former Secretary Denby.

I made my way down the Administration Walk, through the crowds, and heard their cheers. Mechanically I shook hands with scores of my old comrades, and as my flag came down at the sound of the bugle and I entered the waiting automobile with my family, a verse, written by our class poet, R. E. Lee Gibson, in an hour

of loneliness after he had left the Naval Academy, came to my mind:

"For, oh, to be with thee again,
Where'er thou art,—'twere bliss to me!
In some old swell Pacific port,
Or, at black midnight, far a-sea,
When gathered with the ones we love
You tip the glass with royal cheer
Bid God bless him, first says of me
I would to Heaven he were here."

Then I set my course to the West!

THE END

APPENDIX (A)

Roster of
MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1885, UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

1. John Cowan Atwood
2. Harrison Augustus Bispham
3. Henry Davis Blake
4. James Thomas Bootes
5. Harry Lansdale Boyd
6. Albert Burnstine (Dead)
7. Volney Ogle Chase (Dead)
8. Harry Dent Clark (Dead)
9. Robert Edward Coontz
10. Charles Macon Corpening
11. James Alfred Pearce Crisfield
12. William W. Culver (Dead)
13. Julius Matthias Dashiell
14. James Sherlock Davis
15. John Charles Philip deKrafft
16. Albert Christian Dieffenbach
17. Arthur Henry Dutton (Dead)
18. Edward Walter Eberle (Dead)
19. Webster Appleton Edgar
20. George Robert Evans
21. Walker Waller Joynes (Dead)
22. Theodore Cornell Fenton (Dead)
23. Louis Duane Ferriss (Dead)
24. Harry Friedlander (Dead)
25. Robert Edward Lee Gibson (Dead)
26. William Wirt Gilmer
27. Robert Beecher Howell
28. Benjamin Jacobs
29. James Wesson Kittrell
30. George Washington Kline (Dead)
31. Jason Gordon Lamison
32. Thomas Pryor Ledbetter (Dead)
33. James Joseph Livingood
34. Benjamin M. Lombard (Dead)
35. Charles K. Luzenberg (Dead)
36. Harry Herrick McCord
37. Charles Monod McCormick
38. James Francis McCusker (Dead)
39. John Patrick McGuinness (Dead)
40. William McKay
41. William Gardner Miller (Dead)
42. Harry Boone Mulford (Dead)
43. David Small Nes (Dead)
44. James Ralph Pagin
45. George S. Pentz
46. Samuel Ellis Pitner
47. Charles Carroll Poe (Dead)
48. Frank G. Raichle
49. Leonidas L. Robinson (Dead)
50. Robert Lee Russell
51. Armistead Rust
52. Frederick Homer Sargent (Dead)
53. William Sanders Scott (Dead)
54. William Shields (Dead)
55. James Edward Shindel (Dead)
56. Richard Trenton Shipley (Dead)
57. Thomas Bog Slade
58. Albert Brown Sloan
59. George Ralph Slocum (Dead)
60. Charles Semmes Stanworth
61. John Warren Stearns
62. Charles W. Stebbins
63. Joseph Strauss
64. Glennie Tarbox
65. John Godwin Tawresey
66. David Watson Taylor
67. George Boyce Tennant
68. Alexander Thompson (Dead)
69. Edward Woodruff Tilden
70. Henry B. Treadway (Dead)
71. Preston Henry Uberroth
72. Jerome VanKeuren
73. Louis Edwin Warfield
74. John W. Wood (Dead)
75. Benjamin Wright (Dead)

APPENDIX (B)

Roster of All Classes
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
October, 1884

FIRST CLASS	SECOND CLASS	THIRD CLASS	FOURTH CLASS
Bispham, H. A.	Andrews, P.	Allen, H. A.	Aiken, S. J.
Bootes, J. T.	Berry, J. G.	Allen, W. R.	Alexander, J. N.
Burnstine, A.	Billings, C. C.	Bachman, M. P.	Anderson, L. J.
Chase, V. O.	Breed, G.	Ballinger, J. G.	Bailey, R.
Coontz, R. E.	Bullard, W. H. G.	Bertolette, L. C.	Bassett, F. B.
Corpening, C. M.	Caldwell, W. H.	Blackwood, N. J.	Baya, W. P.
Dashiell, J. M.	Cooper, G. F.	Blue, V.	Beach, E. L.
Dieffenbach, A. C.	DeKrafft, J. C. P.	Boughter, F.	Beckwith, H.
Dutton, A. H.	Dodd, W. L.	Bower, J. M.	Behse, H. H.
Eberle, E. W.	Edgar, W. A.	Bristol, M. L.	Benham, H. K.
Evans, G. R.	Foust, W. H.	Brown, F. H.	Beswick, D. W.
Fenton, T. C.	Griswold, J. N.	Bruns, W. F.	Bischof, G. C. W.
Gilmer, W. W.	Hall, C. L.	Bryan, H. F.	Brand, C. A.
Howell, R. B.	Hawk, G. F.	Burke, W. S.	Brittain, C. B.
Joynes, W. W.	Hines, H. K.	Burrage, G. H.	Campbell, A. P.
Kittrell, J. W.	Jacobs, B.	Callaghan, W. C.	Carden, G. L.
Kline, G. W.	Jenkins, F. W., Jr.	Carnahan, J. S.	Carpenter, H. W.
Lombard, B. M.	Johnson, E. V. D.	Cash, C. F.	Chandler, L. H.
McCormick, C. M.	Kress, F. N.	Childs, H. L.	Clement, E. E.
McGuinness, J. P.	Levis, F. A.	Churchill, C.	Close, H. B.
McKay, W.	McMillan, J. T.	Cloke, W. S.	Coe, Robt.
Miller, W. G.	Oman, J. W.	Cochran, C. S.	Cramer, S. W.
Nes, D. S.	Reilly, G. B.	Cohen, A. R. W.	Crose, W. M.
Pitner, S. E.	Rumsey, H. E.	Cole, E. K.	Dye, V. B.
Poe, C. C.	Stearns, J. W.	Coleman, R.	Fairfax, F. E.
Russell, R. L.	Strite, S. M.	Craig, C. C.	Fitch, F.
Rust, A.	Tisdale, R. D.	Craig, C. S.	Fitzgerald, G. W.
Shindel, J. E.	Winram, S. B.	Darby, S. E.	Franklin, W. B.
Slade, J. B.	Witherspoon, E. T.	Davis, A. H.	Frick, O. O.
Slocum, G. R.	Young, D. M.	Decker, B. C.	Gates, H. G.
Stanworth, C. S.		Draper, H. L.	Gillespie, W. F.
Strauss, J.		Durell, E. H.	Gould, W. H.
Tarbox, G.		Edmonds, S. P.	Hagood, R. W.
Tawresey, J. G.		Eyre, G. W.	Hartrath, A.
Taylor, D. W.		Eyre, W. P.	Harris, J. V.
Tennant, G. B.		Gueydan, H. L.	Hayward, G. N.
Thompson, A.		Hibbs, F. W.	Hicks, N. W.
Uberroth, P. H.		Hill, C. S.	Hill, A. N.
Wright, B.		Hudson, C. E.	Howze, J. A.
		Hurlbut, S. R.	Hubbard, J. F.
		Jackson, R. H.	Hughes, C. F.
		Jewett, T. S.	Hull, R. C.
		Johnston, C. E.	Ingate, C. L. A.
		Kalbach, L. A.	Jones, R.
		La Tourrette, W. S.	Kane, T. P.
		Logan, G. W.	Kemp, H. G.
		Long, A. T.	Kiernulff, T. C.
		McCully, N. A.	Kinnear, C. H.
		McMillan, W. G.	Knoernschild, J.
		Marriott, J. J. C.	Kochersperger, W.

First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Fourth Class
		Martin, J. J.	Koester, O. W.
		Moale, E.	Lafferty, J. L.
		Moore, F. G.	Lange, H. D.
		Moseley, W. B.	Lejeune, J. A.
		Murray, W. J.	Loyall, G.
		O'Halloran, T. M.	Marble, F.
		O'Neall, M. G.	Melson, E. P.
		Peckham, H. L.	Miller, M. L.
		Pigott, M. R.	Monroe, M. D.
		Ricketts, J. V.	Morgan, C. B.
		Rodgers, H. C.	Morris, J. R.
		Russell, F. M.	Moses, L. H.
		Salter, J. C.	Mowbray, L.
		Scales, A. H.	Murdough, F. O.
		Sims, J. W.	Murphy, I. I.
		Snow, E.	Norton, A. L.
		Steber, B.	Quinby, E. R.
		Stearns, B. W.	Reid, G. R.
		Stocker, R.	Riley, J. F.
		Stone, C. M.	Robertson, A. H.
		Straub, A. A.	Robison, S. S.
		Swanstrom, F. E.	Rowan, W. M'D.
		Ubsdell, J. A.	Scott, J. H.
		Washington, Thos.	Selfridge, G. S.
		Waters, G.	Shaffer, P. C.
		Wells, B. W.	Smith, E. F.
		Welsh, J. J.	Smith, R. M.
		Wilmer, W. P.	Smoak, M. F.
		Williams, W. H.	Stafford, L. F.
		Wiley, H. A.	Stickney, H. O.
		Young, L. L.	Taylor, H. C.
			Tutein, C. D.
			Van Allen, J. M.
			Van Antwerp, W. C.
			Vansant, W. N.
			Wedderburn, J.
			West, E. E.
			Wilbur, C. D.
			Williams, C. B.
			Williams, G. W.

APPENDIX (C)

Itineraries of the
UNITED STATES FLEET
U. S. S. SEATTLE, Flagship

San Francisco, California,
13 April, 1925.

U. S. FLEET LETTER No. 38-25.

From: Commander in Chief.
To : FLEET.

Subject: Fleet Employment; Australian—New Zealand Cruise.

Reference: (a) U. S. Fleet letter 12-25 of 26 February, 1925.
(b) U. S. Fleet Operating Plan for Fiscal Year 1926.

1. The following constitute the revised approved itineraries in connection with the Australian—New Zealand Cruise:

(a) Itinerary for
SEATTLE (U. S. Fleet Flagship)

Arrive	Port	Leave
	Honolulu	1 July
10 July	Pago Pago	11 July
23 July (Note 1)	Melbourne	6 August
11 August (Note 2)	Wellington	24 August
30 August	Pago Pago	3 September
8 September	Papeete, Tahiti	14 September
29 September	San Diego	2 October
3 October	San Pedro	—

(b) Itinerary for
DESTROYER SQUADRONS, BATTLE FLEET
OMAHA (Flagship)

BATDIV THREE	DESRON ELEVEN	DESRON TWELVE
PENNSYLVANIA (Flagship)	MELVILLE (Tender)	ALTAIR (Tender)
OKLAHOMA	341 DECATUR (F)	336 LITCHFIELD (F)
NEVADA	262 McDERMUT	314 YARBOROUGH
	275 SINCLAIR	316 SLOAT
MINE DIV. TWO	277 MOODY	317 WOOD
LUDLOW (F)	298 PERCIVAL	318 SHIRK
BURNS	299 J. F. BURNES	319 KIDDER
	301 SOMERS	322 MERVINE
(Note 4)	302 STODDERT	323 CHASE
	304 FARQUHAR	324 ROBERT SMITH
	305 THOMPSON	325 MULLANY
	306 KENNEDY	331 MACDONOUGH
	307 PAUL HAMILTON	332 FARENHOLT
		333 SUMNER
		335 MELVIN

Arrive	Port	Leave
	Honolulu	1, July
10 July	Pago Pago	11 July
23 July (Note 1)	Melbourne	6 August
11 August (Note 2)	Wellington	24 August (Note 3)
30 August	Pago Pago	1 September
10 September	Honolulu	19 September
26 September	San Diego Area	—

(c) Itinerary for
LIGHT CRUISER DIVISION TWO
RICHMOND (Flagship)
TRENTON
MARBLEHEAD
MEMPHIS

Arrive	Port	Leave
	Honolulu	1 July
10 July	Pago Pago	11 July
23 July	Melbourne	3 August
5 August	Hobart	7 August
11 August	Wellington	24 August
30 August	Pago Pago	—

MARBLEHEAD and MEMPHIS

	Pago Pago	3 September
8 September	Papeete, Tahiti	11 September
22 September	Galapagos	25 September
27 September	Canal Zone	2 October
4 October	Guantanamo	—

RICHMOND (Flagship) and TRENTON

	Pago Pago	4 September
9 September	Tai-o-Hae, Nukuhiva	
	Marquesas	12 September
22 September	Galapagos	25 September
27 September	Canal Zone	2 October
4 October	Guantanamo	—

(d) Itinerary for
CALIFORNIA (Battle Fleet, Flagship)

BATDIV FOUR
NEW MEXICO
(Flagship)
MISSISSIPPI
IDAHO

BATDIV FIVE
WEST VIRGINIA
(Flagship)
COLORADO
MARYLAND
TENNESSEE

Arrive	Port	Leave
	Honolulu	1 July
10 July	Pago Pago	11 July
23 July (Note 1)	Sydney	6 August
11 August	Auckland	25 August (Note 3)
30 August	Pago Pago	1 September
10 September	Honolulu	19 September
26 September	San Diego Area	—

(e) The hospital ship RELIEF will visit—
(1) SYDNEY between 23 July and 6 August, and
(2) WELLINGTON from 11 August to 24 August.

(f) The repair ship MEDUSA will visit—
(1) MELBOURNE between 23 July and 6 August, and
(2) AUCKLAND from 11 August to 25 August.

(g) Fuel and storeships will make such schedules as will best serve the forces making this cruise. The vessels to be employed on this duty are:

RAMPO	KANAWHA	ARCTIC
SAPELO	NECHES	BRIDGE
BRAZOS	CUYAMA	

R. E. COONTZ

APPENDIX (D)

Skeleton Diet (880 calories)

Morning: 1 cup (250 C.C.) coffee or tea, with 1 tablespoon (15 C.C.) milk; 1 small slice (50 g.) brown bread, or ½ slice (30 g.) white bread.

Forenoon: 1 small orange or 1 small apple, or similar amount of other fresh fruit.

Noon: 2 slices (250 g.) roast meat; 2 portions (200 g.) green vegetables, boiled; a little fruit.

Afternoon: ½ cup (125 C.C.) coffee, with 1 tablespoon (15 C.C.) milk.

Evening: 1 slice (100 g.) meat, or a little chicken or fish; 1 portion (100 g.) green vegetables; ½ slice brown bread (25 g.); 1 cup tea (if desired).

At Bedtime: A little raw fruit.

Accessory Diet (each portion 100 calories)

20 g. roast beef; 200 g. oysters; 40 g. white bread, graham bread or rye bread; 20 g. Zwieback; 12½ g. butter; 20 g. Swiss cheese; 25 g. sugar; 100 g. potatoes; 30 g. rice, peas, beans, or buckwheat; 20 g. flour; 200 g. apples; 150 g. apple sauce; 500 g. cranberries; 150 g. milk; 150 g. wine; 30 g. brandy or whiskey.

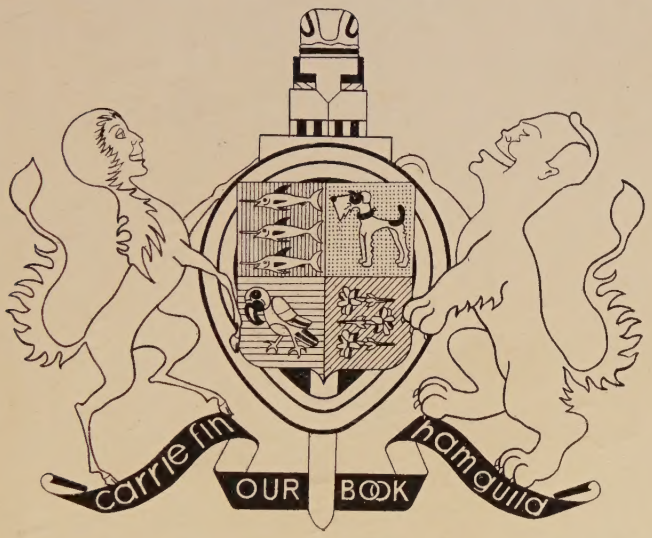
Accessory Diet of Filling Foods of Low Caloric Value

100 g. cooked asparagus	43 calories
100 g. cooked green beans	20 calories
100 g. cooked green peas	108 calories
100 g. cooked tomatoes	20 calories
100 g. cooked spinach	52 calories
100 g. cooked turnips	40 calories

This diet goes with a walk of three miles each day at one time.

The loss in weight is one pound daily.

After the desired weight is attained the diet will be made three times the skeleton diet above named and changes can be made to suit.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OUR BOOK
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